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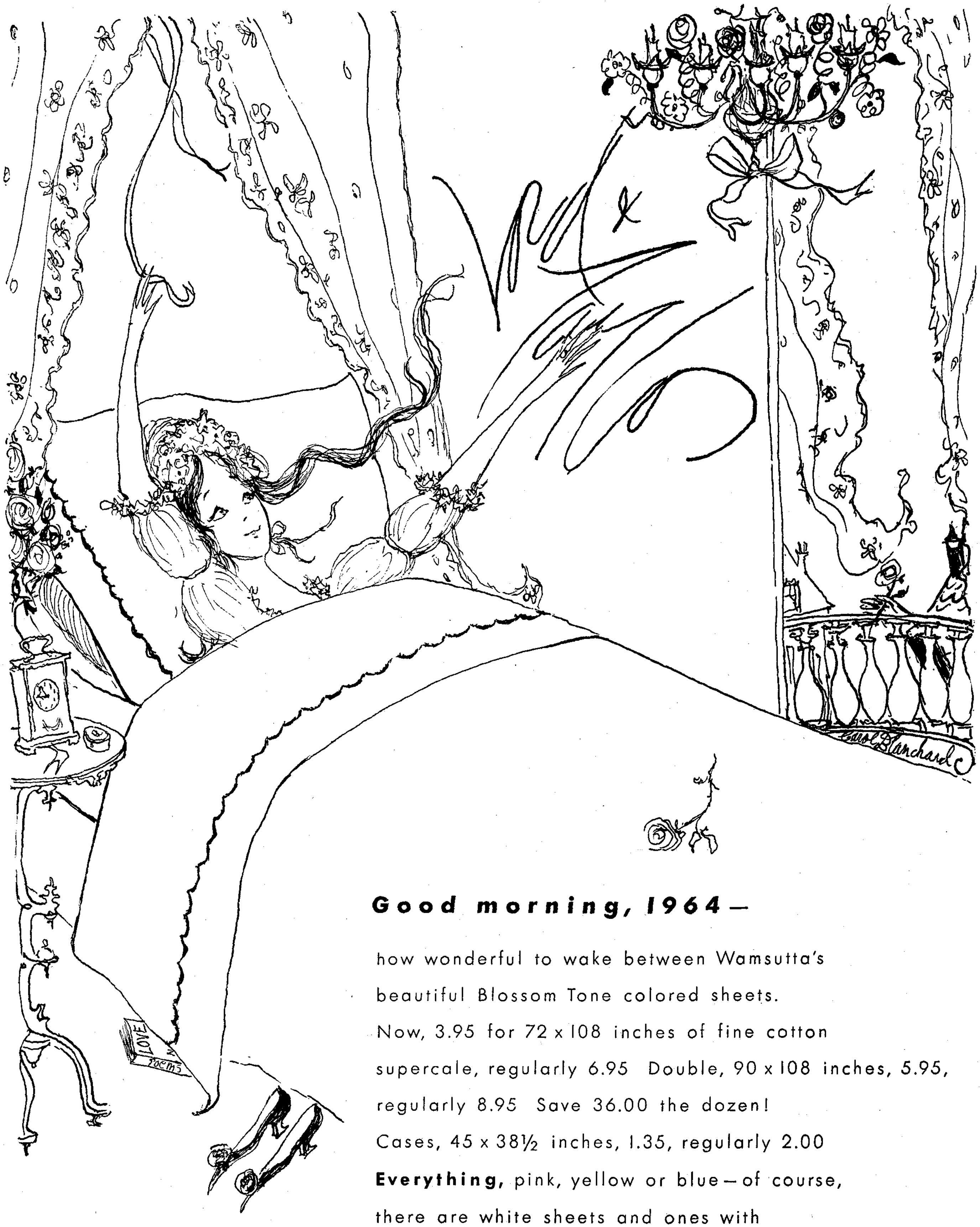

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Ballad of the Sad Café—Edward Albee's occasionally arresting adaptation of the Carson McCullers novelette. Long on gloom but short on clarity. Colleen Dewhurst, Michael Dunn, and Lou Antonio, however, are fine in the leading roles. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Barefoot in the Park—There isn't much substance to this account of the troubles a young couple have in starting married life in a Manhattan walkup, but Neil Simon has given the play a pleasant glow. Elizabeth Ashley, Robert Redford, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar are highly diverting in it. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Case of Libel—In this play based on the Reynolds-Pegler libel suit, Van Heflin is superb as the plaintiff's lawyer, and the others in the cast back him up stoutly. Despite the fact that most of us know the details of the real case, Henry Denker, the playwright, keeps an element of suspense alive throughout. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Chinese Prime Minister—Enid Bagnold's comedy, which concerns itself with a seventy-year-old actresss, widely celebrated, who decides that she can do without familial responsibilities at three score and ten. While the play isn't particularly dramatic, there are some superior performances by Margaret Leighton, Alan Webb, and John Williams. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

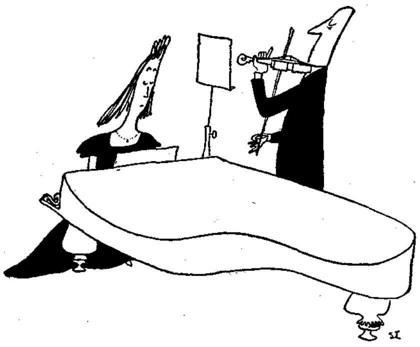
Chips with Everything—All kinds of youthful English types having a hard time in an R.A.F. boot camp. Arnold Wesker wrote the play, which may be amorphous but does have a dramatic moment or two. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Luther—John Osborne's perceptive drama reveals the great German reformer, warts and all. Albert Finney is commanding in the title role, and the rest of the cast keeps right up with him. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Moves on Monday, Jan. 13, to the Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W., JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 1:50 and Saturdays at 2:20.)

Marathon '33—There can be no doubt that this endeavor by June Havoc gives a fairly accurate appraisal of the non-stop dance contests of the depression, but there can be no doubt, either, that this sort of thing doesn't make for much in the way of entertainment. Julie Harris is valiant as the sinewy heroine. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Nobody Loves an Albatross—A comedy about the ways some seedy TV types pick up a living in Hollywood. Robert Preston is functioning at the top of his game in this one, which was written by Ronald Alexander and is ebulliently directed by Gene Saks. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—A tasteless and agitated business having to do with a mental institution run by a staff that doesn't believe in giving any patient an even break. Kirk Douglas is conspicuous in the cast. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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12	13	14	15	16	17	18

The Private Ear and **The Public Eye**—Two carefree exercises by the English playwright Peter Schaffer. The first is rather a nuisance, and the second fairly witty. The acting, by a small cast, is uniformly commendable. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—beyond the fringe 1964: Various aspects of modern life, surveyed by a quartet of very breezy young men—Paxton Whitehead, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook. Another edition of the show, about half of it new material, has just opened. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 9, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **enter laughing:** A play concerned with the adventures of a Jewish boy who wants to escape a machine shop and become an actor. Alan Arkin is the youth in question, and Alan Mowbray, Vivian Blaine, Irving Jacobson, and Meg Myles are also in the cast. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **mary, mary:** An estranged couple making their way back to the old nest. Patricia Smith, Murray Hamilton, and Michael Evans are now in Jean Kerr's comedy. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **never too late:** A comedy having to do with a man in his sixties who learns to his dismay that he is about to become a father again. With Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **who's afraid of virginia woolf?:** Edward Albee's representation of some denizens of a New England college. The cast at the evening performances consists of Haila Stoddard, Donald Davis, Ben Piazza, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinées it is Miss Stoddard, Mr. Davis, Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton. Mercedes McCambridge will take over from Miss Stoddard in the evening company on Tuesday, Jan. 14, and Henderson Forsythe will succeed Mr. Davis in the matinée company on Wednesday, Jan. 15. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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MUSICALS

The Girl Who Came to Supper—Old-fashioned schmalz, about a Middle European grand duke and a doxy from Milwaukee, which has the benefit of a couple of stimulating performances by Tessie O'Shea and Florence Henderson. The book is no great shakes, but once in a while the lyrics and music, by Noël Coward, have a little get-up-and-go. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

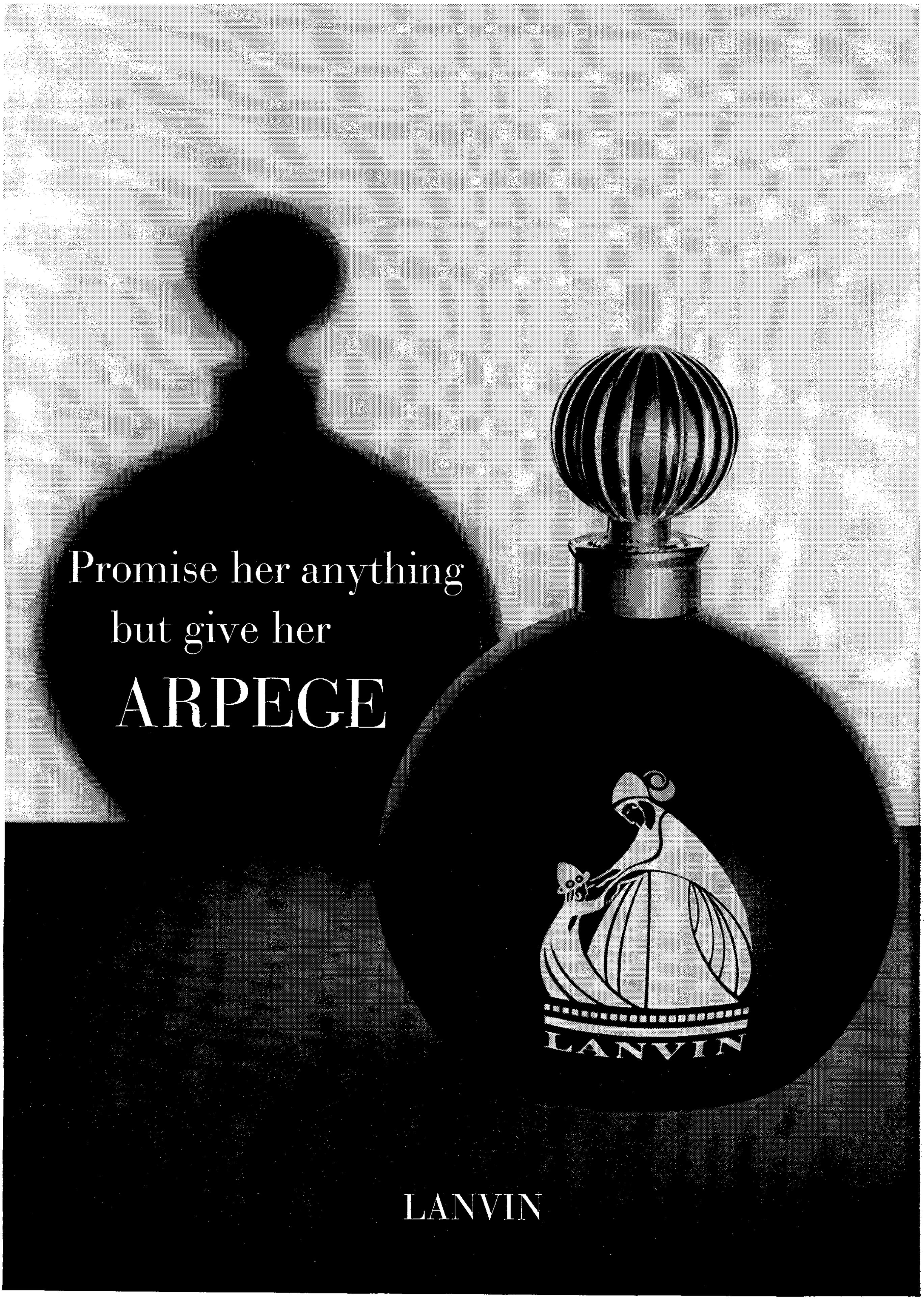
Here's Love—Santa Claus, Macy's vs. Gimbels, and innocent merriment all around. Not the best show Meredith Willson ever put together, but a reasonably jolly affair. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Jan. 12.)

110 in the Shade—An in-and-out musical adaptation of the play called "The Rainmaker," in which Inga Swenson is utterly captivating as the heroine. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

She Loves Me—An old-fashioned romantic comedy about a small shop in Hungary, back in the thirties. The songs are by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, the dances by Carol Haney, and the book, an adaptation of a play by Miklos Laszlo, is by Joe Masteroff. All these contributors have done well enough, but it is the performance, under the direction of Harold Prince, that really sets the mood—light and gently mocking—of the show. With Barbara Cook, Jack Cassidy, Barbara Baxley, and Daniel Massey. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—a funny thing happened on the way to the forum: Zero Mostel and a number of others, clowning about ancient Rome. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **how to succeed in business without really trying:** The saga of a young egomaniac who skips to the top of the mercantile world by duplicity, chicanery, and just plain gall. Darryl Hickman is the youth on the upswing, and Rudy Vallée is his employer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **oliver!:** The Artful Dodger, Bill Sikes, and all the rest. Lionel Bart is responsible for the book, music, and lyrics, and the cast is headed by Clive Revill, Georgia Brown, and David Jones. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **stop the world—I want to get off:** Pantomime and other such diversions supplied by Joel Grey in a revue that takes a man through his seven ages. (Ambassador, 49th St., W.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, president and chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., executive vice-president; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, E. R. Spaulding, and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; Robert S. Ogden, advertising manager. Advertising offices: Chicago, 6 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 155 Montgomery St.; Los Angeles, 2975 Wilshire Blvd.; Atlanta, 1375 Peachtree St., N.E.; London, 21 Grosvenor St. W. 1. Vol. XXXIX, No. 47, January 11, 1964. Second-class postage paid in New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. © 1964 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00. Other foreign, $11.00.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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Hello, Dolly!—A musical with a book (suggested by Thornton Wilder's comedy "The Matchmaker") by Michael Stewart, music and lyrics by Jerry Herman, and a cast headed by Carol Channing and David Burns. The director is Gower Champion, the producer David Merrick. Opens Thursday, Jan. 16. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dylan—Alec Guinness in a play by Sidney Michaels, taken from two books (by Caitlin Thomas and John Malcolm Brinnin) about Dylan Thomas. Directed by Peter Glenville and produced by George W. George and Frank Granat. Preview Wednesday, Jan. 15, at 8:30. Opens officially on Saturday, Jan. 18. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(*Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts* is distinctly advisable.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Boys from Syracuse—A sparkling revival. The Rodgers and Hart songs, which include "Falling in Love with Love," "Sing for Your Supper," "This Can't Be Love," and "The Shortest Day of the Year," sound considerably better than new, and they are well sung by an attractive company. The book, in spite of some bright moments, is rather painful but no more so than "The Comedy of Errors," on which it is based. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Brig—This dramatization of one day in a U.S. Marine prison is grim and relentless. It is also wholly believable. Judith Malina is the director. (Midway Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2355. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Immoralist—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1954 play, which was based on André Gide's autobiographical novel. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. OR 4-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In White America—Six actors, three of them colored and three white, splendidly perform and recite excerpts from official and unofficial documents that, taken together, trace the story of the Negro in America. The result, play or not, is certainly theatrical and certainly rewarding. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. No performance Wednesday, Jan. 15.)

Pimpernel!—David Daniels and Leila Martin in a musical based on Baroness Orczy's novel "The Scarlet Pimpernel," with music by Mimi Stone and book and lyrics by William Kaye. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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The Pinter Plays—Sinister and fascinating comedies by the English playwright Harold Pinter. They have in common the theme of mischief, but their settings range from a dank basement in Birmingham to a fussy house in Belgravia. Mr. Pinter's dialogue is a joy to hear. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Play and The Lover—Samuel Beckett's "Play" involves three corpses, encased in urns, who talk separately and in chorus, to no apparent purpose. "The Lover" is Harold Pinter's very funny new comedy, which may be part parody of Noël Coward and Edward Albee but is stamped in every line with Mr. Pinter's own delightful originality. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Six Characters in Search of an Author—A revival of the Pirandello classic about a group of characters who mysteriously appear at a theatrical rehearsal and refuse to leave. The translation, by Paul Avila Mayer, is lively, and the staging, by William Ball, is highly satisfactory. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Streets of New York—This charming and frisky musical comedy (based, in an offhand way, on Dion Boucicault's nineteenth-century melodrama) has good songs, by Barry Alan Grael and Richard B. Chodosh, and an amusing book, also by Mr. Grael. The singing and general deportment of every member of the company are as near to faultless as makes no matter. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Telemachus Clay—A long-faced, vulgar work, billed as a "collage for voices," that tells of the misadventures of a young man who tries to sell a script to the movies. (Writers' Stage, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Theatre of Peretz—Frail dramatizations from the works of the nineteenth-century Yiddish writer I. L. Peretz, proving, if nothing else, that the Japanese don't have a monopoly on *no* plays. Reopens Tuesday, Jan. 14. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is comic in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight.

Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Trojan Women—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the bereft women of the Trojan War is good to look at, always clear, and often moving. It does, however, lack stature. Michael Cacoyannis is both director and choreographer, and there is one first-rate performance—that of Alan Mixon, as a Greek herald. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Trumpets of the Lord—The combination of a set of poems, by James Weldon Johnson, with a set of spirituals, gospel songs, and freedom songs makes this all-Negro musical a jubilant occasion. (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. YU 2-4240. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Will the Mail Train Run Tonight?—A musical with a score by Alyn Heim and book and lyrics by Malcolm LaPrade. Opens Thursday, Jan. 9. (New Bowery Theatre, 4 St. Marks Pl. YU 2-4946. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Jan. 9: "Raymonda Variations," "Episodes," "Waltz Scherzo," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 10: "Swan Lake," "Orpheus," "Allegro Brillante," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 11: "Swan Lake," "Concerto Barocco," "Firebird," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 11: "Fanfare," "Prodigal Son," "Interplay," and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Jan. 12: "The Chase," "Bugaku," "Tarantella," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Jan. 12: "Episodes," "Apollo," "Waltz Scherzo," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 14: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 15: "Apollo," "Orpheus," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Agon." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 16: "Agon," "Episodes," "Quatuor" (première), and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 17: "Donizetti Variations," "Orpheus," "Fantasy," and "Scotch Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 18: "The Chase," "Square Dance," "Tarantella," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 18: "Scotch Symphony," "Apollo," "Fantasy," and "Symphony in C." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Jan. 26.)

Olé! Olé!—A company of four flamenco dancers and a guitarist. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. LO 3-1870. Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

José Greco—With his company of Spanish dancers, singers, and musicians. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 12, at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Ice Follies of 1964." (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 3, and 8:30; and Sundays at 2 and 6. Through Sunday, Jan. 19.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Pearl Bailey's cajoling voice is asserting—at both dinner and supper in the Royal Box—that the best ways to a man's heart are her taking ways. There's dancing, too, all evening. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The very floral—well, practically florid—dining room is now surmounted by

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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a pulpit in which Charles Turecamo's set of dance musicians goes tinkle-tinkle from ten to three. Dickson Hughes arrives at five-thirty to chivy the pulpit's piano; at seven-thirty a crew of Cuban guitarists and crooners starts circulating, and at ten they adjourn to the pulpit to help out the Turecamos. Absolutely no musical chairs on Sundays, though.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—An archeological museum wherein visitors from other nations can study the artifacts left behind by a vanished civilization. Shards of dance music are dispensed by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra. In the adjoining Champagne Room, Freddie Fassler, a New Yorker from way, way back, takes a bow and fiddle in hand for people who just have things to talk about. On Sundays, only the peninsula known as Perona's is active, and there's no dancing.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Infra dig has no place in the Café Pierre, where a spunky little Ben Cutler band does the dance music and Renato Rossini, a grand hand with a guitar, lends an air of nobility. Mr. R. lays off Mondays, but the band plays on.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, at dinner and supper, there are song and dance visitations by Juliet Prowse. Mark Monte's fireflies and Emil Coleman's tireless Trojans do dance music hour after hour. Closed Sundays. . . .¶ Leo LeFleur's piano, supported by a violin, starts the day in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and brings it to an end in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. The LeFleurs stay home Mondays. . . .¶ After eight, the Palm Court is flown to Europe, to become a curbside café, and a truly romantic one (the moonlight is lavender), in which—as one downs pastry, ices, and a cold bottle—Gunnar Hansen's violin suits itself to the mood. This goes on until one every night but Sunday.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Peter Duchin's band is swarming in the Maisonette. Quintero's Continentals are on hand, too, for anyone who needs coaching in Latin. Closed Sundays. . . .¶ La Boite, a dinner-and-supper-with-music alcove, offers Walter Kay at the piano and Jani Sarkozi at the fiddle. These familiar characters-about-town ramble along from eight to two every night but Sunday.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-2600)—In the Columns, Arturo Arturos's tiny dance band disports itself with vigor on a schedule like this: Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty, and Sundays from six to eleven. Closed Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Empire Room resumes its career on Friday, Jan. 10, by importing a first-rate fashion plate named Nancy Wilson, who does high-style singing, and Oscar Brown, Jr., poet, philosopher, humorist, singer (he does well on this four-way split). Dinner and supper are their times onstage; the whole evening is the range of the two dance bands—a Meyer Davis orchestra and Horace Diaz's regiment. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A free-associational setup (everyone knows everyone) for all ages. The *padrone* is Goldie Hawkins himself, who alternates at the piano with Wayne Sanders during the evening, and joins him at double piano along about midnight. Sam Hamilton runs one of the pianos from five-thirty to eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Boy (Rodolpho) meets girl (Mimi), and now and then Scarpia meets doom, during dinner and supper. Aldo Bruschi, *régisseur* of this minuscule opera company, is also soloist, pianist, and—from Thursday through Sunday—dance master, in charge of a dreaming junior-size band. Closed Mondays. . . . **EMBASSY CLUB**, in the Sheraton East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): At ten, Bobby Short ascends the throne he has now established his right to and seats himself at his piano, flanked by Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, to play and sing the first of his jet sets. The last set is apt to arrive as late as four. There's solo piano, too, from seven until one, by Ray Hartley. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR**, also in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): The dinner-time piano here—six to nine—is unmistakably Viennese. No music Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Grand-manner is the attitude of the café over which Cy Walter presides. His pianoforte, which is lightning ever so loosely chained, operates from cocktails until one in the morning. Sundays, Forrest Perrin gets to use the keyboard. . . . **ARCHIE'S**, 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (EL 5-9395): Beneath a glorious turn-of-the-century chandelier, Hugh Shannon (home again from Paris, London, and the Lake of Como) is doing piano and ballads (the jauntiest of which are almost coeval with the chandelier) in the sturdy, cheering voice we've all missed for three years now. Michael Burr is his bassist; the Downeys, of Downey's Eighth Avenue pub, are the entrepreneurs. Ten to bedtime is Mr. Shannon's gamut; Sundays are his vacations. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A game fit for a king who would rather play ace, queen, and joker than play house. Norbert Faconi would rather play Stradivarius, and does, in serenade fashion. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about domestic architecture, *which were, basically, that one good laugh* deserves another. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably romantic, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays. . . . **RITZ BAR**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): It stays open later than any other bank, but then there's a bar, to say nothing of mannerly piano at the cocktail hour and again from nine to one every night but Sunday. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A Latin Olympics in miniature takes place twice a night to keep the diners in touch with the world of flamenco. Dancing for the diners as well. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bubbly Londoner, is at the piano in the bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic portfolio, principally British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. No music on Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A subdued Eternal City is on the horizon, and the hillbillies, singing and playing, who thread the dining tables between six and two are from the Seven Hills, not the Kentucky ones. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): This thoroughfare, a sort of Via Veneto West, is gently but firmly dominated by the perambulating corps of fiddlers led by Herman Honigsberg, a sound (in every sense) man. . . . **MÉDITERRANÉE**, 575 Park Ave., at 63rd St. (TE 8-6130): Mare Nostrum in a mood so benign that you can easily pick out the fish you want for dinner. On one shore sits the piano of Ralph Strain, who is prepared—at nearly any moment between six and one—to be poetic or philosophical or puckish. No music Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): This reëstablishment of the Age of Ornamentation is the locale of the flamenco guitar wielded by Gustavo Lopez, from eight to one. No music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The undergraduate segment of the amusement world sends delegates here every evening to look at or sing along with the jazz threesome at one end of the pavilion, or just to tablehop. Sundays, a jazz twosome does duty. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): The Regency Room cocktail lounge, an accurate replica of the halls of Montezuma, affords—from five-thirty to twelve-thirty, every evening but Monday—Rack Godwin, whose drawing-room piano exhibits a vivid imagination. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Henry James would have slept, dined, and wined in this ancestral pile; he might, too, have been amused by the soulful organ music (five-thirty to seven, and again after the theatre) in the bar. No music Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Handsome is as handsome does, and all that sort of thing. George Feyer's featherduster piano is the accompaniment from eight-thirty to one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The natives are restless tonight and every night, what with their constant barrage of zimbalon, piano, violin, and voice, all of which are devoted to the last time they saw Budapest. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): You can't tell the waiters from the opera singers even with a program, for the two professions are plainly interchangeable here. Their seemly uproar begins at dinner and runs (and how) through supper. Closed Mondays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): A caravanserai on the great trade route between Broadway and Park Avenue; i.e., East and West do meet. After ten-thirty, there's dancing at the south end of the pavilion. Closed Mondays. . . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Short is the shrift this season for Conrad Monjoy, who strolls along his piano only from six to nine-thirty, and spends Saturdays and Sundays in seclusion. . . . **BILTMORE**, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): Joan Bishop plays her courteous piano recitations (five to eight-thirty, except Sundays) under the Clock of the Palm Court, that old Ivy League trysting place. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The Casino-on-the-Park, a necessary breathing space in the middle of New York, affords the calm, collected keyboard work of Steven Weltner, international traveller, from five-thirty to midnight. No music Sundays. . . . **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Jules Kuti, whose piano makes the transition from Rodgers and Hart to Debussy with ease, has returned to duty (cocktails until eleven) in a state apartment of Napoleonic splendor. Closed Sundays.

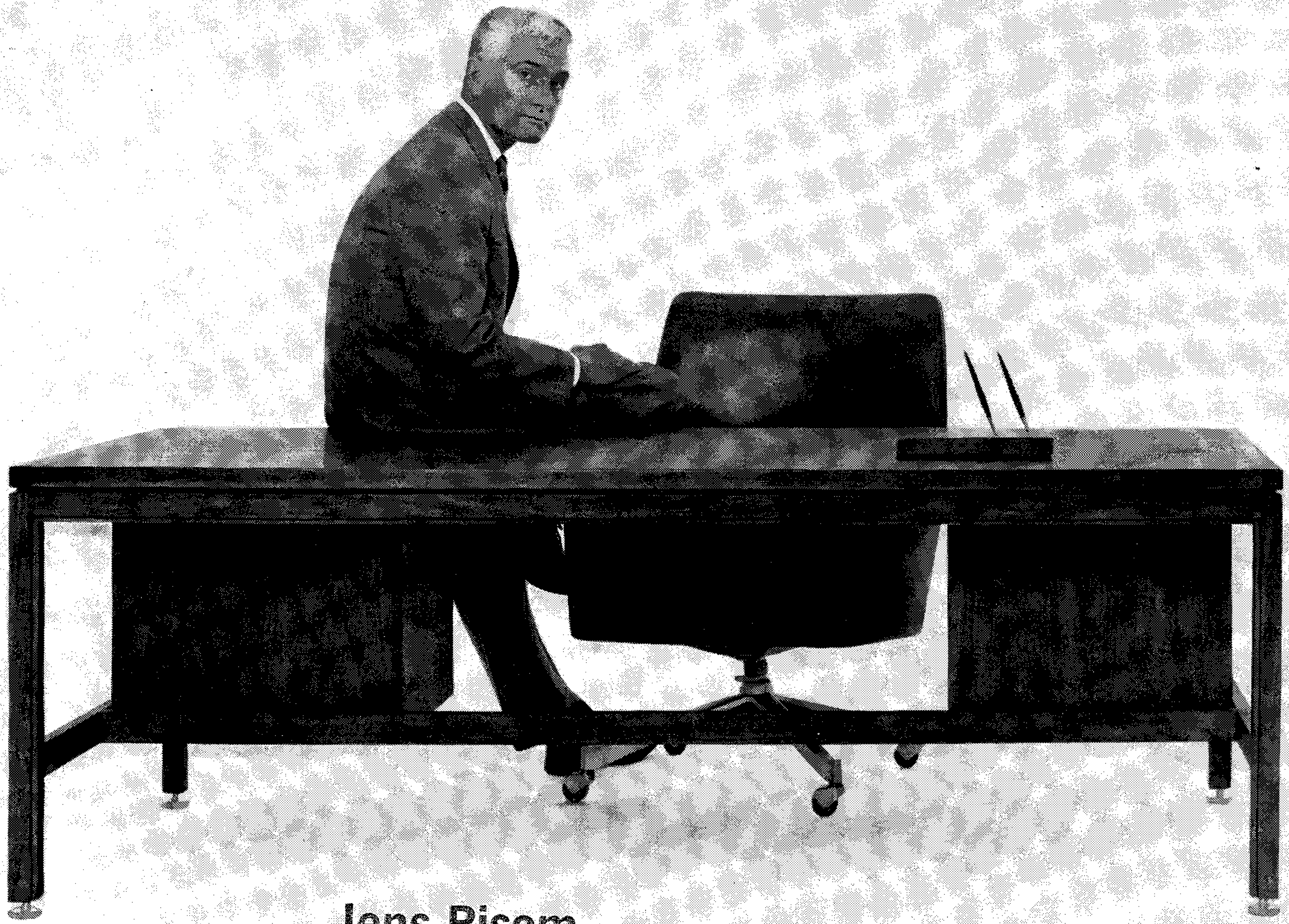
BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): "Diamond Fair," the Latin Quarter's winter carnival, contains, among its several pageants, a British strawberry festival whose youth and beauty (all of them girls) would make the most innocent Shropshire lad leave home forever. These lovely creatures are arrayed onstage by Alec Shanks, an old British strawberry-festival man, and set to dancing by Donald Saddler, our own choreographer. Gizelle Szony, a ballerina in the classic pinwheel tradition, and (well, well, well!) Bobby Breen, the quondam baby prodigy of the American screen, are added starters. Dancing for the customers, too. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Duke Ellington and his big band are doing their involute orchestrations; Ahmad Jamal's threesome is making the new-school jazz over into rock candy. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The fools we mortals be are just out in a new and gilt-edged edition, "Baker's Dozen," the most recent Julius Monk compendium on the subject. The fools, portrayed by (among others) Gerry Matthews, Barbara Cason, Jamie Ross, and Nagle Jackson, sing music mostly by William Roy and prance to the choreography of Frank Wagner. Mr. Roy's and Robert Colston's pianos are the band; the hours are



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

eight-forty-five and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Vaughn Meader is now a wry but self-contained commentator on human affairs; Fredricka Weber is a taffy-haired spitfire whose manner implies that she'd like to have a couple of human affairs herself. They begin right after dinner and go on through supper. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): The Second City group of players is forever scheming up original tricks to play on its audience, and most of them are wholehearted pleasure. At the moment, the cast is exceedingly graced by the presence of Severn Darden and Barbara Harris, and well-supported by Bob Dishy. The revue they keep reconstructing operates Tuesdays through Fridays at eight-thirty and eleven; Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty; and Sundays at eight-thirty. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Soft and fragrant winds on the Spanish Main, all because Los Chavales de España are crooning, mooning, and burbling their way through life, accompanied by a set of flamenco dancers. To this pomp and circumstance has been added Señor Wences, who works his wonders of ventriloquism and puppetry with charm, with grace, and with the slyest of wit. Dining as well as dancing is in order. Sundays, there's a rampant tea dance, and only one show, at nine-thirty. The Chavales' own dance music and Emilio Reyes' band are the perfect stimulants for the whole thing. . . . ¶ *Just off the bar,* Juan de la Mata, whose flamenco guitar is top-of-the-evening, and Domingo Alvarado, full of heartfelt song, perform duets that lose nothing in translation. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Twice Over Nightly," the Compass Theatre revue now in residence, gets off the mark slowly, but at the half-mile pole it's moving at full speed toward a rousing finish. Mary Louise Wilson, Paul Dooley, and MacIntyre Dixon are the principals of the skillful cast; Jane Alexander and Richard Libertini are their loyal support; David Shepherd is the mentor. They all set to at nine-fifteen and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **DOWNSTAIRS,** Mabel Mercer's advice to everyone (wear your heart on your sleeve) is being distributed after ten-thirty in the best of all possible lyrics and in her celebrated bittersweet fashion. Sam Hamilton is her pianist. Closed Sundays. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB,** 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): "The New Establishment," the third of a series of revues with a distinct flavor of London, is a seething mass of skits (Peter Cook is the author of most) that have the glitter and menace of Excalibur. The unfailingly excellent players are Peter Bellwood, Alexandra Berlin, Francis Bethencourt, and Roddy Maude-Roxby; the singer is the darkling and handsome Carole Simpson, who works on the straight-to-the-point lyrics of Stephen Vinaver; the band is Marian McPartland's trio. Like nearly all the players, the menu is British as can be. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty, Sundays at four and eight. The McPartlands do reprises in the bar after the late show. Closed Mondays. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Olga Guillot, who dominates the small Cuban fiesta here, has the assurance that derives from knowing that one's audience is hanging on every lyric and the offhand skill that justifies that assurance. Dancing.

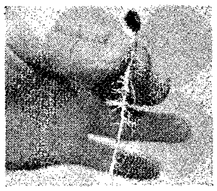
MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

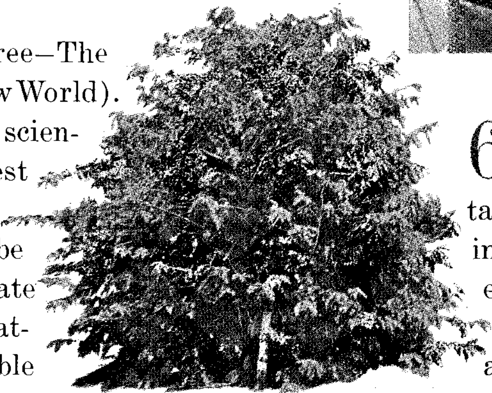
VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The trio of Roger Kellaway does the instrumentation; Betty Carter does the warbling. There are Sunday matinées from four-thirty to seven. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): For the time being, it's simply a weekend sports arena. This Friday and Saturday, Jan. 10-11, folk music will be done by Geula Gill and the Oranim Zabar Singers, Sabicas will play flamenco guitar, and Ethel Ennis will also sing. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): A worthy coffeehouse specializing in folklore. The banjo, which is having a revivalist meeting of its own, is prominent in the nine-strong Serendipity Singers' activities. Tuesdays are given over to visiting undergraduates. . . . **THE MOST,** 875 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-5738): Life has its tremulous moments, even when Matt Dennis is singing about it, but mostly it's crazy-upsy-daisy, and so is the piano with which—not so often as in yesteryear—he accompanies himself. Mrs. D., who answers to the name of Ginny, is his carolling partner. They are off duty Sundays, when Benny Golson leads his band into action. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Pulling of punches is usually against the rules here. Rant-and-roll sound prevails from three in the afternoon until eight-thirty; then Louis Bellson's fourteen-man task force and Red Allen's die-for-dear-old-Dixie quartet do the blowing. Sundays, other players have the use of the hall. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The current staff is Gerry Mulligan and his thirteen-man cult of blowhards, plus the quintet of Benny Powell. Visitors' days are Mondays, when the regulars are at rest. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Old familiar faces—Zoot Sims and Al Cohn—head the quintet operating in this tiny logging camp. Closed Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Such nature studies as rambles with muskrats are carefully supervised by Peanuts Hucko, Cutty Cutshall, Dave McKenna, Buzzy Drootin, and Yank Lawsen. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED GARTER,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): The newest of the youth hostelries that are restoring the banjo and the music that goes with it to the American way of life. A washboard, a trombone, and whatnot also accompany this particular restoration, and so do peanuts, beer, and redeye. Herbert Jacoby, who used to espouse the French way of life at the Blue Angel, is the *régisseur*. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Charlie Mingus, whose skill at variations is such that he doesn't really need themes, and his band are plumping for freedom of speech. Sunday afternoons, there are four-to-eight sessions, too, by droppers-in; Mondays, the Mingus group gives way to the Upper Bohemia Six, organized and participated in by Larry Rivers, a modern-age painter whenever he lays down his saxophone. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Convention Hall, and the callooh-callay that goes with it. Jonah Jones' quartet can make itself heard even so. Sundays, Louis Metcalf's traditionalists are the whole show. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The trio belonging to Howard Reynolds is contemporaneous, without a single over-the-shoulder glance at *les temps perdus*. On Tuesday, Jan. 14, Mary Lou Williams' trio will replace the Reynoldses. No music Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The celebrated 52nd Street hot potato, transplanted here, has piano during the week by Cliff Jackson, who is joined every Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday by Marshall Brown, and every Thursday, Friday, and Saturday by Zutty Singleton and Tony Parenti. No music on Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Another New Wave youth hostelry—a bar, hamburgers, peanuts, beer by the pitcher, and a corps of banjoists (the Banjokers is the guileless name they've chosen) eagerly waiting for the Robert E. Lee. Nine to three or four is the idea, with

In your city, in America, in the world, more people drink coffee from Brazil than from any other country on earth

Here are 7 reasons why:

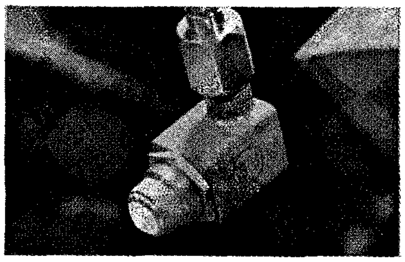


1 The most pampered baby in Brazil—a coffee tree seedling. It won't produce a pound of coffee for four years. Till then it will be coddled, nourished, sheltered, studied, checked and lavished with care and devotion little short of obsession.



2 The perfect coffee tree—The "Mundo Novo" (New World). For centuries Brazil's scientists searched for the best possible coffee tree—a hardy tree that would be ideal for Brazil's climate and soil, resistant to natural hazards and capable of delivering the finest quality beans in the prime of health and flavor. The "Mundo Novo" is that tree.

3 Most advanced technology. This electric eye is part of a complex of electronic coffee classifying machinery. The size and color of beans influence flavor. The electric eye sorts tons of beans daily unerringly. One of many steps to assure the consistent quality of Brazilian coffee.

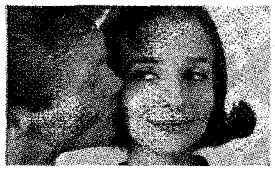


4 You'll never see these beans on TV. They're rejects. Turned down electronically because they're not up to Brazil's rigid standards for export to the United States. They're headed back to the old plantation as fertilizer.

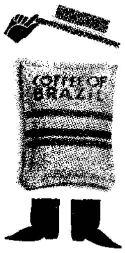
5 Meanwhile, back at the Agronomical Institute ...at the Instituto Agronomico in Campinas, scientists continue their ceaseless research. That's a coffee tree growing in a water solution. Part of an experimental program to research different nutrients and feeding methods. First they found the perfect tree, now they'll improve it.

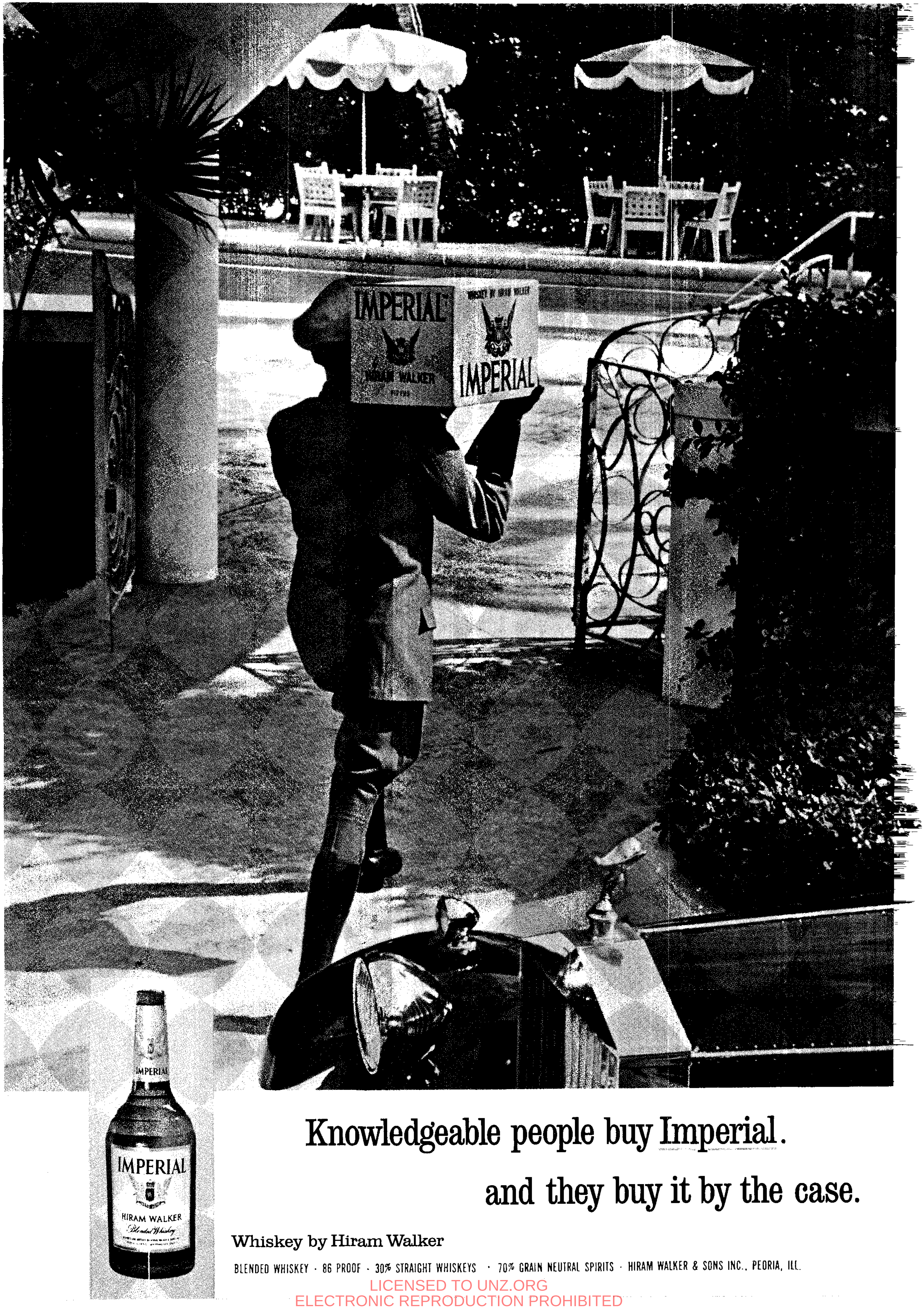
6 More checking with advanced equipment. Good tasters are the elite of the industry. After all the scientific research and electronics, this man picks up a spoon and makes sure. Brazilian coffee is "cupped" (tasted) five times before it boards ship. The electronic eye might conceivably slip-up sometime, but a taster...never!

7 The obvious reason. Good coffee always gets results. American coffee men know good coffee means Brazilian coffee. Practically every American brand—including yours, probably—blends Brazilian beans for quality, aroma and flavor. In fact, Brazil is the world's number one supplier of coffee. There's not even a close second.



You can learn more about good coffee and how to make it. For a free booklet, "How to Make Better Coffee," write to: The Coffee Man, Dept. NY 12, Brazilian Coffee Institute, 120 Wall Street, New York 5, N.Y. **COFFEE OF BRAZIL**

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

time out Mondays and Tuesdays, when another set of banjoists, called the Red Onion Minstrels, takes over.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Eugenie Baizerman (1899-1949)—Large oils and small water-color figure groups and still-lifes; through Jan. 25. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Louise Bourgeois—Abstract sculptures, in plaster and bronze; through Feb. 1. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Broderson—Paintings of birds, beasts, and myths; through Jan. 25. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Burliuk—New oils by this eighty-one-year-old artist; through Jan. 25. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

Carmen Cicero—Brush drawings, gouaches, and pastels; through Feb. 1. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Joseph Cornell—Assemblage "boxes" and collages; through Jan. 31. (Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Weekdays, 9 to 7; Sundays, noon to 7.)

Leonard DeLonga—Semi-abstract metal sculptures and constructions; through Jan. 25. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Lamar Dodd—"Rhythms" is the theme of a showing of water colors and ink drawings, plus three oils; through Jan. 30. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Michel Elia—Marble sculptures, semi-abstract in style; through Jan. 25. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Peter Forakis—Hard-edge paintings and two constructions; through Jan. 25. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Emile Gilioli—Abstract bronze sculptures; through Jan. 25. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Marsden Hartley and Alfred H. Maurer—Still-lifes; through Feb. 15. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Harry Jackson—A large painting, "The Range Burial," together with its preliminary drawings, oils, plasters, and bronzes; through Jan. 25. (Kennedy, 13 E. 58th St.)

Ben Kamihira—Landscapes done in Spain, figure paintings, and small still-lifes; through Feb. 1. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

Fritz Koenig—Figurative and non-figurative bronzes by a young German sculptor; through Saturday, Jan. 11. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

André Lanskoy—Paintings by a member of the contemporary Paris School; through Jan. 31. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

Saul Lishinsky—Figurative and Impressionistic paintings; through Jan. 25. (Braverman, 23 E. 67th St.)

Louise Nevelson—Drawings, etchings, and early sculptures, shown for the first time; through Saturday, Jan. 18. (Balin-Traube, 11 E. 74th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5.)

Kenzo Okada—Abstract paintings by a Japanese-born artist; through Feb. 1. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

A. Sheldon Pennoyer (1888-1957)—Water colors painted here, in Central America, Spain, Portugal, and North Africa; through Saturday, Jan. 18. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

Jackson Pollock—Early, representational works; through Jan. 25. (Griffin, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.)

Reginald Rowe—Oils mainly; through Jan. 25. (White, 42 E. 57th St.)

Morton L. Schamberg (1881-1918)—Abstractions by a pioneer modernist; through Jan. 25. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

Charles Shaw—Abstractions; through Saturday, Jan. 18. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Herbert Simon—Abstract plaster sculptures; through Jan. 25. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Frank Stella—Geometric paintings, all in purple; through Jan. 30. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Esteban Vicente—Non-objective oils; through Feb. 1. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

Art of Tuscany—Paintings and sculptures by Giotto, Fra Angelico, Botticelli, and other thirteenth- to sixteenth-century masters; through Jan. 31. (Duveen, 18 E. 79th St.)

Chinese Art—Paintings and calligraphy by masters of the Ming and Ch'ing dynasties; through Jan. 25. (Mi Chou, 801 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

American Abstract Artists—Their twenty-eighth annual, containing paintings and sculptures by nearly fifty artists; through Jan. 23. (Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Weekdays, 9 to 7; Sundays, noon to 7.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **janis**, 15 E. 57th St.: Four "environments" by four leading pop artists—Jim Dine, Claes Oldenburg, James Rosenquist, and George Segal—who have been given a room apiece to have their way with; through Feb. 1. . . . **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: Water colors by William Thon, Edward Betts, and Jason Schoener; through Saturday, Jan. 18. . . . **milch**, 21 E. 67th St.: Paintings by the gallery group of contemporaries, among them Ogden Pleissner, Stephen Etnier, and Adolf Dehn; through Saturday, Jan. 11. . . . **nordness**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Paintings and sculptures by members of the gallery, including Rico Lebrun, David Aronson, and Milton Hebald; through Feb. 1.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **bodley**, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: The opening exhibition at the gallery's new location consists of works by six Surrealists—Max Ernst, Magritte, Brauner, Matta, Granell, and Chimes; through Jan. 25. . . . **cordier & ekstrom**, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: "For Eyes and Ears," a display of sound-producing works by (for instance) Marcel Duchamp, Man Ray, Jean Tinguely, and Larry Rivers; through Feb. 1. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **jackson**, 32 E. 69th St.: Paintings by such artists as Lyonel Feininger, Karel Appel, and Antoni Tàpies; through Feb. 1. (Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **rosenberg**, 20 E. 79th St.: Renoir, Monet, Cézanne, and other Impressionist painters; through Feb. 1. . . . **st. etienne**, 24 W. 57th St.: Egon Schiele, Oskar Kokoschka, and Gustav Klimt are three of the artists represented in a showing of water colors, drawings, and prints by nine Austrian Expressionists; through Jan. 25. . . . **slatkin**, 115 E. 92nd St.: Master drawings by, among others, Watteau, Fragonard, Toulouse-Lautrec, and Matisse; through Saturday, Jan. 11.

Latin-Americans; Group Show—Prints by forty-five artists from eleven countries; through Feb. 8. (Galería Sudamericana, 10 E. 8th St. Open Friday evenings until 9:30.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Recent Additions to the Print Collection," including examples from every century since the fifteenth by such artists as Goltzius, Rembrandt, and Goya. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The galleries will be closed until mid-May while the Museum gets on with its remodelling and building program.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of Asian art (loaned by Ernest Erickson and the Erickson Foundation), made up of Islamic ceramics, miniatures, metalwork, textiles, and rugs; Indian miniature paintings and sculptures; and Nepalese, Thai, and Cambodian sculptures. Through Sunday, Jan. 12. An admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special exhibitions fund. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A loan exhibition of sixteenth-century Vene-

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tian paintings by, among others, Titian, Tintoretto, and Paolo Veronese; through Jan. 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of oils by the British painter Francis Bacon; through Sunday, Jan. 12. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Abstract paintings in black and white by Willem de Kooning, Franz Kline, Jackson Pollock, and others; through Feb. 3. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—"Toys and Amusements," a display of objects from the early nineteenth century—large circus and carrousel animals, circus posters, paintings, handmade articles, and manufactured toys; through March 1. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Art of Empire: The Inca of Peru," an exhibit, drawn chiefly from collections here and abroad, consisting of silver and gold figurines, wood and stone carvings, featherwork garments, and textiles produced by the people of the Andean region of South America; through Feb. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A new installation of the Library's Berg Collection of manuscripts, letters, and other rarities of English and American literature. Among the items (selected from a total of 85,000) on view are several Virginia Woolf notebooks, a manuscript synopsis of Shaw's "Man and Superman," and an 1855 copy of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass." (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1963 Annual Exhibition of Contemporary American Painting, an invitation show, comprising a painting apiece by a hundred and forty-five artists, among them Helen Frankenthaler, Hans Hofmann, and Andrew Wyeth; through Feb. 2. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Jan. 9: "Faust," with Dorothy Kirsten, Mildred Miller, Richard Verreau, George London, and Norman Mittelmann. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 10: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Lucine Amara, Roberta Peters, Teresa Stratas, Sándor Kónya, Walter Cassel, Morley Meredith, Paul Franke, and Donald Gramm. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 11: "La Traviata," with Joan Sutherland, Marcia Baldwin, Nicolai Gedda, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 11: "Don Carlo," with Mary Curtis-Verna, Biserka Cvejic, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, Giorgio Tozzi, and David Ward. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 13: "Aïda," with Leontyne Price, Biserka Cvejic, Sándor Kónya, Vladimir Ruzdak, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 14: "La Sonnambula," with Gianna d'Angelo, Jeanette Scovotti, Janis Martin, Nicolai Gedda, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 15: "Fledermaus" (in English), with Jean Fenn, Laurel Hurley, Jean Madeira, Gabor Carelli, Theodor Uppman, Frank Guarrera, and Jack Gilford. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 16: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Leontyne Price, Gianna d'Angelo, Lynn Blair, John Alexander, David Ward, and Walter Cassel. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 17: "La Traviata," with Joan Sutherland, Marcia Baldwin, Flaviano Labò, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 18: "Il Trovatore," with Leontyne Price, Irene Dalis, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 18: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Lucine Amara, Mattiwilda Dobbs, Teresa Stratas, Sándor Kónya, Walter Cassel, Morley Meredith, and Paul Franke. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, Jan. 9, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 10, at 2:15; Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8:30; and Sunday, Jan. 12, at 3 (all with Aaron Copland, piano, and John Corigliano, violin); and Thursday, Jan. 16, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 17, at 2:15; Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8:30; and Sunday, Jan. 19, at 3 (all with Stefan Bauer-Mengelberg, guest conductor, and Rudolf Serkin, piano).

Philharmonia Hungarica—Miltiades Caridis conducting, with Andras Sandor, viola. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 12, at 8:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Igor Stravinsky directing a Stravinsky-Schoenberg program, with Robert Craft, assistant director; Vera Zorina, narrator; Loren Driscoll, tenor; and the Singing City Choirs. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Tuesday, Jan. 14, at 8:30.)

Municipal Concerts Chamber Orchestra—Julius Grossman conducting, with William Kroll, violin. (Town Hall. Friday, Jan. 10, at 8:30.)

American Symphony of New York—Enrico Leide conducting, with Roberta Kolber, piano, and Lowell Lehman, tenor. (Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Sunday, Jan. 12, at 2. No tickets necessary.)

Concert Opera Association—Thomas Scherman directing a performance of Verdi's "I Vespri Siciliani" in concert form, with Irene Jordan, soprano; Giuseppe Taddei, baritone; Nicola Moscona, bass; and others. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Monday, Jan. 13, at 8.) . . . ¶ The Association will hold a preview of "I Vespri Siciliani" at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-6700) on Friday, Jan. 10, at 8:30.

American Opera Society—Georges Prêtre directing a performance of Francis Poulenc's "Dialogues des Carmélites" in concert form, with Denise Duval and Andréa Guiot, sopranos; Claramae Turner, contralto; and Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

Clarion Concert—Newell Jenkins conducting a chamber orchestra, with Robert Veyron-Lacroix, harpsichord, and Henry Schuman, *oboe d'amore*. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 14, at 8:30.)

Twentieth-Century Innovations—Gunther Schuller conducting a chamber ensemble in the first in a series of four concerts, this one devoted to the music of Schoenberg, Webern, Stockhausen, and Nono. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Jan. 17, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Malcolm Frager, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8:30.)

New York Pro Musica Renaissance Band—Noah Greenberg conducting. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8:30.)

Amor Musicae—Sterling Hunkins directing a performance of Handel's opera "Acis and Galatea" in concert form, plus a Haydn quartet, by the Seeber Chorale, the Kohon String Quartet, and several instrumentalists, with Karen Ranung, soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; and Norman Farrow, bass-baritone. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8:30.)

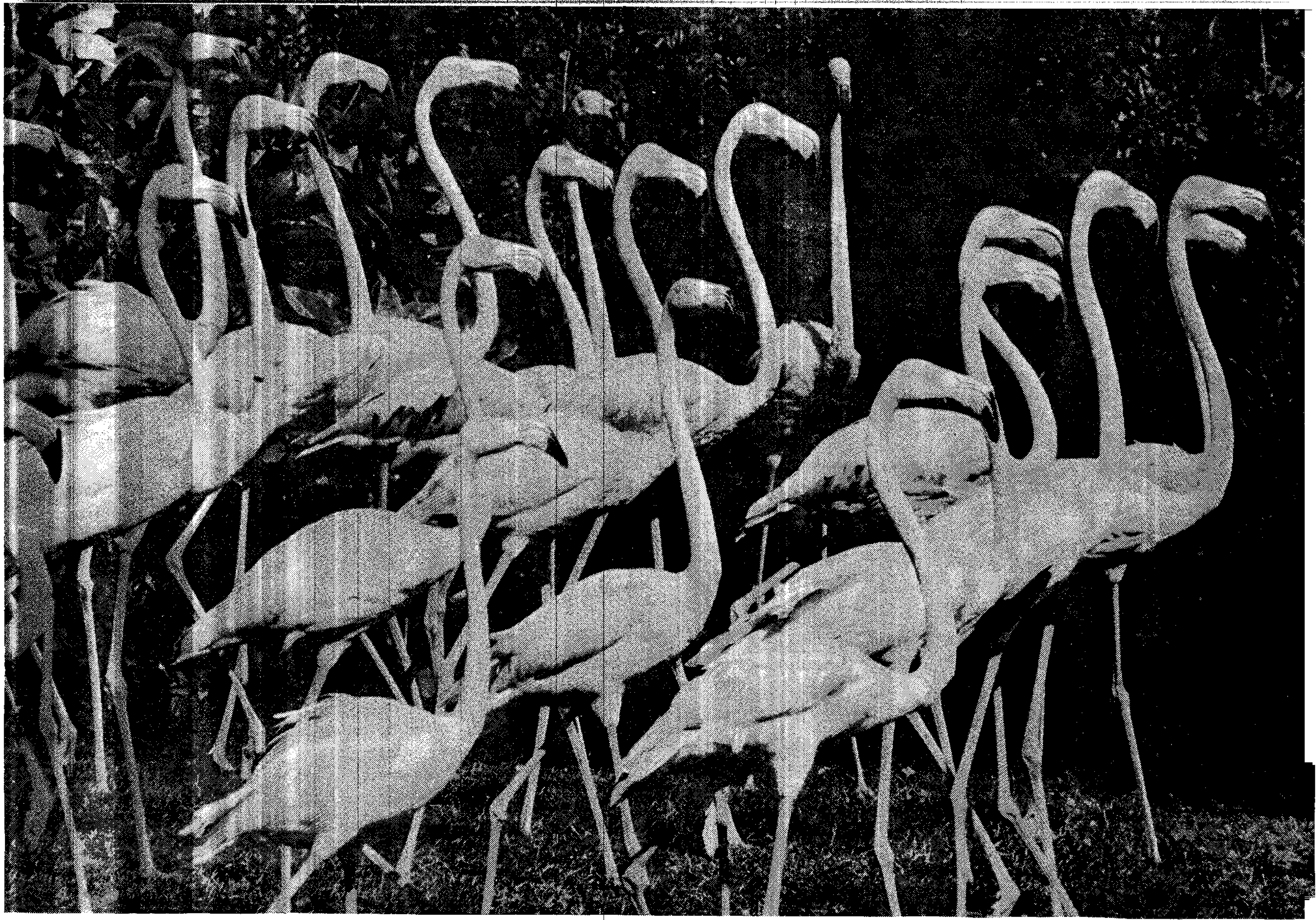
Vienna Choir Boys—Uwe Mund directing two different programs. (Town Hall. Thursday, Jan. 9, at 8:30, and Saturday, Jan. 11, at 2:30.)

Interracial Chorale—Harold Aks directing. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Fourth Ave. at 8th St. Friday, Jan. 17, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

Alexander Schneider and Peter Serkin—Violin and piano, in a benefit concert. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Thursday, Jan. 9, at 8:40. Tickets at the box office.)

Budapest String Quartet—In the last in a series of all-Mozart programs, with Mieczyslaw



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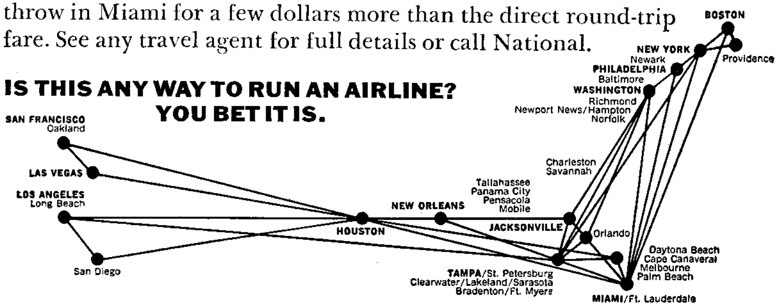
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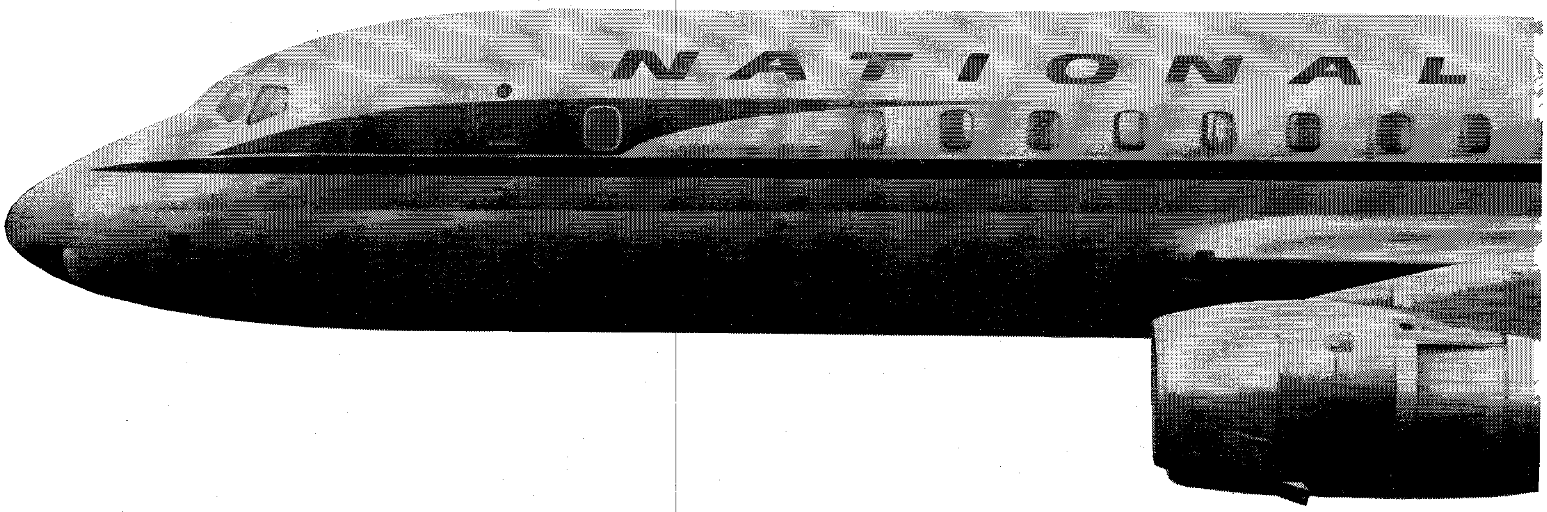

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Horszowski, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Jan. 10, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

SZYMON GOLDBERG—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8:15. *For tickets, call GR 3-1391.*)

TERESA BERGANZA—Mezzo-soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8:30.)

NEW SCHOOL CONCERTS—Alexander Schneider and Peter Serkin in a recital of Mozart sonatas for violin and piano. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, Jan. 12, at 3 and 9.)

LENOX QUARTET—With Dorothy Reichenberger, cello. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 12, at 5:30.)

KOHON STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Wednesday, Jan. 15, at 8:30.)

JOHN OGDON—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Jan. 16, at 8:30.)

VLACH QUARTET—Chamber music. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Jan. 16, at 8:30.)

DONALD GRAMM—Bass-baritone, assisted by a string quartet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Jan. 17, at 8:30.)

ANDRES SEGOVIA—Classic guitarist. (Town Hall. Friday, Jan. 17, at 8:30.)

NEW YORK CHAMBER SOLOISTS—With Adele Addison, soprano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8:15. *For tickets, call GR 3-1391.*)

QUARTETTO ITALIANO—Chamber music. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8:30.)

NOTE—*Jaime Laredo will give a violin recital* at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Jan. 19, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Jan. 13, in the order written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

SPORTS

INDOOR POLO—Two games (plus a spot of Rugby) every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

RACING—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Friday, Jan. 17, through Saturday, March 21.

TRACK MEET—Metropolitan Association A.A.U. Senior Indoor Championships, track events. (102nd Engineers Armory, Broadway at 168th St. Friday, Jan. 17, at 7. For tickets, call CO 7-7334.)

FOR CHILDREN

MUSIC—By the **BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA:** Siegfried Landau conducting, with James Mathis, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 2:30.)... **CONCERTS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE:** The fourth in a series of six offerings, this one devoted to the life and works of Brahms, with Boris Goldovsky *narrating and playing* the piano and with assisting artists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Jan. 18, at 3. Adults admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **B. GAY PUPPETS:** "The Emperor's New Clothes." (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Saturdays at 2.)... **CHILDREN'S THEATRE WING:** "Hansel and Gretel." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)... **EXPLORE, INC.:** "Androcles and the Lion." (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Saturdays at 11, 1, and 3, and Sundays at 1.)... **GRAMERCY ARTS CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "Little Red Riding Hood." (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7738. Saturdays at 2 and 3:30, and Sundays at 1.)... **MAXIMILLION PRODUCTIONS:** "Gabriel Ghost." (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Saturdays at 2:30.)... ¶ "Absolutely Time." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Jan. 12, at 2:30.)... **MERRI-MIMES:** "Pinocchio." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.)... **MERRY-GO-ROUNDERS:** "The Snow Queen." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 18, at 2:30.)... **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "The Prince and the Pauper." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)... **PEPPERMINT PLAYERS:** "Aesop's Fables." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.)... **PICKWICK PUPPETS:** "Long, Broad and Quick-Eye." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3.)... **STAGE 73:** "The Absent-Minded Dragon." (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.)... **UNICORN PLAYERS:** "Robin in the Enchanted Forest." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturdays at 11.)... ***ROD YOUNG PUPPETS:*** "The Brave Little Tailor." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 1:30. For information about tickets, call LE 4-1672.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archaeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Galileo and the Stars," demonstrates Galileo's major astronomical discoveries. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

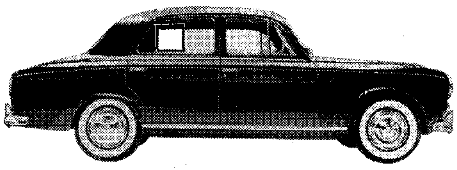
OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ *Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the* General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

TREASURE OF TUTANKHAMEN—Thirty-three objects (nearly half of them in gold) lent by the Egyptian Museum, in Cairo, and including a miniature gold coffin, signet rings, amulets, and sculptures buried with the Pharaoh three thousand years ago. Through Wednesday, Jan. 15. An admission charge of seventy-five cents is being made for the preservation of the Abu Simbel temples. (Carnegie Endowment International Center, 345 E. 46th St. Daily, 11 to 7.)

PROSE READINGS—Christopher Isherwood reading from his own works. (Kaufmann Concert *Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington* Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Jan. 12, at 8:30.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Jan. 9, at 1:45: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Jean Dufy, Renoir, Matisse, and Manship, together with a group of enamels by Rouault and a modern Aubusson tapestry; the property of Aizic Weinberg and others.... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 11, at 1:45: American furniture, Oriental Lowestoft porcelain, pottery, Georgian and other silver and silver-plated ware, ship paintings, and hooked rugs; from the estate of Irving S. Olds and from other sources.... ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 14-15, at 1:45: Books and manuscripts, including first editions of William Faulkner; from several collectors, among them Mrs. Victor F. Schroeter.



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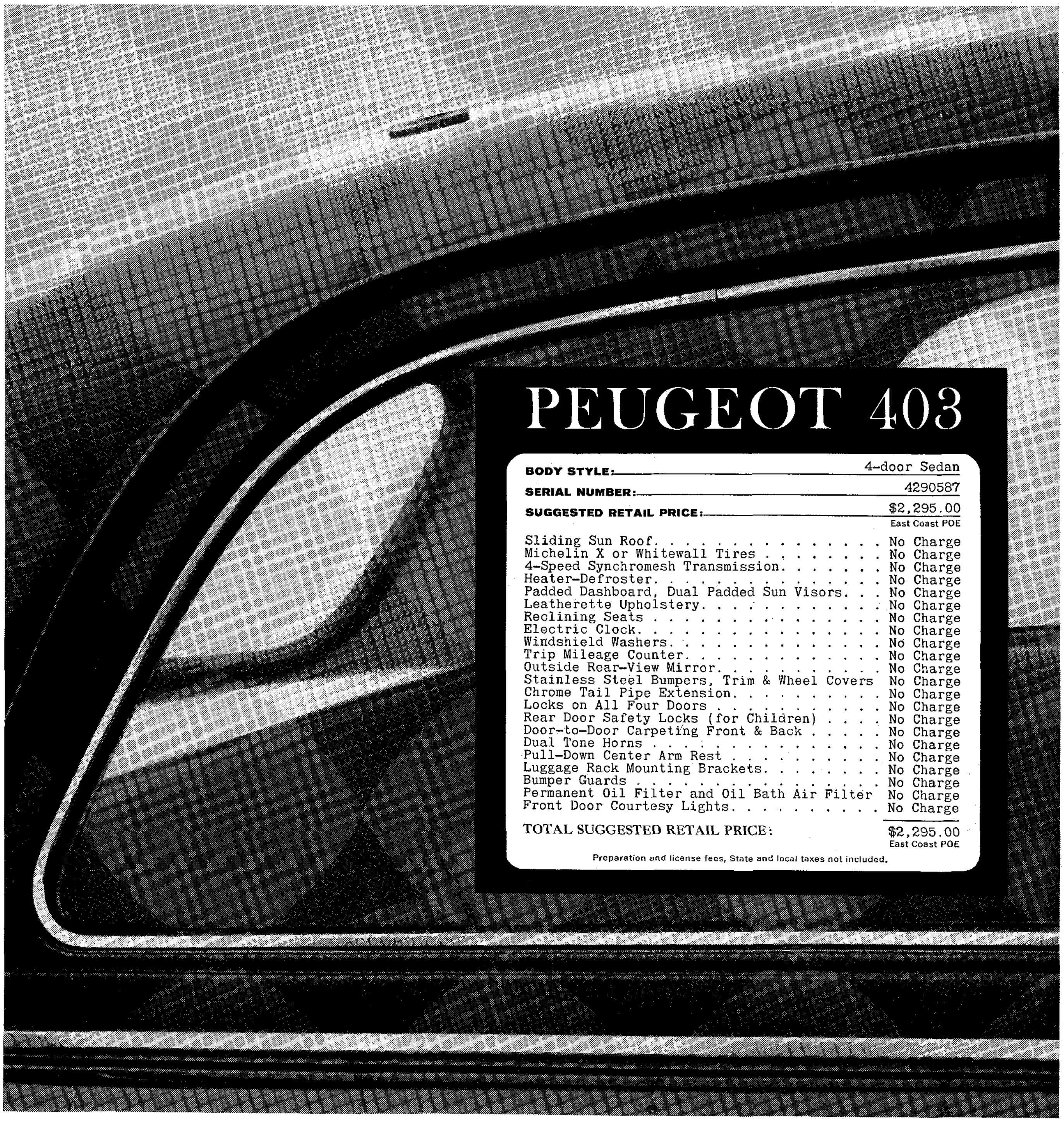

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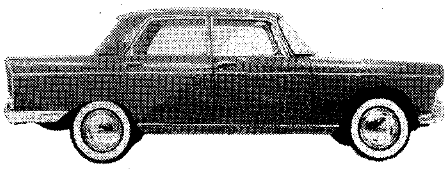

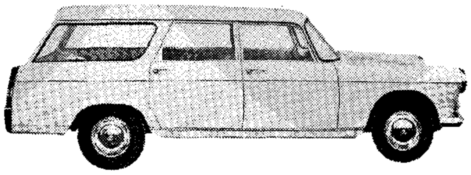

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

America America—A picturesque account of a young Greek's fierce journey to the land of his heart's desire. Written and directed by Elia Kazan. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Billy Liar—An English comedy, in which the brilliant young actor Tom Courtenay plays a boy who can't stop telling disastrous whoppers. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Cleopatra—Forty million dollars' worth of Mediterranean splendor, and cheap at the price. The leading roles are played by actors who are probably better known than the originals ever were. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

The Conjugal Bed—An account, at once anguished and hilarious, of what happens to a forty-two-year-old Lothario when a chaste virgin consents to marry him. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Jan. 15.)

Divorce—Italian Style—An exceedingly funny farce, set in Sicily and featuring Marcello Mastroianni as a bored husband bent on murdering his tiresome wife. The director, Pietro Germi, has made the most of his outrageous opportunities. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Jan. 14. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

The Easy Life—An Italian thriller, starring Vittorio Gassman and directed at a fantastic pace by Dino Risi. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

8½—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. Marcello Mastroianni plays the part of a famous director who is suddenly unable to go on working; Anouk Aimée is his intellectual wife; and Sandra Milo is his tawdry mistress. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through Jan. 14.... ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Jan. 15, tentative.)

Heavens Above!—The next-to-latest Peter Sellers, in which he plays a parson too Christian for his own, or anyone else's, good. With delightful supporting performances by Cecil Parker, Isabel Jeans, and Ian Carmichael, and directed and produced by the jolly Boulting brothers. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Jan. 14.... ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Jan. 12-14.)

High and Low—A Japanese thriller based on an American novel about a kidnapping. Directed by Akira Kurosawa and starring Toshiro Mifune—who else? (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.... ¶ Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th, LT 1-1788; through Jan. 13.)

Hud—An excellent Western, and more than a Western, thanks to superb performances by Paul Newman, Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Neal, and Brandon deWilde. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; starting Jan. 15.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World—The first Cinerama comedy, bursting with actors and scary camera stunts but far too long and too unfunny. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Lawrence of Arabia—As beautiful a picture as you could hope to see, with much stirring desert combat and an honorable attempt to fathom a little man who was as odd as Dick's hatband. With Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, Anthony Quayle, and many others, all wonderfully directed by David Lean. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Jan. 13.... ¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; 57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; and Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; starting Jan. 15.)

The L-Shaped Room—Leslie Caron and Tom Bell as a couple of lonely young people in London who find that love is more trouble than they expected, though not more trouble than it's worth. Sad and funny and well worth seeing. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Jan. 15.)

This Sporting Life—Richard Harris gives a moving performance as a professional Rugby player for whom everything goes wrong, and Rachel Roberts is just as good as the woman who cannot love him. This brutal, tragic picture, which could have been first-rate, is slightly spoiled by Lindsay Anderson's obtrusive direction. The setting is a city in the North of England. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; through Jan. 14.)

To Bed . . . Or Not to Bed—The Italian comedian Alberto Sordi plays a wistful Don Juan among a bevy of Swedish beauties. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, PL 1-1535.)

Tom Jones—That rare thing, a great movie from a great book. Directed by Tony Richardson, from a screenplay by John Osborne, and with a cast that includes Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Dame Edith Evans, Joyce Redman, Joan Greenwood, and a dozen others, all splendid. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

REVIVALS

The Battle of the Sexes (1960)—Peter Sellers, Robert Morley, and Constance Cummings enacting a comedy about the introduction of modern American methods into a staid firm in Edinburgh. A British film, derived from a story by James Thurber. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Jan. 14.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' appraisal of a rich man's career. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Jan. 10-13.)

City Lights (1931)—The old familiar Chaplin, plus a blind flower girl and an alcoholic millionaire. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—A French film, directed by François Truffaut, that reviews the short, unhappy career of a twelve-year-old boy. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Jan. 10-13.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—A French study of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner, and directed by François Truffaut. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Jan. 10-11.)

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner (1962)—An English tragicomedy of working-class manners, directed by Tony Richardson. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; starting Jan. 15.)

The Magnificent Seven (1956)—A kind of Oriental Western, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; and Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 9.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Jan. 9.)

Old Acquaintance (1943)—Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins as a pair of lady novelists. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Jan. 10.)

The Old Maid (1939)—Bette Davis interpreting the 1935 Pulitzer Prize winner. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Jan. 15.)

A Raisin in the Sun (1961)—Lorraine Hansberry's story about a Negro family in Chicago, with Claudia McNeil, Sidney Poitier, and Ruby Dee. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Jan. 15.)

Rocco and His Brothers (1961)—A portrait of a poor Italian family that comes to Milan to make good. Directed by Luchino Visconti. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 14.)

Rouge et Noir (1958)—The Stendhal novel, with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, and Antonella Lualdi. A French film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 10-13.)

Shadows (1961)—An episodic movie, all of it improvised by a group of young players under the directorial guidance of John Cassavetes. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 14.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—A Hitchcock picture that deals with everything from tennis to schizophrenia. With Farley Granger and Robert Walker. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Jan. 9.)

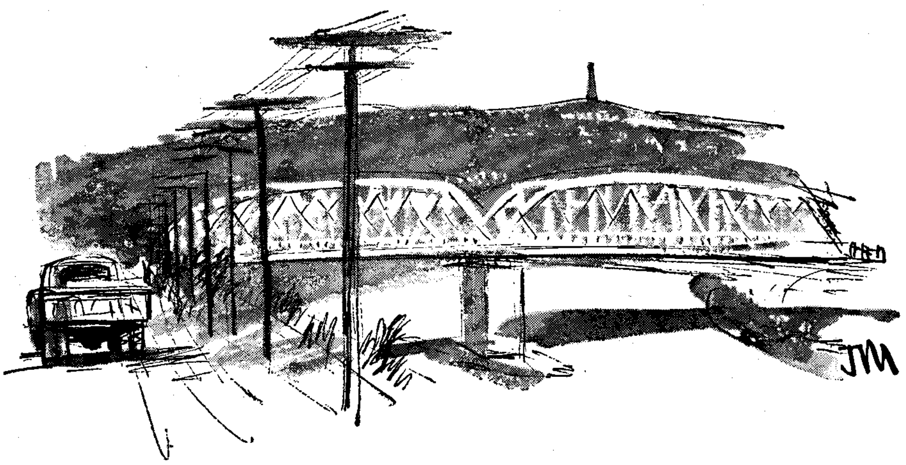
The Third Man (1950)—A melodramatic tour of postwar Vienna on the heels of Joseph Cotten, Orson Welles, and Alida Valli. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Jan. 14.)

Umberto D. (1955)—Vittorio De Sica's sad account of the twilight of an aged government pensioner. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 9.)

Viridiana (1962)—Luis Buñuel's examination of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. A Spanish picture. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Jan. 9.)

West Side Story (1961)—The Ben-Hur of musicals, distinguished by the Bernstein tunes and Robbins dances. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Jan. 15. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The auditorium, now closed for repairs, will reopen in May.



THE MOVIE HOUSES

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12	13	14	15			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Move Over, Darling," Doris Day, James Garner.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"The Victors," George Peppard, George Hamilton.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Cardinal," Tom Tryon, Romy Schneider. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Love on a Pillow," Brigitte Bardot, Robert Hossein.

Loew's Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Best of Cinerama," a film composed of excerpts from the first five Cinerama movies. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Charade," Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
Through Jan. 12: "Not Tonight, Henry," Hank Henry.
From Jan. 13: "The Doll" (in Swedish).

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"The Sword in the Stone," a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"4 for Texas," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Love with the Proper Stranger," Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
Through Jan. 13: **HIGH AND LOW** (in Japanese).
From Jan. 14: "Bandits on the Wind" (in Japanese).

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Who's Been Sleeping in My Bed?," Dean Martin, Elizabeth Montgomery.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Any Number Can Win" (in French), Jean Gabin, Alain Delon.

New Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; no afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)
Through Jan. 14: **DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE** (in Italian); and "Throne of Blood" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.
From Jan. 15: **WEST SIDE STORY**, revival; and "Frantic" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Jan. 14: "Kings of the Sun," Yul Brynner, George Chakiris.
From Jan. 15: **THE CONJUGAL BED**; and "Bluebeard" (formerly called "Landru"), revival, Michèle Morgan.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 14: **HEAVENS ABOVE!**; and "Women of the World," a documentary film.
From Jan. 15: "Any Number Can Win" (in French), Jean Gabin, Alain Delon.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Jan. 15 (tentative): **8½** (in Italian).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Love with the Proper Stranger," Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through Jan. 14: **THIS SPORTING LIFE**; and "Ladies Who Do," Robert Morley.
From Jan. 15: **THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER**, revival.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"4 for Texas," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Victors," George Peppard, George Hamilton.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Act One," George Hamilton, Jason Robards, Jr.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Jan. 14: "Women of the World," a documentary film; and "Fury at Smugglers Bay," Peter Cushing.
From Jan. 15: **THE CONJUGAL BED**; and "Bluebeard" (formerly called "Landru"), revival, Michèle Morgan.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Moderato Cantabile" (in French), Jeanne Moreau, Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
CITY LIGHTS, revival.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
BILLY LIAR.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED (in Italian and Swedish).

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
TOM JONES.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Ladybug Ladybug," Christopher Howard.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Jan. 13: **LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.**
From Jan. 14: "Point of Order," excerpts from the kinescopes of the Army-McCarthy hearings.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through Jan. 14: "Fantasia," revival, a Walt Disney film.
From Jan. 15: **HUD.**

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Jan. 15 (tentative): "The Good Soldier Schweik" (in German), Heinz Ruhmann.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Move Over, Darling," Doris Day, James Garner.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Jan. 14: "Women of the World," a documentary film; and "Fury at Smugglers Bay," Peter Cushing.
From Jan. 15: **THE CONJUGAL BED**; and "Bluebeard" (formerly called "Landru"), revival, Michèle Morgan.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Jan. 14: "A New Kind of Love," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward; and "To Catch a Thief," revival, Cary Grant, Grace Kelly.
From Jan. 15: **LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.**

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Jan. 9: **THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN** (in Japanese), revival; and **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish), revival.
Jan. 10-13: **THE 400 BLOWS** (in French), revival; and **CITIZEN KANE**, revival.
From Jan. 14: **THE THIRD MAN**, revival; and "Touch of Evil," revival, Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Jan. 9: **THE MALTESE FALCON**, revival; and **STRANGERS ON A TRAIN**, revival.
Jan. 10-11: **JULES AND JIM** (in French), revival; and "Nights of Cabiria" (in Italian), revival, Giulietta Masina, François Périer.
Jan. 12-14: **HEAVENS ABOVE!**; and "Mondo Cane," revival, an Italian documentary film, with an English narration.
From Jan. 15: **THE L-SHAPED ROOM**; and **A RAISIN IN THE SUN**, revival.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
HIGH AND LOW (in Japanese).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Hallelujah the Hills," Peter H. Beard.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Jan. 14: "A New Kind of Love," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward; and "To Catch a Thief," revival, Cary Grant, Grace Kelly.
From Jan. 15: **LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.**

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Jan. 14: **8½** (in Italian); and **THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES**, revival.
From Jan. 15: "Any Number Can Win" (in French), Jean Gabin, Alain Delon; and "Time Out for Love" (in French), revival, Jean Seberg, Micheline Presle.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Jan. 14: "Women of the World," a documentary film; and "Fury at Smugglers Bay," Peter Cushing.
From Jan. 15: **THE CONJUGAL BED**; and "Bluebeard" (formerly called "Landru"), revival, Michèle Morgan.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Three Lives of Thomasina," Patrick McGoohan.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
THE EASY LIFE (in Italian).

57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Jan. 14: "A New Kind of Love," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward.
From Jan. 15: **LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.**

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"The War of the Buttons" (in French), with a cast of children.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Der Rosenkavalier," a Salzburg Festival performance, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Anneliese Rothenberger. (Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
AMERICA AMERICA.

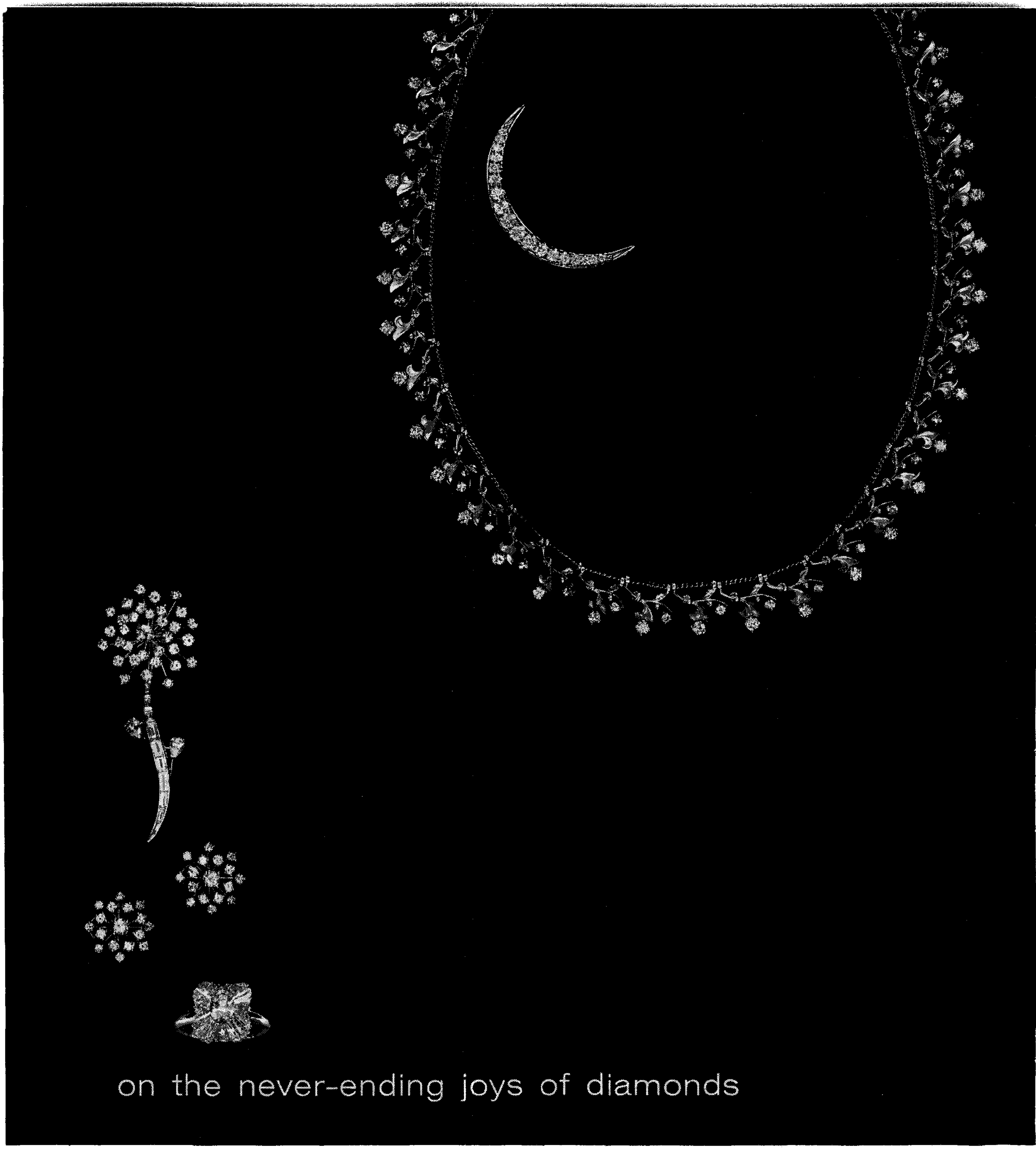
Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Jan. 14: "A New Kind of Love," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward; and "To Catch a Thief," revival, Cary Grant, Grace Kelly.
From Jan. 15: **LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.**

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Jan. 10: **OLD ACQUAINTANCE**, revival; and "Union Depot," revival, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Joan Blondell.
Jan. 11-12: "Varsity Show," revival, Priscilla Lane, Dick Powell; and "On Your Toes," revival, Vera Zorina, Eddie Albert.
Jan. 13-14: "Desperate Journey," revival, Errol Flynn, Ronald Reagan; and "They Drive by Night," revival, Ann Sheridan, George Raft.
From Jan. 15: **THE OLD MAID**, revival; and "Colleen," revival, Joan Blondell, Dick Powell.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Jan. 14: "Women of the World," a documentary film; and "Kill or Cure," revival, Terry-Thomas.
From Jan. 15: **THE CONJUGAL BED** (in Italian); and "Bluebeard" (formerly called "Landru"), revival, Michèle Morgan.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Jan. 9: **UMBERTO D.** (in Italian), revival; and **THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN** (in Japanese), revival.
Jan. 10-13: **ROUGE ET NOIR** (in French), revival.
From Jan. 14: **ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS** (in Italian), revival; and **SHADOWS**, revival.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Jan. 14: **8½** (in Italian).
From Jan. 15: "Any Number Can Win" (in French), Jean Gabin, Alain Delon.



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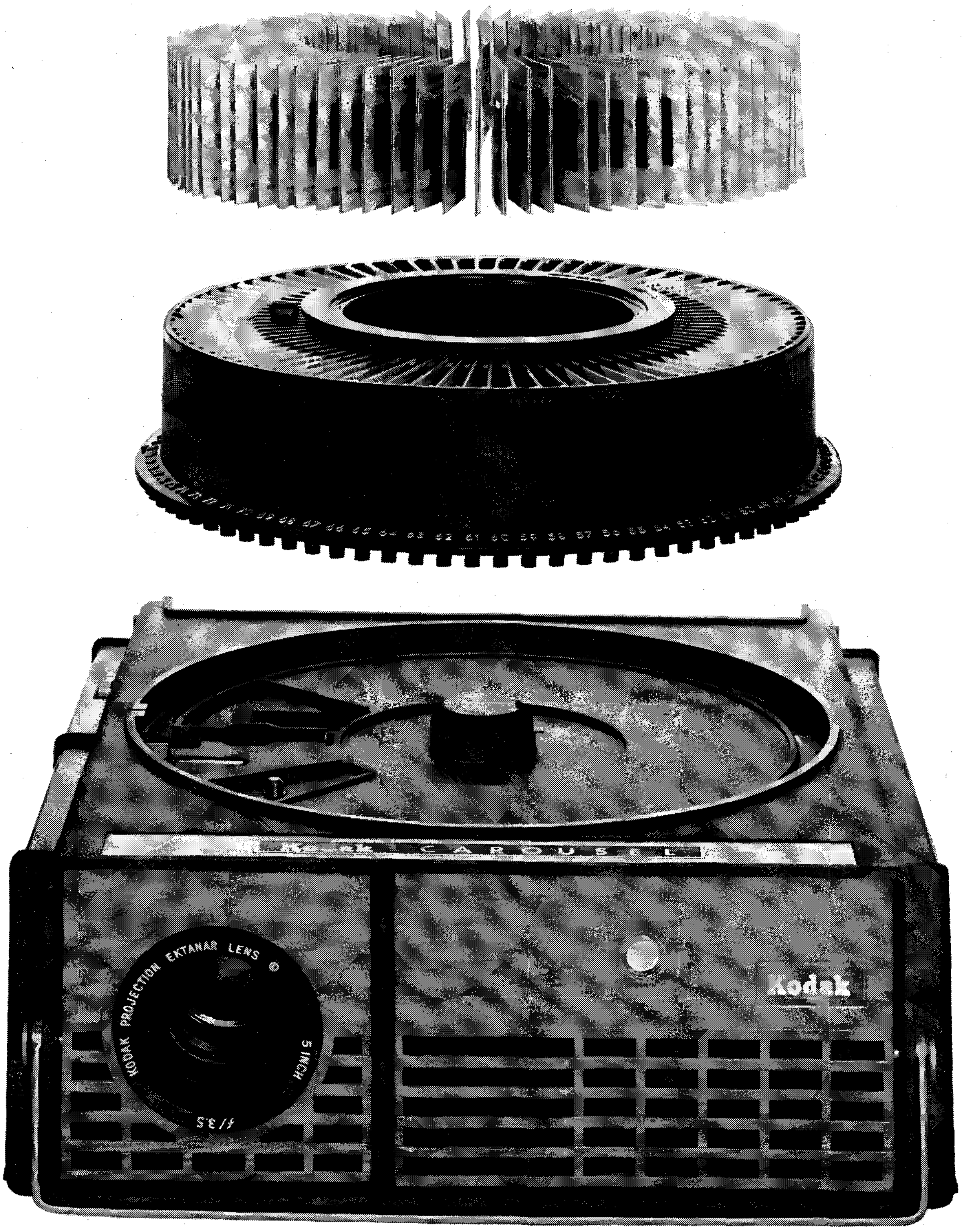

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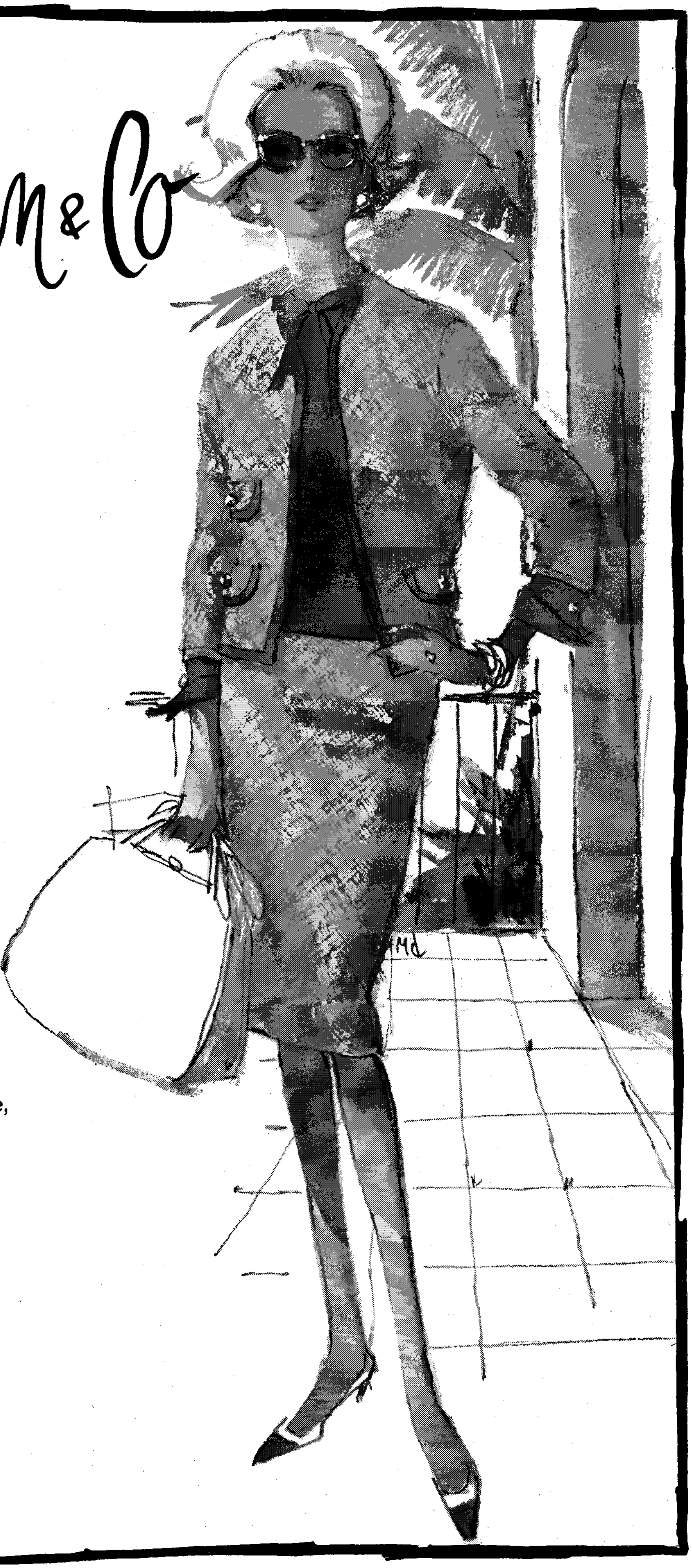
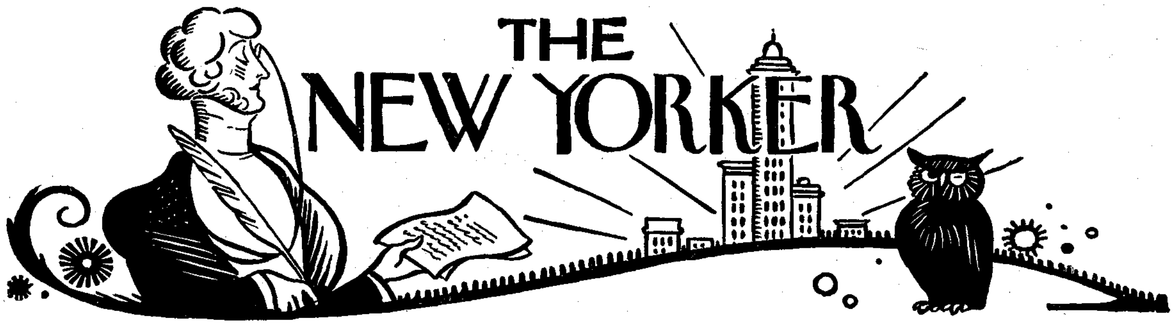


This Spring beauty blossoms in the tenderest of garden colors!

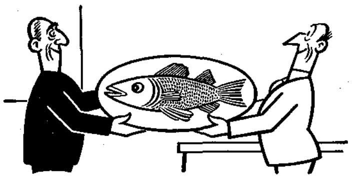
What an enchanting way to welcome the new season! Raffia-textured rayon and worsted knit suit with linen trimming and a sleeveless linen blouse. Hyacinth blue with leaf green, or moss green with white . . . 8 to 16. Third floor spectator dresses, Fifth Avenue, White Plains, Manhasset and Short Hills. **60.00**



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

TO celebrate the New Year and the imminence of the New York World's Fair 1964-1965, we have spent some time pondering the Fair's themes—"man's hopes and aspirations for 'peace through understanding' and his achievements in a shrinking globe and an expanding universe"—and assembling certain preliminary data on the Fair that have caught our fancy. We have learned that last April a Minnesota congressman presented Robert Moses with a walleyed pike, a symbol of the state, and that the Hawaiian Pavilion, whose theme is "The Spirit of Aloha," will be serving a three-hour, ten-dollar *luau* that includes young pig roasted on hot bricks. In the pavilion of Argentina, besides cultural and industrial exhibits, there will be whole Argentine steers roasted on a wheel rotisserie.



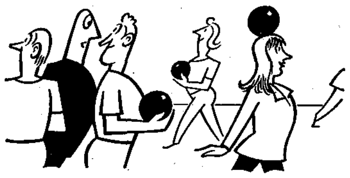
To further illustrate man's hopes, aspirations, and achievements, there will be a simulated trip to the moon, by Cinerama; a display of dream cars called Mustang, Allegro, and Cougar II, by Ford, alongside animated cave men and prehistoric creatures, by Walt Disney, who has also constructed an animated Abraham Lincoln for the Illinois Pavilion; and replicas of the Santa Maria, the Spirit of St. Louis, a Mississippi River showboat, the Mercury and Gemini space capsules, and the heads of Holofernes and St. John the Baptist. The Wycliffe Bible Translators, Inc., will display "an heroic mural depicting the conversion of a tribal chieftain from a head-hunter to an influential Christian citizen," and the Atomic Energy Commission is sponsoring a children's exhibit called Atomsville, U.S.A., where answers to pertinent questions may be obtained "when the youngsters press buttons, push levers, and otherwise activate various displays."

Although the Communist countries and the Virgin Islands will not be participating in the Fair, there will be exhibits by the Republic of China, Mali, Austria, and the Continental Circus Follies. In October, H. L. Hunt, the conservative Texas millionaire who was to have sponsored an H. L. H. Fun & Food amusement park at the Fair, retreated from Flushing Meadow after a difference of opinion with Robert Moses. In December, however, George Murphy, the producer of the Hollywood Pavilion, announced that he would be a conservative Senatorial candidate in the coming California Republican primary. In November, James A. Wechsler, in his column for the *Post*, complained that there were too many pictures of Robert Moses in the current Fair Progress Report. Mr. Moses, in December, spoke out against "captious criticism, random charges, nasty insinuations, and threats of investigations and politically motivated attacks." Mr. Moses added that in the face of criticism "I revert to the classics of my youth and recall that Homer, with a wink of one of his blind eyes, once remarked hopefully that someday, in retrospect, even these trials may look good to you." We, in turn, remembering the six hundred and forty-six acres covered by the Fair, revert to the official World's Fair song, in which Richard Rodgers exhorts hopefully: "Pick up your left foot. Pick up your right. Walk away from every care. This is your fun time, you are entitled to it, Fair is Fair."

We already own three World's Fair ashtrays and a set of World's Fair table mats.

Bowling

WHEN we come into the office in the morning, we're never sure what we'll find on our desk. Recently, we were confronted with a message that read, "Times Square Lanes—Thursdays at midnight. Watch actors bowl." Sensing the possibility of high adventure, we sharpened a pencil or two, found a clean notebook, and set off to case the situation. The Times Square Lanes, we discovered, are on the second floor of a building that spans the block between Forty-second and Forty-third Streets on Broadway, and there is an elevator from the ground floor to the alleys. When we returned, the following Thursday, exactly at midnight, the elevator wasn't running, so we bounded up a stairway, to find ourself in a vast, dimly lit room full of bowling alleys. Once our eyes had become accustomed to the light, we were able to make out a group of attractive-looking people milling around, burdened with bowling balls and bowling shoes. "What alley is 'Never Too Late' on?" someone asked us. Not knowing the answer, we countered with a question of our own. "Who is that girl carrying the bowling ball on her head?" we asked, in reference to an attractive girl who was wearing a well-tailored pair of blue jeans and a pumpkin-colored shirt, and who was indeed carrying a bowling ball on her head, as if it were a Grecian urn. "That's Liz Ashley, from 'Barefoot in the Park,'" we were told, "and she's wearing the same shirt she had on in the picture that was on the cover of *Life*."

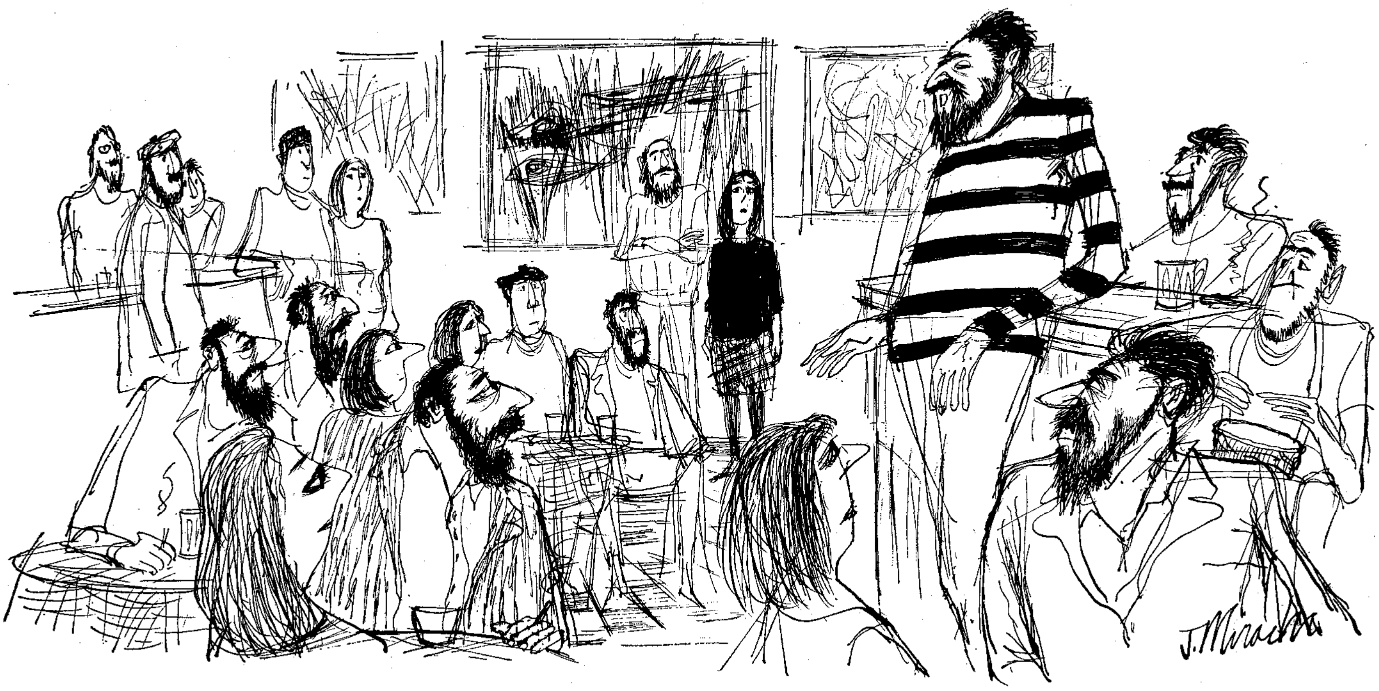


Miss Ashley took the ball off her head and walked a few gingerly steps forward to the foul line. She deposited the ball gently on the alley, and it rolled down toward the pins in a slow, graceful arc. It just caught a corner pin before tumbling into the gutter.

"That time, I had the feeling," said Miss Ashley, turning around.

"Nice curve, that," said a bright English male voice next to us.

We inquired whether he was on Miss



"The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white . . ."

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Ashley's team, and he told us that he was bowling for the "Chips with Everything" Team II. "Our main job is to beat 'Chips' I," he added.

We asked if he could tell us more about what was happening, and he pointed out a serious-looking man who was carrying a large sheaf of papers. "That's Mr. John Effrat," he said. "He can tell you anything you want to know."

We introduced ourself to Mr. Effrat, who, it turned out, is the commissioner of the Broadway Show League. He told us that for the past ten years the League has run sporting activities for people working in Broadway—and, more recently, Off Broadway—shows. In the spring, there is a softball tournament, he said, and this year the League decided to initiate a full-fledged winter bowling tournament. Mr. E. went on to say that twelve shows are participating, but that since both "Chips" and "Oliver!" have two teams, there are fourteen teams in all. Each team, which consists of five bowlers, is supplied with bowling shirts in the team colors and bearing the name of the show concerned across the back. There will be prizes for the winning team at the end of the tournament, Mr. E. said, but he wouldn't say what they are. "The kids seem to be having a great time," he added. "They're just practicing tonight. John De Martino, the professional at the alley, has been giving some lessons in bowling techniques to anyone who wants them."

We thanked Mr. Effrat and went back to watch the bowlers. We heard a round of polite cheering from a nearby alley and cries of "Nice work, Albert!" There, as big as life, was Albert Finney, wearing a pair of blue jeans and a loosely fitting brown sweater. He was smoking a cigar and taking swigs from a bottle of beer on a small table next to him. He seemed in splendid form, and broke into a broad grin whenever one of the members of the "Luther" team made an especially good shot.

"You're up, Albert," one of Mr. Finney's teammates said, and Mr. Finney took careful aim and let fly. Pins scattered, and Mr. Finney broke into another grin.

Mr. Effrat came by and said, "See how the kids are enjoying themselves?"

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Incidental Intelligence (Time Out for the Elves Division): Bonwit Teller is offering shoes with a label that reads, "Man-Made Innersole."

President Brewster

We first met Kingman Brewster, Jr., who is now the seventeenth president of Yale, at a dinner in the Peabody Museum a couple of years ago, when, under the late President Whitney Griswold, he was the University's provost, and the other day we met him again, in the lobby of the St. Regis at ten in the morning. He and his wife had come to town the night before, to dine with Lillian Hellman, who is a Martha's Vineyard summer neighbor of theirs, and some other friends; Mrs. Brewster was staying over to do some shopping, and her husband had suggested, when we requested a presidential chat, that the chat take place during his drive back to New Haven. When we met him in the lobby, he was accompanied by James B. Baker, a Princeton man who is Whitney Griswold's son-in-law. The three of us walked a block west to a garage, where we boarded the University's presidential car—a Rover bearing plates that spelled out "YALE"—and Brewster took the helm.

"I recently cut short a vacation trip to Italy because of the Fred Barghoorn business," Mr. Brewster said as he drove toward the Triborough Bridge. "The faculty and the students did a superb job of organization to get him out of Russia, and when a protest rally that they had scheduled was converted into a welcome-home celebration, I wanted to join the party. I didn't have a thing to do with the strategy of release."

"Turn right on Ninety-sixth Street," Mr. Baker directed, and Mr. Brewster, having done so, went on, "What Whit Griswold said about this job is true: it follows you like a shadow—often a pleasant shadow. My wife and I went to Ravello, and no sooner had we got to the Hotel Caruso than I received a letter from a lady living in the neighborhood that read, 'My husband is away, but he is a Yale man and I know he would want me to invite you to lunch.' "

Mr. Brewster is a Yale man, class of 1941, and we asked him what led up to all this.

"I was brought up outside Boston," he replied. "My father was a lawyer. My parents were divorced when I was young, and my mother, who was, and is, a marvellously speculative and philosophical type of person, married Edward Ballantine, a professor of music at Harvard. Our household was full of stimulating people. I went to the Belmont Hill School, where I did all the things a future campus politician does, such as debating and working on the school paper. I guess I was a premature world-saver in my teens, because in the middle thirties I spent a lot of time at Ford Hall Forum, in Boston, where no idea for the salvation of the world was considered too far out to deserve an audience. In my junior year in high school, at my family's suggestion, I tutored so as to skip senior year and thus be able to go abroad with them during my stepfather's sabbatical. Well, they went that summer—1936—along with my sister, who had just graduated from Smith, but I had written Senator George W. Norris, of Nebraska, a letter saying I'd be glad to help him run for reëlection, so I stayed here to see what would happen. My offer was accepted in the fall."

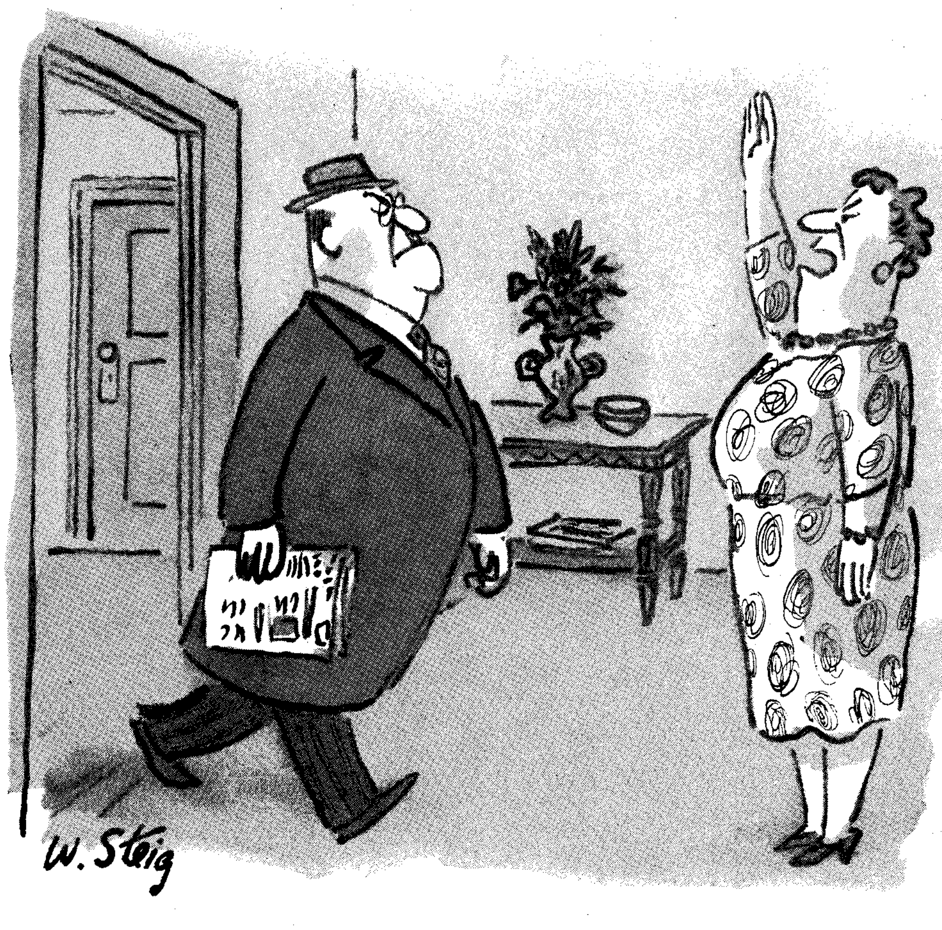
"Here's a quarter," Mr. Baker said as we gained the bridge toll station.

"I then endured a very long and lonely train trip to Lincoln, Nebraska," Mr. Brewster said as he paid up. "I arrived there, very much alone, bought a copy of the Lincoln *Star*, and read in it, in an article about Norris's campaign, 'Kingman Brewster, prominent Massachusetts Republican, will also speak on the Senator's behalf.' I got a room at the Cornhusker Hotel and went down to the Senator's office. His secretary was a nice old lady. A look of amazement crossed her face when she saw me. I was seventeen and was having trouble with my complexion. The shock and surprise percolated on and up in the organization. I moved to the Y.M.C.A. and worked in the office for the remaining six weeks of the campaign, licking stamps, and so on. The Senator won handily. I left right after the election and joined the family in Europe."

It began to snow, and Mr. Brewster turned on the windshield wipers as we went up the Bruckner Boulevard Extension. "We lived in Oxford in the fall," he said. "Around Christmas, we went to the Continent. It was the hottest period of the Spanish Civil War. Later, when Mussolini had just threatened to throw a blockade across the Mediterranean, we took a cruise to Greece. For a while, the year before the Anschluss, I lived in Austria with an Austrian family. I am sure that all that period was enormously valuable. It made things meaningful to me when I got to college."

After Mr. Baker had directed his father-in-law's successor safely to the Connecticut Turnpike, Mr. Brewster said, "Whit was a dozen years ahead of me at college, but I met him just before I went there, and I saw him a lot when I was a student. Our families were friends, and he was an assistant professor. We later became summer neighbors at Martha's Vineyard. We discussed Yale constantly, and in 1960, when I was happily teaching at the Harvard Law School, he asked me to become provost. I decided on New Haven because he had asked me, and because of my feeling for him."

"Money," Mr. Baker said as the Greenwich toll station came in sight, and he handed Mr. Brewster a coin. We urged the senior Mr. B. to backtrack to 1941, and he said, "I went to Washington that fall to work for Carl Spaeth, as special assistant coördinator—for economics—in the Office of Inter-American Affairs. I'd become an overnight expert on Latin-American affairs by taking a seminar at Williamstown. After Pearl Harbor, I learned to fly, at the Navy's expense. I was on anti-submarine patrol in the North and South Atlantic, but I never saw a submarine. I entered Harvard Law after the war. I had no intention of practicing. I wanted to save the world, and I knew that if you go into politics and public affairs you always have to deal with lawyers, and you don't want them to pull the wool over your eyes, so, in self-defense, you become a lawyer, too. I also wanted to get the rust off my wheels after four years—four unthinking years. Carl Spaeth advised me to go to a major law school. 'You'll find yourself in the company of people who play a significant role in things,' he said. I think this is still true. I became fascinated with the law as an instrument of public policy. Law school was a great experience. We were all four or five years older than normal; most of us, including me, were married; and because of these two facts, members of that generation in graduate and professional schools were much more likely than usual to have friends and acquaintances outside their



"Heil, Hitler!"

own fields, and thus to see their universities as a whole. I wish there were some way of making that possible now."

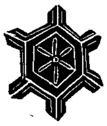
"Money," Mr. Baker said, around Stamford, and his beneficiary continued, "After graduating from law school, I signed up to teach economics at M.I.T., but then Milton Katz, who had been one of my professors at Harvard and was a special representative with the Marshall Plan in Europe, invited me to Paris as his assistant, so I took a year's leave of absence from M.I.T. before being present. That was a marvellous year—1948-49. My wife and I had two children—we have five now—and we lived out in a suburb near Saint-Germain. It was before the military aspect of the alliance became dominant; working for the reconstruction of Europe had a great lift to it."

Mr. Brewster piloted the presidential Rover past the Bridgeport turnoff, and guided us, autobiographically, past a faculty year at M.I.T. and ten at Harvard Law, where he specialized in antitrust law and international economic problems and wrote, or co-wrote, a couple of books on these subjects.

"How about Yale?" we asked as our party got within striking distance of it.

"It's important for the head of an institution to find out what the inherent advantages—or, if you will, mission—of the institution are, or is," Mr. Brewster said. "The big change in the postwar period is that all kinds of institutions and careers other than academic are now open to researchers and thinkers. Brains are assembled in industry and government. What's special about a university? The one thing we've got and they haven't got is students. I believe in a faculty that teaches students. If you're the kind of scientist who doesn't want to bother with students, don't come to Yale. If you permit the professorial label to be worn without the educational responsibility—let the faculty turn its back on the students—relief from teaching becomes a prestigious thing. Of the major universities, Yale is the most student-oriented. We haven't taken on a lot of peripheral activities; everything is within walking distance. The fact that we're not situated in an intellectual metropolis keeps us from being pulled apart; everything revolves around the university. We're not just a holding company for unrelated specialists. I think this is true, but it's not an easy situation, because the pressures of a complicated world are toward specialization."

Mr. Brewster turned off the snowy Turnpike into slushy New Haven, and said, "Another distinctive quality of Yale is that the identity of the college—the undergraduate college—has been successfully retained. Yale College has a separate dean—Georges May, who was born in France. He's a civilized, urbane, tough, compassionate man with a great sense of humor and no self-seriousness; one of Whit's great appointments; one of his last appointments; a ten-strike. And the Graduate School has a great dean—John Miller, an economist. The existence of the College contributes quite a lot to the Graduate School. Another thing: I think it's easier at Yale than elsewhere for a student to have a foot in both camps—the scholars' camp and the activists' camp. It's not on an either/or basis. I think that's good. I don't mean it's good by any absolute standard, but it gives us a special quality and function. I think this is a tradition well worth preserving."



Mr. Brewster, who had a luncheon appointment with Marcel Breuer, the architect, dropped us off at the Green, and we went to the Taft for a beer.

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LETTER received from an assistant vice-president of the Animal Insurance Company of America, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue:

> DEAR SIRS:
>
> **We regret to inform you that this company is no longer insuring animals and, therefore, will be unable to be of service to you.**

Ringer

OUR man Stanley stopped by the office during the earlier morning hours of January 1st, blew a noisemaker in our face, posed the conundrum "When is a railroad station not a railroad station?," and deposited the following notes:

"Rang Old Year out with tiny bell clasped in each hand. Found tiny bells on table at First Annual Bell Ringer Ball for Mental Health. Found First Annual Ball going on, for a scheduled seven hours, in transformed Grand Central Station. Cost to Ball of station: two thousand dollars an hour. Cost to bell ringers of Ball: twelve-fifty to a hundred dollars. Terrific experience. Only entrance to Ball through Vanderbilt Avenue doors of Pan Am Building. Proceeded through vast lobby of P.A.B., closely observed by small battalion of Pinkerton police in parade dress. One guided me to smiling, youthful Filipino in colorful native shirt, who took coat, scarf, and one dollar, and handed out coat check and mimeographed slip. Slip read, 'We hope we can be of service to you and at the same time share some enjoyable moments with you in the spirit of friendship.' Second Pinkerton pointed to bank of escalators leading down to station. Descending one of these, met strong gust of frigid air ascending. Also caught first glimpse of transformed station. Delighted to find station completely untransformed. Reminded irresistibly of high-school proms. Girls spend days, weeks in high-school gym inflating balloons, festooning crêpe paper around rim of basketball baskets to create April in Paris. Boys squeeze into white dinner jackets, discover not April in Paris but high-school gym with balloons, crêpe paper. Here men had spent days, weeks in Grand Central Station inflating balloons, installing colored lights on ceiling. I squeezed into black dinner jacket, discovered Grand Central Station with balloons, lights. Fine with me.

"Directly opposite escalators, enormous Big Ben clock registered 11:08 P.M. Big Ben all lit up. Kodak sign dark. All other ads all lit up. Noticed big bandstand with baby-blue canopy just below Kodak sign. Would colors have clashed? Noticed tables—two hundred and five of them, according to program—scattered around floor of station, each covered with baby-blue tablecloth and tiny bells. Bandstand mostly empty. Tables mostly full. Giant TV screen on top of New Haven ticket counter showing pictures of inside of station. *Déjà vu.* TV picture switched to shot of Times Square. Not much difference, somehow. Mentioned this to red-coated waiter. Waiter disagreed. 'Boy, am I glad I'm not *there!*' he said. Suddenly, on TV screen appeared huge picture of Robert Trout. Trout wearing heavy overcoat, looking cold, smiling. TV unit director jumped onto bandstand, grabbed mike, yelled 'In a minute, we'll be coast to coast!' Trout kept on smiling. TV unit director pointed at bandstand. Bandstand emitted low drum roll. TV unit director pointed in other direction, at Track 24. Sign by Track 24 said:

4:15 P.M.
SOUTH NORWALK
LOCAL-EXPRESS

"Big Ben registered 11:15. Suddenly, canned music blared from hidden loudspeakers, and Guy Lombardo and Royal Canadians emerged from entrance to Track 24. Lombardo had on red jacket, railroad conductor's cap. So did Royal Canadians. Robert Trout vanished from TV screen, was replaced by Guy Lombardo. Lombardo smiled, coast to coast.

"Led by red-coated waiter to Table No. 37. Table No. 37 about two yards from Johnnie Walker ad, just by passage leading to Newsreel Theatre. Lombardo guided by other waiters to bandstand, where he began first medley with 'I've Been Workin' on the Railroad.' Big Ben registered 11:35. Icy blast from direction of Newsreel Theatre. Decided on panoramic view; climbed stairs to Vanderbilt entrance of station, passing Table No. 108, which, program told me, had been taken by New York Central System. Table No. 108 half empty. Panorama from Vanderbilt entrance breathtaking. Arrived just in time to see Kodak sign switched on. Scattered applause from floor. Colors *didn't* clash. Lombardo swung into ' 'Swonderful.' More applause. Lombardo walked to mike and said, 'Now everyone pick up those little bells, because this is the Bell Ringer Ball, and help us to play "Silver Bells." ' Little bells made of brass. Big Ben registered 11:50. Decided, on sudden impulse, to check on Ball-less lower level. Lower level looked surprisingly normal—maybe a little more crowded than usual. Faint gusts of music sweeping down barricaded stairs from Ball. Burns policeman standing at barricade chatting with a passenger. 'What do they get for their twelve-fifty?' asked passenger. 'Free drinks?' 'Nope,' said Burns man patronizingly. 'Just free amusement and a seat at a table.'

"Scurried back to Ball. Big Ben registered 11:58. Miss Jeannie Quinn, Belle of the Ball, appeared on stairs near Vanderbilt Avenue entrance to station and rang large Bell Ringer bell. TV screen showed ball on top of Times Tower. Everyone grabbed tiny bells, rang them like crazy. Twelve o'clock. Lombardo changed railroad conductor's cap for party hat, played 'Auld Lang Syne.' Miss Jeannie Quinn swotted at large bell. Ball on Times Tower fell from top of TV screen to bottom of TV screen. Tiny bells going lickety-split. At 12:01, seven thousand balloons fell unexpectedly from ceiling of station, were pounced on, and exploded. Lombardo played louder. Robert Trout reappeared on TV screen, smiled, and waved. I waved back. Terrific experience."

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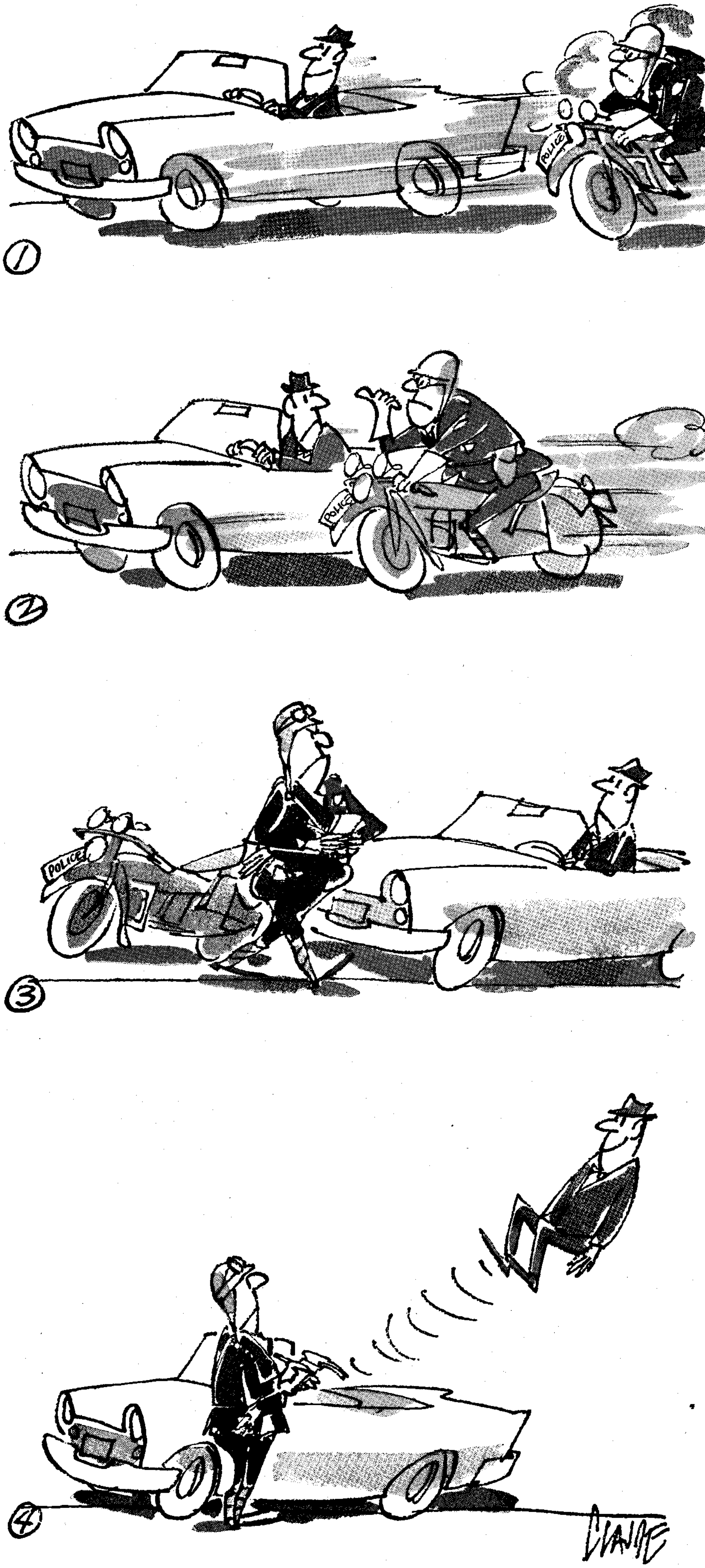
OVERHEARD in a lower-Broadway elevator, chesterfield to British warm: "You want to know the trouble with Stewart? He's got all his money tied up in cash."



AT A BAR IN CHARLOTTE AMALIE

BLOWFISH with light bulbs inside their dried skins glowed above the central fortress of brown bottles. The bar was rectangular; customers sat on all four sides. A slim schoolteacherish-looking girl, without much of a tan and with one front tooth slightly overlapping the other, came in, perched on a corner stool, and asked for a Daiquiri-on-the-rocks. She wore a yellow halter, turquoise shorts, and white tennis sneakers. The bartender, who was not visibly malformed, nevertheless moved like a hunchback, with a sideways bias and the scuttling nimbleness peculiar to cripples. He wore a powder-blue polo shirt, and now and then paused to take a rather avid sip from a tall glass containing perhaps orange juice; his face was glazed with sweat and he kept peering toward the outdoors, as if expecting to be relieved of duty. The green sea was turning gray under round pink clouds. A boat dully knocked against the cement wharf, and suddenly the noise had the subtle importance noises in these latitudes assume at night. A member of the steel band, a tall, long-jawed Negro, materialized in the rear of the place, on a shallow shadowy platform where the cut and dented steel drums were stacked. After unstacking and mounting them, this Negro, who wore a tattered red shirt and held a dead cigarette in the center of his lips, picked up a mallet and experimentally tapped into the air a succession, a cluster, an overlapping cascade of transparent notes that for a moment rendered everyone at the bar silent.

Then a homosexual with a big head turned to the schoolteacherish girl, who had been served, and said, "See my pretty hat?" His head seemed big because his body was small, a boy's body, knobby and slack and ill-fitted to his veined man's hands and to his face. His eyes were very close together, making him seem to concentrate, without rest, upon a disagreeable internal problem, and his lips—which in their curt cut somehow expressed New York City—were too quick, snapping in and out of a grin as if he were trying to occupy both sides of his situation, being both the shameless clown and the aloof, if amused, onlooker. He had been talking about his hat, half to himself, since four o'clock this afternoon, and when he held it out to the girl an eddy of sighs and twisted eyebrows passed through the faces in the yellow darkness around the bar. The hat was a cheap broadweave straw with a bird's nest of artificial grass set into the crown, a few glass eggs fixed in the nest, and several toy birds suspended on stiff wires above it, as if in flight. "I designed it myself," he explained. "For the carnival this weekend. Isn't it marvellously uninhibited?" He glanced around, checking on the size of his audience.

He was well known here. If he had scraped, from the surface of indifference, a few shreds of attention, it was because of the girl. Her coming in here, at this twilight hour, alone, bearing herself with such prim determined carelessness, was odd enough to attract notice, even at a tropical bar, where everything is permitted to happen.

"It's lovely," she said, of the hat, and sipped her drink.

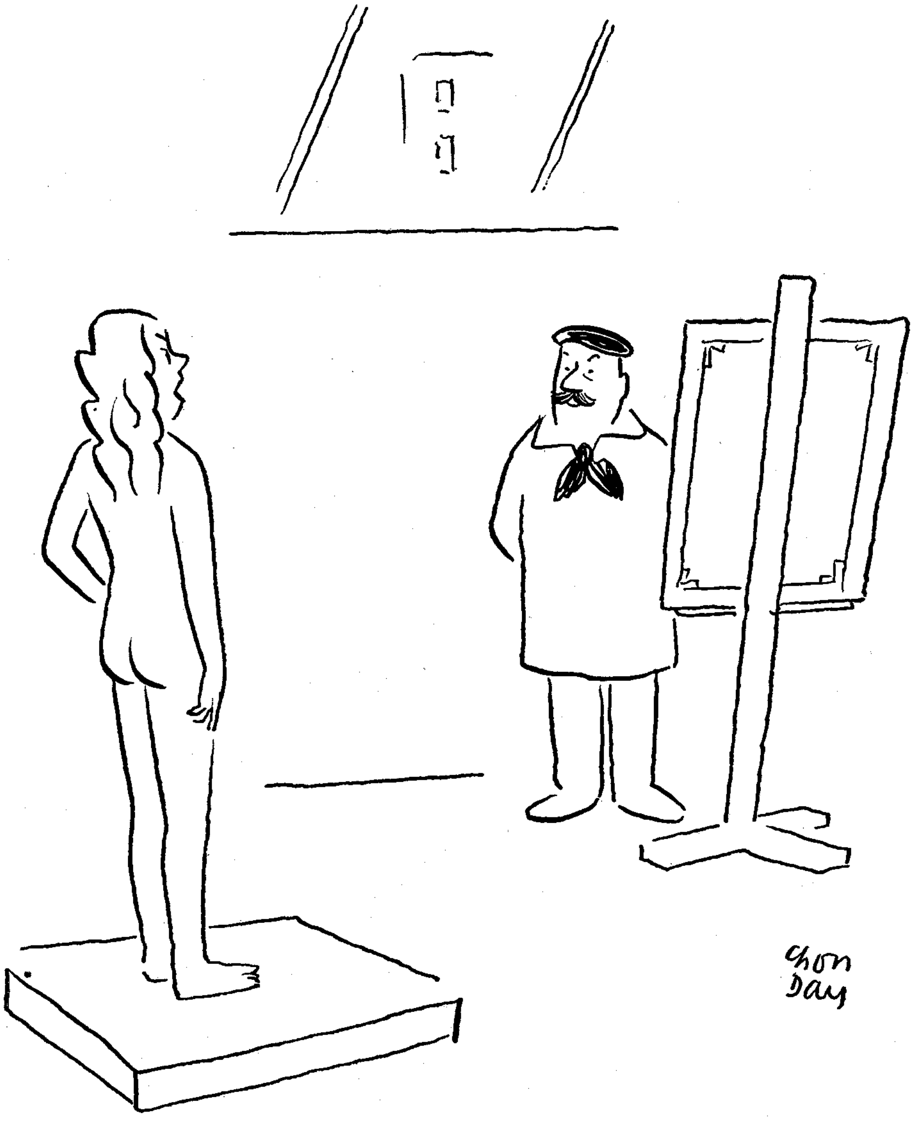
"Do you want to put it on? Please try it."

"I don't think so, thank you."

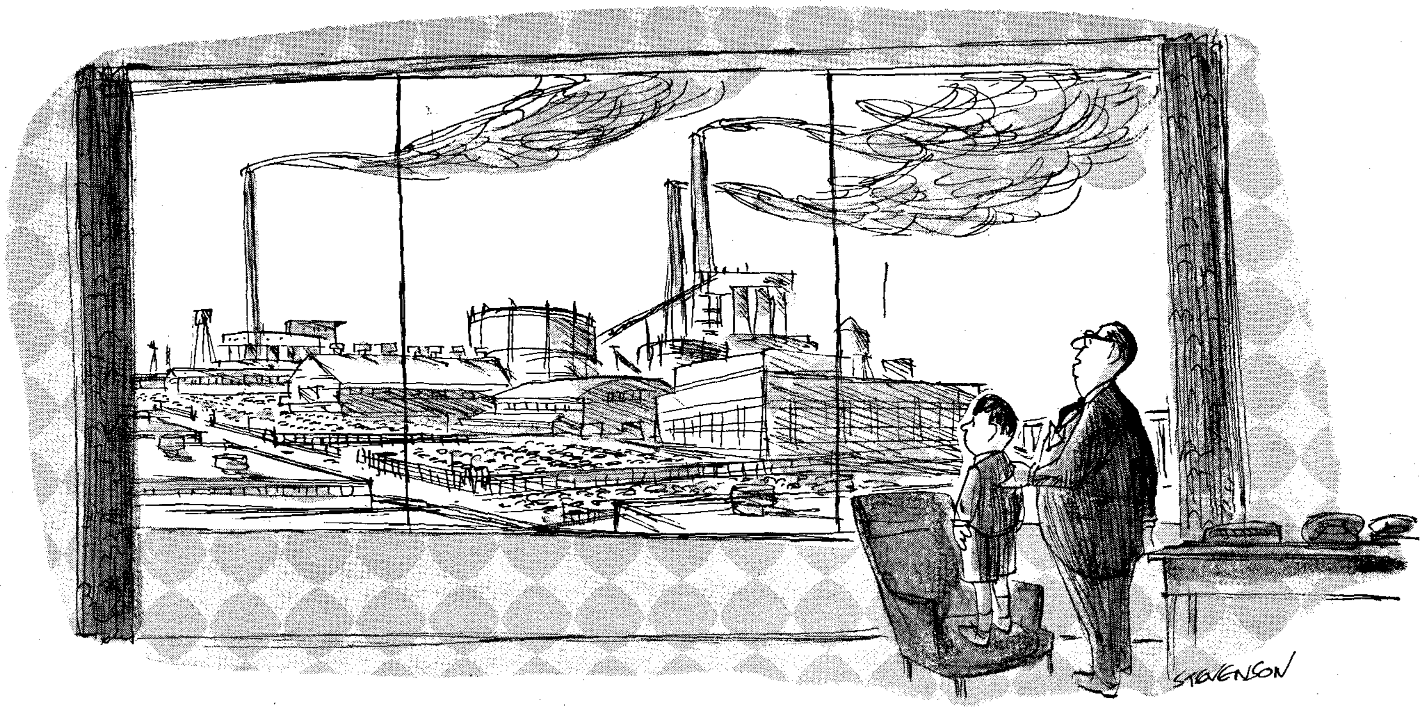
"I designed it myself," he said, looking around and deciding to make a speech. "That's the way I am. I just give my ideas away." He flung up his hands in a gesture of casting away, and a breeze moved in from the street as if to accept his gift. "If I were like other people, I'd make money with my ideas. Money, mo*nnn*ey. It's excrement, but I love it." A brief anonymous laugh rose and was borne off by the breeze. The homosexual returned to the girl with a tender voice. "You don't have to put it on," he told her. "It's not really finished. When I get back to my room, where I've been meaning to go all day, if that *fiend*"—he pointed at the bartender, who with his slightly frantic deftness was pouring a rum Collins—"would let me go. He says I owe him mo*nnn*ey! When I get back to my room, I'm going to add a few touches, here, and here. A few spangly things, just a few. It's for the carnival this weekend. Are you down here for the carnival?"

"No," the girl said. "I'm flying back tomorrow."

"You should stay for the carnival. It's wonderfully uninhibited."



"Hey, what goes on here? Last week no canvas, this week no paint."



"Someday, my boy, fifty-one per cent of all this will be yours."

• •

"I'd like to, but I must go back." Unexpectedly blushing, she lowered her voice and murmured something containing the word "excursion."

The homosexual slapped the bar. "Forgive me, forgive me, dear Lord above"—he rolled his eyes upward, to the glowing blowfish and the great roaches and tarantulas of straw which decorated the walls—"but I *must* see how my hat looks on you, you're so pretty."

He reached out and set the hat with its bright hovering birds on her head. She took another sip of her drink, docilely wearing the hat. A child laughed.

The homosexual's eyes widened. This unaccustomed expression was painful to look at; it was as if two incisions were being held open by clamps. The child who had laughed was looking straight at him: a bright round face fine-featured as the moon, rising just barely to the level of the bar and topped by hair so fair it was white. The little boy sat between his parents, a man and a woman oddly alike, both wearing white and having stout sun-browned arms, crinkled weather-whipped faces, and irises whose extremely pale blue seemed brittle, baked by days of concentration on a glaring horizon. Even their hair matched. The man's had not been cut in months, except across his forehead, and was salt-bleached in great tufts and spirals, like an unravelling rope of half-dark strands. The woman's, finer and longer, was upswept into a tumultuous blond crown that had apparently sheltered the roots enough to leave them, for an inch or two, dark. They looked, this husband and wife, like two sexless chieftains of a thickset, seagoing Nordic tribe. As if for contrast, they were accompanied by a gaunt German youth with swarthy skin, protruding eyes, close-cropped hair, and protruding ears. He stood behind and between them, a shadow uniting three luminaries.

The homosexual crouched down on the bar and fiddled his fingers playfully. "Hi," he said. "Are you laughing at me?"

The child laughed again, a little less spontaneously.

His parents stopped conversing.

"What a gorgeous child," the homosexual called to them. "He's so—so *fresh*. So uninhibited. It's wonderful." He blinked; truly he did seem dazzled.

The father smiled uneasily toward the wife; the pale creases around his eyes sank into his tan, and his face, still young, settled into what it would become—the toughened, complacent, blind face of an ancient Scandinavian salt, the face that, pipe in teeth, is mimicked on carved bottle stoppers.

"No, really," the homosexual insisted. "He's darling. You should take him to Hollywood. He'd be a male Shirley Temple."

The child, his tiny pointed chin lifting in mute delight, looked upward from one to the other of his parents. His mother, in a curious protective motion, slipped from her stool and placed a sandalled foot on the rung of her child's stool, her tight white skirt riding up and exposing half her thigh. It was stout yet devoid of fat, like the trunk of a smooth-skinned tree.

The father said, "You think?"

"I *think*?" the homosexual echoed eagerly, crouching further forward and touching his chin to his glass. "I *know*. He'd be a male Shirley Temple. My judgment is infallible. If I was willing to leave all you lovely people and go dig in the dung, I'd be a stinking rich talent scout living in Beverly Hills."

The father's face collapsed deeper into its elderly future. The mother seized her thigh with one hand and ruffled the child's hair with the other. The dark German boy began to talk to them, as if to draw them back into their radiant privacy. But the homosexual had been stirred. "You know," he called to the father, "just looking at you I can feel the brine in my face. You both look as if you've been on the ocean all of your life."

"Not quite," the father said, so tersely it wasn't heard.

"I beg your pardon?"

"I haven't been on the sea all my life."

"You know, I *love* sailing. I love the life of the open sea. It's so"—his lips balked, rejecting "uninhibited"—"it's so free, so pure, all that wind, and the waves, and all that jazz. You can just be yourself. No, really. I think it's wonderful. I love Nature. I used to live in Queens."

"Where do you live now?" the girl beside him asked, setting his hat on the bar between them.

The homosexual didn't turn his head,

answering as if the sailing couple had asked the question. "I live here," he called. "In dear old St. Thomas. God's own beloved country. Do you need a cook on your boat?"

The child tugged at his mother's waist and pulled her down to whisper something into her ear. She listened and shook her head; a brilliant loop of hair came undone. The father drank from the glass in front of him and in a freshened voice called across, "Not at the moment."

"I wish you did, I wish to heaven you did, I'm a beautiful cook, really. I make the *best* omelets. You should see me; I just put in the old eggs and a little bit of milk and a glass of brandy and some of those little green things, what are they called?—chives, I put in the chives and stir until my arm breaks off and it comes out just *won*derful, so light and fluffy. If I cared about money, I'd be a chef in the Waldorf."

The child's whispered request seemed to recall the group to itself. The father turned and spoke to the German boy, who, in the instant before bowing his head to listen, threw, the whites of his eyes glimmering, a dark glance at the homosexual. Misunderstanding, the homosexual left his stool and hat and drink and went around the corner of the bar toward them. But, not acknowledging his approach, they lifted the child and walked away toward the rear of the place, where there was a jukebox. Here they paused, their brilliant hair and faces bathed in boxed light.

The homosexual returned to his stool and watched them. His head was thrown back like that of a sailor who has suffered a pang at the sight of land. "Oh dear," he said aloud, "I can't decide which I want to have, the man or the woman."

The schoolteacherish girl sipped her Daiquiri, dipping her head quickly, as if into a bitter birdbath. One stool away from her down the bar, there sat a beefy unshaven customer, perhaps thirty years old, drinking a beer and wearing a T shirt with a ball-point pen clipped to the center of the sweat-soaked neckline. Squinting intently into space and accenting some inner journey with soft grunts, he seemed a truck driver transported, direct and intact, from the counter of an Iowa roadside diner. Next to him, across a space of empty stools, behind an untouched planter's punch, sat a very different man of about the same age, a man who, from his brick-red complexion, his high knobbed forehead, the gallant immobility of his posture, and the striking corruption of his teeth, could only have been English.

SKIMMERS

When the sun begins to throw
between boulders darknesses
and the skimmers gather shells
at the edge of amber pools,
he follows his long shadow
through the sea-wall buttresses.

He stands by the longest groin
in a black and flapping coat,
watching a boy make a mound
of oyster shells on the sand,
hurl them up the wind and on,
curving, curling, lying flat

in the windwall, falling fast
to the dark Decembered bark
that lists by the low-tide mark.
Too old for the skimming now,
still he advises, will boast
of the skill he once had, how

as a boy he used the wind
to lob a cockleshell over
trees as high as a rook flies.
So he flings his memories
again and again, never
disbelieved. His tales soar and

are caught awhile in the breath
of a boy's brief innocence.
When he comes here wanting death
but not the dying of it,
watching wind in water
white in the seas of winter,

his eyes weep truths of summers
when crops of poppies were blown
like paper parasols back
and wings of yellowhammer
hovered on the white chalk rock.
And when he moves on alone,

shuffling up the pea-beach track
on shores of his mind's making,
he does not stop to look back
at the long rollers breaking
or at the boy that he knows
at a distance follows.

—Ted Walker

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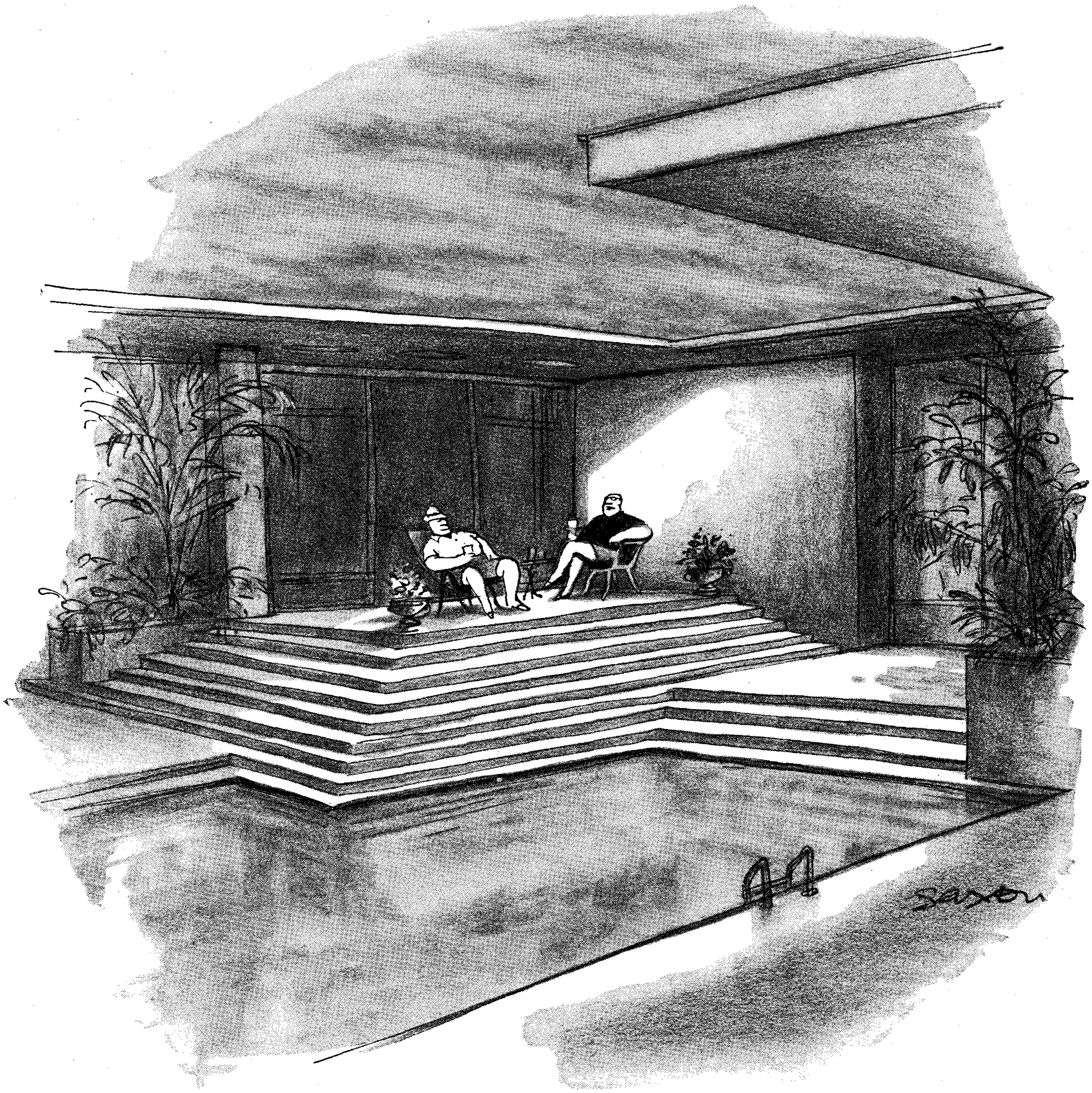
Into the space of three stools between them there now entered a dramatic person—tall, gaunt, and sandy. He displayed a decrepit Barrymore profile and a gold ring in one ear. He escorted a squat powdered woman who looked as though she had put on her lipstick by eating it. She carried a dachshund under one arm. The bartender, unsmiling, awkwardly pivoting, asked, "How's the Duke?"

"Rotten," the Duke said; and as he eased onto his stool his stiff wide shoulders seemed a huge coat hanger left, out of some savage stubbornness, in his coat. The woman set the dachshund on the bar. When their drinks came, the dog lapped hers, which was a lime rickey. When he tried to lap the Duke's—a straight Scotch—the man gripped the dachshund's thirstily wagging rump, snarled "Damn alcoholic," and sent him skidding down the bar. The dog righted himself and sniffed the truck driver's beer; a placid human paw softly closed over the mouth of the glass, blocking the animal's tongue. His nails clicking and slipping on the polished bar, the dog returned to his mistress and curled up at her elbow like a pocketbook. The girl at the corner shyly peeked at the man beside her, but he had resumed staring into space. The pen fixed at his throat had the quality of a threat, or of a scar.

The blond family returned from having put a quarter into the jukebox, which played "Loco Motion," by Little Eva, "Limbo Rock," by Chubby Checker, and "Unchain My Heart," by Ray Charles. The music, like an infusion of letters from home, froze the people at the bar into silence. Beyond the overhang that sheltered the tables, night dominated. The bar lit up a section of pavement where pedestrians flitted like skittish actors from one wing of darkness into the other. The swish of traffic on the airport road had a liquid depth. The riding lights of boats by the wharf bobbed up and down, and a little hard half-moon rummaged for its reflection in the slippery sea. The Duke muttered to the painted old woman an angry long story in which the obscene expressions were peculiarly emphasized, so that only they hung distinct in the air, the connecting threads inaudible. The Englishman at last moved his forearm and lowered the level of his planter's punch by a fraction of an inch, making a stoic face afterward, as if the sweetness



"Sometimes I wonder why I keep driving myself. I could rest on my laurels right now."

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had hurt his teeth. The homosexual, nettled by the attention received by the drinking dachshund, took off his hat and addressed the ceiling of the bar as if it were God. "Hey there, Great White Father," he said. "You haven't been very good to me this month. I know You love me—how could You help it, I'm so beautiful—but I haven't seen any money coming out of the sky. I mean, really, You put us down here in the manure and we need it to live, like. You know? I mean, don't get too uninhibited up there. Huh?" He listened, and the Duke, undistracted, set another blue word burning in the hushed air. "That's O.K.," the homosexual continued. "You've kept the sun shining, and I appreciate it. You just keep the sun shining, Man, and don't send me back to Queens." At prayer's end, he put the hat on his head and looked around, his curt lips pursed defiantly.

Five Negroes, uncostumed, in motley clothes and as various in size as their instruments, had assembled on the shadowy platform, kidding and giggling back and forth and teasing the air with rapid, stop-and-start gusts of tuning-up. Abruptly they began to play. The ping-pong, the highest pan, announced itself with four harsh solo notes, and on the fifth stroke the slightly deeper guitar pans, the yet deeper cello pans, and the bass boom, which was two entire forty-four-gallon oil drums, all at once fell into the tune, and everything—cut and peened drums, rubber-tipped sticks, tattered shirtsleeves, bobbing heads, munching jaws, a frightened-looking black child whipping a triangle as fast as he could—was in motion, in flight. The band became a great loose-jointed bird feathered in clashing, rippling bells. It played "My Basket," and then, with hardly a break, "Marengo Jenny," "How You Come to Get Wet?," and "Madame Dracula." Nobody danced. It was early, and the real tourists, the college students and Bethlehem Steel executives and Westchester surgeons, had not yet come down from dinner in the hills to sit at the tables. There was a small dance floor on one side of the bar. A young Negro appeared here. He wore canary-yellow trousers and a candy-striped jersey with a boat neck and three-quarter sleeves. He had a broad, hopeful face and an athletic, triangular back. From his vaguely agitated air of responsibility, he seemed to be associated with the establishment. He asked the schoolteacherish girl, who looked alone and lost, to dance; but she, with a pained smile and a nervous dip of her head into her second Daiquiri, refused. The young Negro stood stymied on the dance floor, clothed only, it seemed, in music and embarrassment, his pale palms dangling foolishly. When the band, in a final plangent burst cut short as if with a knife, stopped, he went to the leader, the long-jawed red shirt on the ping-pong, and said, "Ey mon, le peo-*ple* wan I bet 'Yel*low* Bird.' " He phrased it, as the West Indian accent phrases all statements, like a question.

The leader took offense. He answered deliberately, unintelligibly, as if, the music still ringing in the pan of his skull, he were softly tapping out a melody with his tongue. The man on the bass boom, a coarse thick-lipped mulatto in a blue work shirt unbuttoned down to his navel, joined in the argument and gave the young man a light push that caused him to step backward off the platform. The bass-boom man growled, and the strip of hairy cocoa skin his shirt exposed puffed up like a rooster's throat. No one had danced; the band was defensive and irritable. The leader, biting the butt of his cigarette, rattled a venomous toneless tattoo on the rim of his ping-pong. Then the shadow manning the cello pans—he had a shaved head, and was the oldest of them—spoke an unheard word, and all the Negroes, including the boy with the triangular back, broke into disjointed laughter.

When the band resumed playing, they began with "Yellow Bird"—played flat, at a grudging tempo. The young Negro approached the blond mother of the little boy. She came with him into the center of the floor and lifted her fat fair arms. They danced delicately, sleepily, the preening shuffle of the mambo, her backside switching in its tight white dress, his broad face shining as his lips silently mouthed the words: *Ye-ell-o-oh bi-ird, up in the tree so high, ye-ell-o-oh bi-ird, you sit alone like I.* Her thick waist seemed at home in the wide curve of his hand.

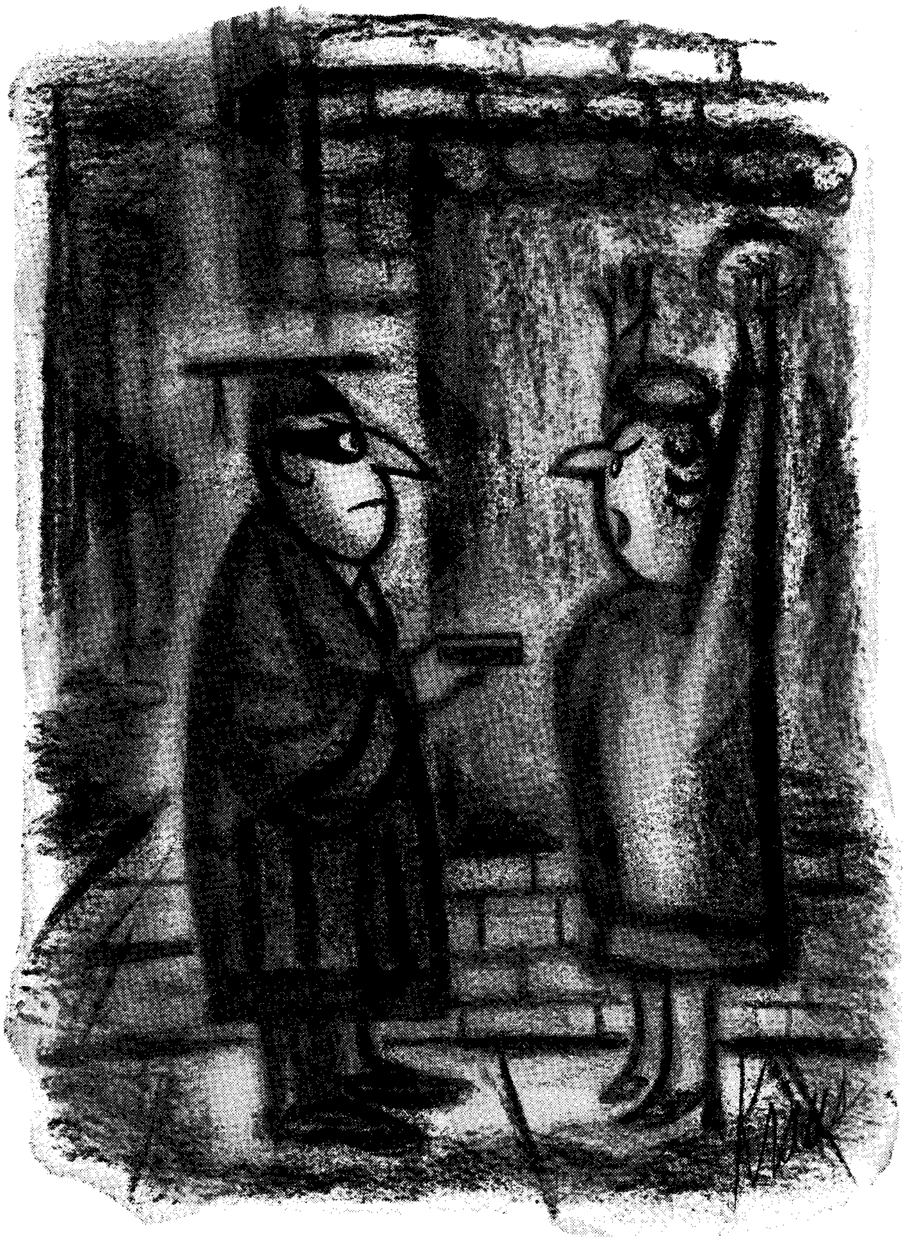
When the song finished, he bowed thank you and she returned to her family by the bar and, as if sighing, let down her hair. Apparently it had been held by one pin; she pulled this pin, the fluffy sun-bleached crown on the top of her head cascaded down her back in a blinding stream, and she looked, with her weather-pinched face, like a negative of a witch, or like what relates to witches as angels relate to devils. The little boy, as if his heart were climbing the golden rope she had let down, whispered up to her, and she, after bowing her head to listen, glanced up at the homosexual, who was complaining to the bartender that his vodka-and-tonic had gone watery.

"You owe me," the bartender said, "a dollar-fifty, and if you let the drink sit in front of you for an hour, of course the ice will melt."

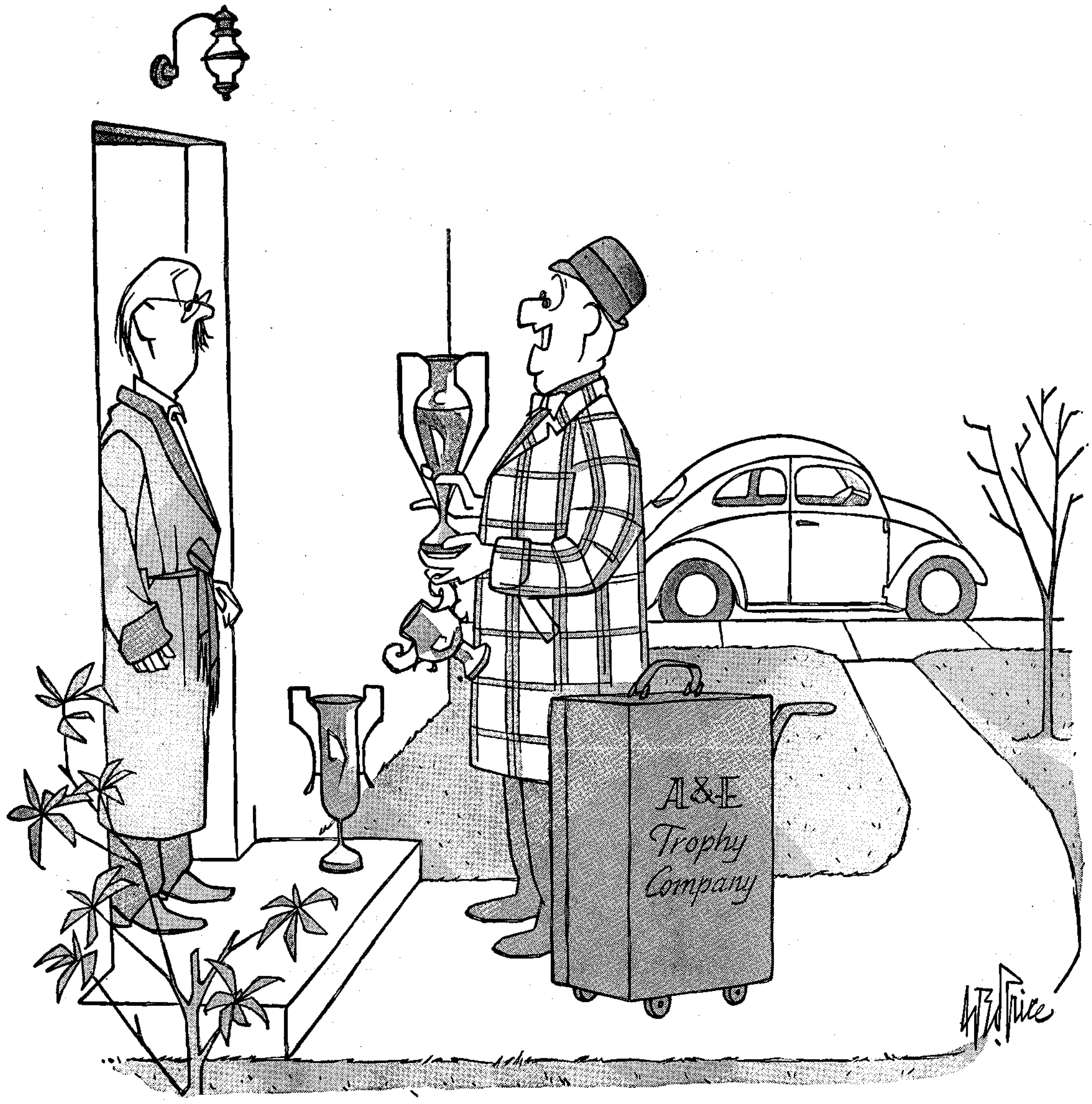
"I don't have a dollar-fifty," was the answer. "I have washed my hands, forever and ever, amen, of filthy lucre. People want me to get a job but I won't; that's the way I am. It's a matter of principle with me. Why should I work all day for a pittance and starve when I can do nothing whatsoever and starve anyway?"

Now the whole blond family was staring at him fascinated. The glow of their faces caught the corner of his eye, and he turned toward them inquisitively, memory of the snub they had given him making his expression shy.

"I want one dollar and fifty cents from you," the bartender insisted, with unconvincing emphasis; his anxious sweat and obscurely warped posture seemed that of a warden trapped in his own prison, among inmates he feared. He gulped some orange from his glass



"A man with your obvious educational advantages should be ashamed of himself!"



"Good morning, sir. Do you ever feel unappreciated? Neglected? Lacking in recognition for something you've done?"

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and looked toward the outdoors for relief. Pale square clouds rested above the sea, filtering stars. Laughter like spray was wafted from a party on a yacht.

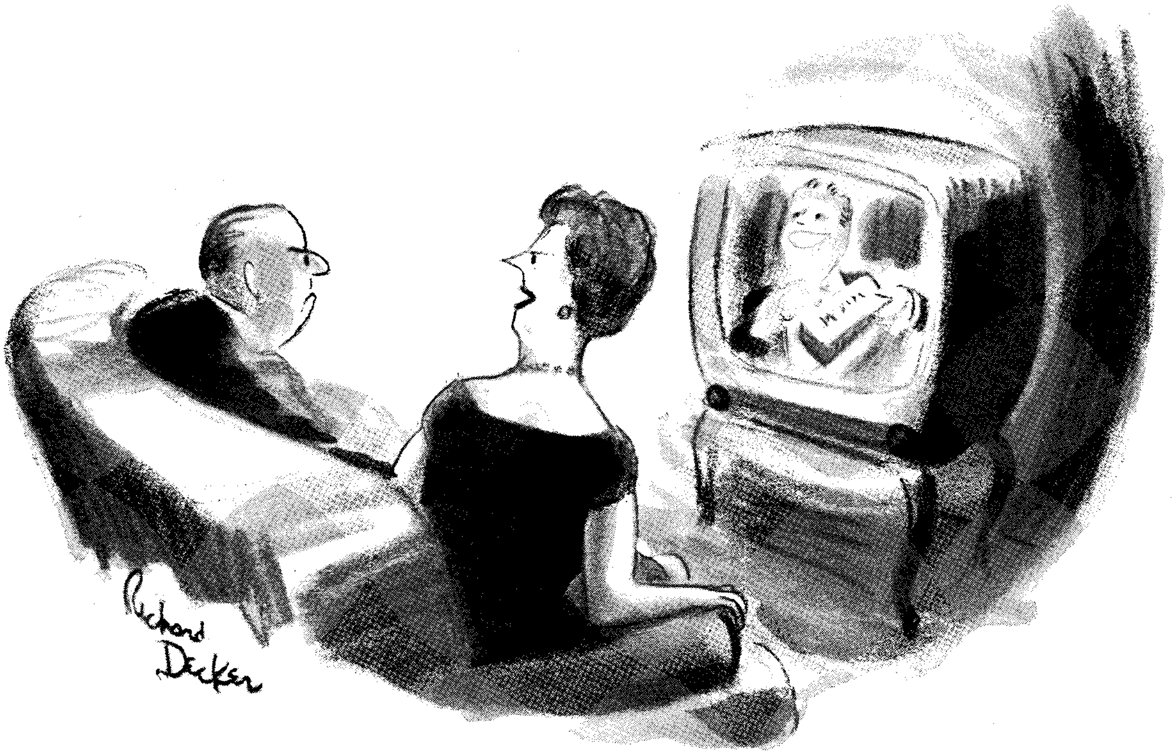
The homosexual called, "Really, he is the most cunning little boy I have ever seen in all my *life*. In Hollywood he could be a male Shirley Temple, honestly, and when he grows up a little he could be a male what's-her-name—oh, what *was* her name? Jane Withers. I have a beautiful memory. If I cared, I could go back to New York and get on a quiz show and make a million dollars."

The German boy spoke for the group. "He vunts—your hatt."

"Does he? Does he really? The little angel wants to wear my hat. I designed it myself for the carnival this weekend." He left his stool, scrambled around the corner, set the hat with its glade of decoration squarely on the child's spherical head, and, surprisingly, knelt on the floor. "Come on," he said, "come on, darling. Get on my shoulders. Let's go for a ride."

The father looked a question at his wife, shrugged, and lifted his son onto the stranger's shoulders. The birds on their wires bobbed unsteadily, and fear flickered not only in the child's face but in the grown face to which he clung. The homosexual, straightening up, seemed startled that the child was a real weight. Then, like a frail monster overburdened with two large heads, one on top of the other and the upper one sprouting a halo of birds, he began to jog around the rectangular bar, his shaved legs looking knobbed and bony in their shorts. The steel band broke into a pachanga. Some tourist families had come down from the hills to occupy the tables, and the athletic young Negro, whose flesh seemed married to rubber, successfully invited a studiously tanned girl with orange hair, a beauty, to dance. She had long green eyes and thin lips painted paler than her skin, and an oval of nakedness was draped around her throat. The Duke cursed and yanked his own lady onto the floor; as they danced, the dachshund nipped worriedly at their stumbling feet. The Duke kicked the dog away, and in doing so turned his head, so that, to the dizzy little boy riding by, the gold ring in his ear flashed like the ring on a merry-go-round. A stately bald man, obviously a North American doctor, rose, and his wife, a midget whose Coppertone face was wrinkled like a walnut, rose to dance with him. The homosexual's shoulders hurt. He galloped one last lap around the bar and lifted the child back onto the stool. The airy loss of pressure around his neck led him to exhale breathlessly into the bright round face framed by straw, "You know, Mark Twain wrote a lovely book *just* about you." He took the hat from the child's head and replaced it on his own. The child, having misunderstood the bargain, burst into tears, and soon his mother carried him from the bar.

The dancing gathered strength. The floor became crowded. From her high vantage at the corner of the bar, the schoolteacherish girl studied with downcast eyes the dancing feet. They seemed to be gently tamping smooth a surface that was too hot to touch for more than an instant. Some females, of both races, had removed their shoes; their feet looked ugly and predatory, flickering, spread-toed, in and out of shadows and eclipses of cloth. When the music stopped, black hands came and laid, on the spot of floor where her eyes were resting, two boards hairy with upright rusty nails. A spotlight was focussed on them. The band launched into a fierce limbo. The young Negro with the beautiful back leaped, nearly naked, into the light. His body was twitching in rhythm, he was waving two flaming torches, and he was clad in knit swimming trunks and orange streamers representing, she supposed, Caribbean slave dress. His eyes shut, he thrust the torches alternately



"I don't know which is worse—the commercials or your everlasting sneering at them."

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into his mouth and spit out flame. Desultory applause rippled through the tables.

The Duke, drunker than anyone had suspected, pushed off from the bar and, as the young Negro lay down on a board of nails and stroked the skin of his chest with the sticks of fire, lay down beside him and kicked his trousered legs high in parody. No one dared laugh, the Duke's face was so impassive and rapt. The young Negro, his back resting on the nails, held one torch at arm's length, so that the flame rested on the Duke's coat lapel and started a few sparks there; but the Duke writhed on obliviously, and the smoldering threads winked out. When the Negro stood, now clearly shaken, and with a great mock-primitive grimace leaped on one board of nails with his bare feet, the Duke leaped in his sandals on the other, and through sandy eyelashes blindly peered into the surrounding darkness of applause, his earring glinting, his shoulders still seeming to have a coat hanger in them. Two black waiters, nervous as deer, ventured into the spotlight and seized his upraised arms; as they led him out of the light, the tall figure of the white man, gasping as if he had surfaced after a shipwreck, yet expressed, in profile, an incorrigible dignity. There was murmuring at the tables as the tourists wondered if this had been part of the act.

The music pitched into an even fiercer tempo. The young Negro, handing away his torches, was given a cloth sack, which he dropped on the floor. It fell open to reveal a greenish heap of smashed bottles. He trod on the heap with both feet. He got down and rolled in it as a dog rolls ecstatically in the rotten corpse of a woodchuck. He rested his back on the pillow of shards and the heavy mulatto left the bass boom and stood on his chest. There was applause. The mulatto jumped off and walked away. The Negro got up on his knees, cupped a glittering quantity of broken glass in his palms, and scrubbed his face with it. When he stood to take the applause, the girl observed that his back, which gleamed, heaving, a foot from her eyes, indeed did bear a few small cuts. The cuts were dark but there was no bleeding. The applause died, the music halted, and the bright lights went on before the slave, hugging his nail-boards and bag of glass, had reached the haven of the door behind the platform. As he passed among them, the members of the steel band cackled.

Now there was an intermission. The bartender, his hands trembling and his eyes watering, it seemed, on the edge of tears, scuttled back and forth mixing a new wave of drinks. More tourists drifted in, and the families containing adolescents began to leave. The traffic on the airport road had diminished, and the bumping of the boats on the wharf, beneath the moon that had lost its reflection, regained importance. The people on the decks of these boats could see the windows burning in the dry hills above Charlotte Amalie, lights spread through the middle of the night sky like a constellation about to collide with our Earth but held back, perpetually poised in the just bearable distance, by that elusive refusal implicit in tropical time, which like the soft air seems to consist entirely of circles. Within the bar, the German boy wandered over and spoke to the homosexual, who looked up from under the brim of his hat with alert lips and no longer preoccupied eyes, all business. The very English-appearing man left his place behind the undiminishing planter's punch, sauntered around the bar, and commenced a conversation with the now deserted Nordic father; the Englishman's first words revealed a drawling American accent. The Duke laid his handsome head on the bar and fell asleep. The dachshund licked his face, because it smelled of alcohol. The woman slapped the dog's nose. The beefy man abruptly pulled the pen from the neck of his T shirt, removed the cardboard coaster from under his beer, and wrote something on it, something very brief—one word, or a number. It was as if he had at last received a message from the ghostly trucking concern that had misplaced him here. The ping-pong sounded; the music resumed. The young Negro, changed out of his costume back into his yellow pants and candy-striped boat-necked shirt, returned. Flexing his back and planting his palms on his hips, he again asked the strange girl at the corner of the bar to dance. This time, with a smile that revealed her slightly overlapping front teeth, she accepted. —John Updike

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One bogey was not a question but a statement, always for some reason in the third person: You'll never be free again. —*From "The L-Shaped Room," by Lynne Reid Banks.*

At that, it's better than the *fourth* person.

BATHROOMS REMEMBERED

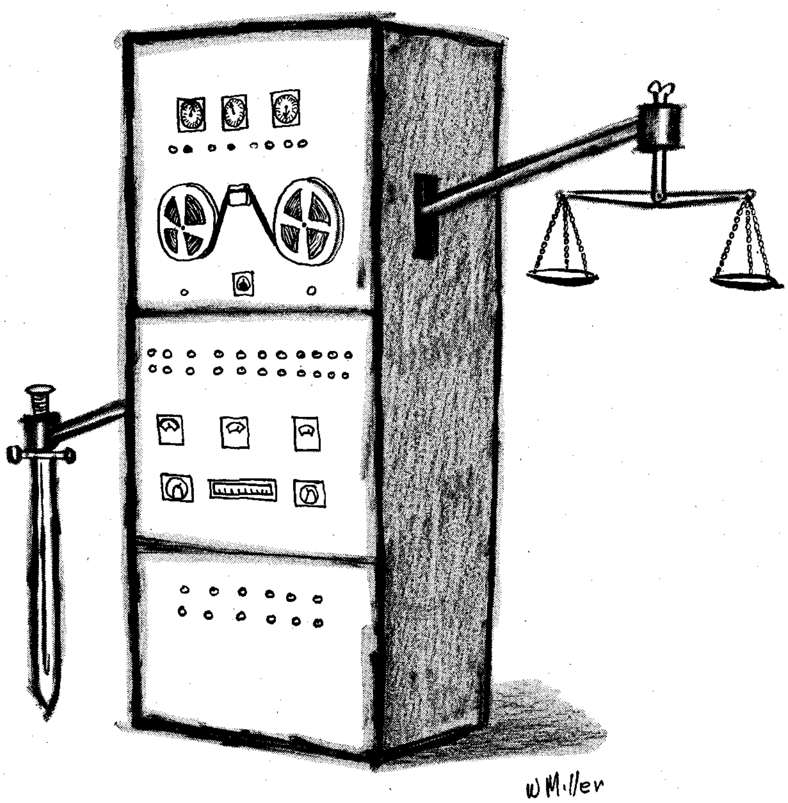
An aunt of mine had a haunted linen closet. The door would be found half opened, and inside a lady with a little shawl over her head would be peacefully examining the shelves—a natural rendezvous with its mortal coil for any spirit of a domestic turn of mind, I think. Yet I have never heard of a haunted bathroom. This strikes me as very odd, since in no apartment is one more securely, expandedly, unaffectedly oneself. If I have to haunt at all, I shall hope to haunt a bathroom and there continue to expand.

The first bathroom that made a distinct impression on me was at my grandfather's rectory in Surrey. Three things combined to make it memorable: the soap, the outlook over the churchyard, my dauntless courage in exposing my toe. The bath had a very powerful runaway, and it was my custom to stand with my right big toe over the hole, feeling the water deliciously swirling past it and waiting for the moment when with a final resounding gurgle the last of the bath water was sucked away and my toe sharply jerked downward, no longer a toe I could call my own but a thing imperilled, at the mercy of forces far beyond its control and poised above a mysterious pit.

I must have had my baths at very odd times—to fit in with the claims of my elders, I suppose—for I remember one occasion when, standing with my toe above the pit, I watched from the bathroom window another, equally abrupt descent—a coffin being lowered into a grave. But in fact weddings made more impression on me, because of seeing how the village brides were dressed. There was a fawn-colored tailor-made bride trimmed with pink who still remains with me as an apprehension of elegance—most children have bad taste; mine was excruciating. As for the soap, it was a ravishing lettuce green, and called White Rose and Cucumber—an intimation of poetry. I expect it was supplied by the Army & Navy—a store my grandmother thought well of. My father chose to buy soap from Italy. It came assorted in crates from a place called Pontelagoscuro—a romantic name, though not, I believe, a romantic place—and was a soul-stirring experience to unpack, for some of the cakes were purple, others bottle green, some even navy blue. Hard as Parmesan, it kept its scent down to the last wafer. Except for the Italian soaps, I mainly remember the family bathroom as a place where I did a great deal of reading, occasionally rousing to turn on more hot water, occasionally roused by my mother banging on the door with invidious comments on whatever author was engaging my attention at the time. "Still soaking in Zola? No wonder you fall asleep." My mother disapproved of me reading in my bath. It was bad for the books. So when I set up in London with a job and a bathroom of my own, I furnished it with a bookcase.

But I never got much reading done there. It lacked repose. There was a gas water heater of a kind called a geyser—after something volcanic in Iceland. Roaring, rattling, spitting out blue flames, on winter mornings my geyser fully bore out that attribution, and at no time of year could I trust it, since when it was functioning it threatened to explode and when it was quiescent it leaked. If for a time I managed to forget about the geyser and settled down to do some reading, my peace of mind would be rent by a sudden uneasiness as to whether I had brought along my latchkey. In this imperfectly adapted flat a common landing and a short flight of stairs separated my bathroom from the rest, so that if while remembering to slam my front door I forgot to bring my latchkey, I had to get out of the passage window, traverse a wall above a glass skylight by clinging to a drainpipe, and squirm in at my bedroom window—a feasible route, but so smutty that I then had to have another bath.

After a while I gave way to a bourgeois craving to be self-contained, and moved. The new flat pandered to every bourgeois gene in my being; not only was it self-contained, it was positively genteel, in a residential terrace instead of a shopping street, and looking down on a small back garden with several trees and a fine assortment of hardy weeds. The agent who showed me over it seemed rather reserved about its bathroom, giving me his word that it was structurally sound, and otherwise preferring to dwell on a marble mantelpiece and what a bargain I should get in the fittings. But it was the bathroom that caught my fancy. It had glass walls and a glass roof—lid, perhaps, would be a truer term, considering its dimensions; it clung to the outside of the back wall like a snail, and was entered by a French window. It was, in fact, one of those small conservatories that embellished Victorian back drawing rooms, with a pony-sized bath in it. I liked it so much that I consented to the outrageous price for the fittings (two lugubrious curtain poles and a piece of dirty carpet), and felt myself a match for Semiramis. Semiramis might have thought it rather small, and if it had fallen off while I was in it I might well have been killed. But the agent had said it was structurally sound, and I had no reason to disbelieve him. (I could see for myself that the mantelpiece was marble to the core.) The decency arabesques on the glass walls were the worse for wear, and a scrupulously modest person might have judged them insufficient, but I was not obsessed with modesty, and at that time there really wasn't enough of



THE WHIPPET

So delicate he looked, so royal,
He made quite plausible those tales
Of princes transformed by a spell.
Leashed to a royal hand, his forebears
Stand proudly in tapestries' *mille fleurs.*

Few whites were whiter—swans, perhaps,
And white quartz pebbles, certain shells.
In sun, the white was tinctured pink;
In shade, leaned—as clouds do—to blue.
Running, he made bird-flying look slow.

Couchant, with his front paws crossed,
He'd outstare you, eyes down to slits,
The dignity of cats mixed with
Dog love. How he fought to make barks talk,
And trembled, trying not to obtrude!

On the last afternoon, I saw
All of his selfhood draw at once
To one fine, still point; under a birch
(His sister tree) his white grace pled,
See what I am! Look at me well!

And even as we faced each other,
The convergence was being set:
Home-hurrying car and roadside rabbit,
Dog bred to give a rabbit chase.
Each took his cue, two made it—safe.

Our connection snapped. The caved-in shell
That shuddered its life out in my lap
Was so absorbed in dying—or was it
Resisting death?—I had to shout
Across the gap, "*You* are all right!"

For so it seemed. Some presence there
Inside that torn-up coat maintained
An air of great, impersonal calm.
But who that was I could not name,
For all the eight years we had shared.

—Evelyn Ames

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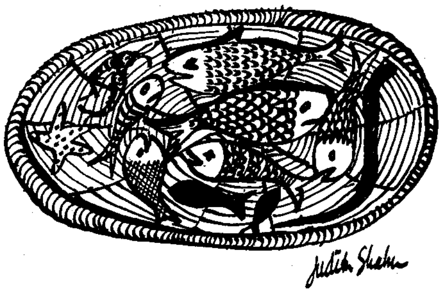
me to make a fuss about. Besides, there would be steam; and in summer, trees.

The trees were sycamores, as thick-tressed as if they had been transplanted from the Greek Anthology. On summer mornings I bathed with the window open, watching cats and sparrows, looking into those gently moving recesses of green; while at all seasons the garden beneath exhaled breathings of lilies and violets whenever a surge of bath water went down the overflow. It was a most amiable bathroom—trustworthy, too, for it never fell off. If I should have to haunt, I daresay it would be the one I should choose, if the house had not afterward been destroyed in an air raid.

The same air raid damaged the house further down the terrace in which, my lease having run out, I set up with my newly married cousin and his wife. By this time I was over thirty, and beginning to feel rather frail, so I chose to inhabit the lower half rather than be forever carrying groceries upstairs. This gave me a magnificent Victorian kitchen and two period coal cellars. One of these I converted to a bathroom. I had it painted rose color to wipe out its past, I trimmed it with the rosiest-posiest chintz I could find, I lavished rose-geranium soaps and essences on it, and in summer I bought it tight bunches of Anne Boleyn pinks from the flower seller at the corner of the street. But it never became a successful bathroom. It always had an oddly cavernous smell, black beetles roamed there, and coal dust seeped through its rosy walls. Looking back on it with a maturer judgment of conversions, I think I was too total with my Ethiop. It would probably have settled down better if I had respected its prejudices and made a trifling acknowledgment of its former way of life; I could have kept some coal in it, for instance.

Then in a whisk I went off to live in the country, in a cottage so small that it barely afforded foothold for a collapsible rubber bath. In this I reflected on the adjacency of cleanliness to godliness—a truth I had not realized before—until my charwoman came down from London on a visit, bringing her little girl, and was glad to see I had a copper, Miss. The copper in its sturdy brick casing took up one corner of the kitchen and looked like an altar dedicated to some minor Moloch. Coppers, I knew, were used for boiling a family wash, or Dickensian plum puddings. I had not had the imagination to see my altar to Moloch as a potential Baden-Baden. My charwoman was too polite to intimate that I needed a good wash. Instead, she said that young Ivy could do with one, if I had no objection. And while the copper was being got ready for young Ivy, she taught me the method and its niceties. The art is in the niceties. In filling the copper, you have to allow for displacement if you don't want a splosh all over the place; and as the water must heat gradual—otherwise it will go off as soon as you're in it—the fire underneath has to be kept in bounds. There is a right moment to throw in the soap, there is a right moment to draw away the fire. When you judge that the metal has cooled while the water is still hot, you lift off the lid. A gush of steam arises, you plunge your arm through the suds, test the heat, and, if all is as it should be, mount on a chair and step in. Then, moving discreetly, you sit down, your toes drawn in, your knees drawn up, your arms embracing your shins, in the posture of ancient British pit burials. And if you have estimated your displacement rightly, the suds and the steam will do the rest.



One would think that such a very small and inoffensive dwelling might have been left to end its days in peace, but here, too, was to be no haunting place for me. One May night in 1944, the young woman who was my tenant woke with such an acute premonition of danger that she got the household up and out of the cottage before they had time to be reasonable. They were standing in the lane, in the gentle moonlight, and one of them was saying, "Listen! Isn't that—" when the single, irrational bomb was loosed. When they recovered their senses, the air was choking with dust and they were netted like fish in the branches of an uprooted tree.

"If you're so damned happy, how come you're always putting away the booze?"

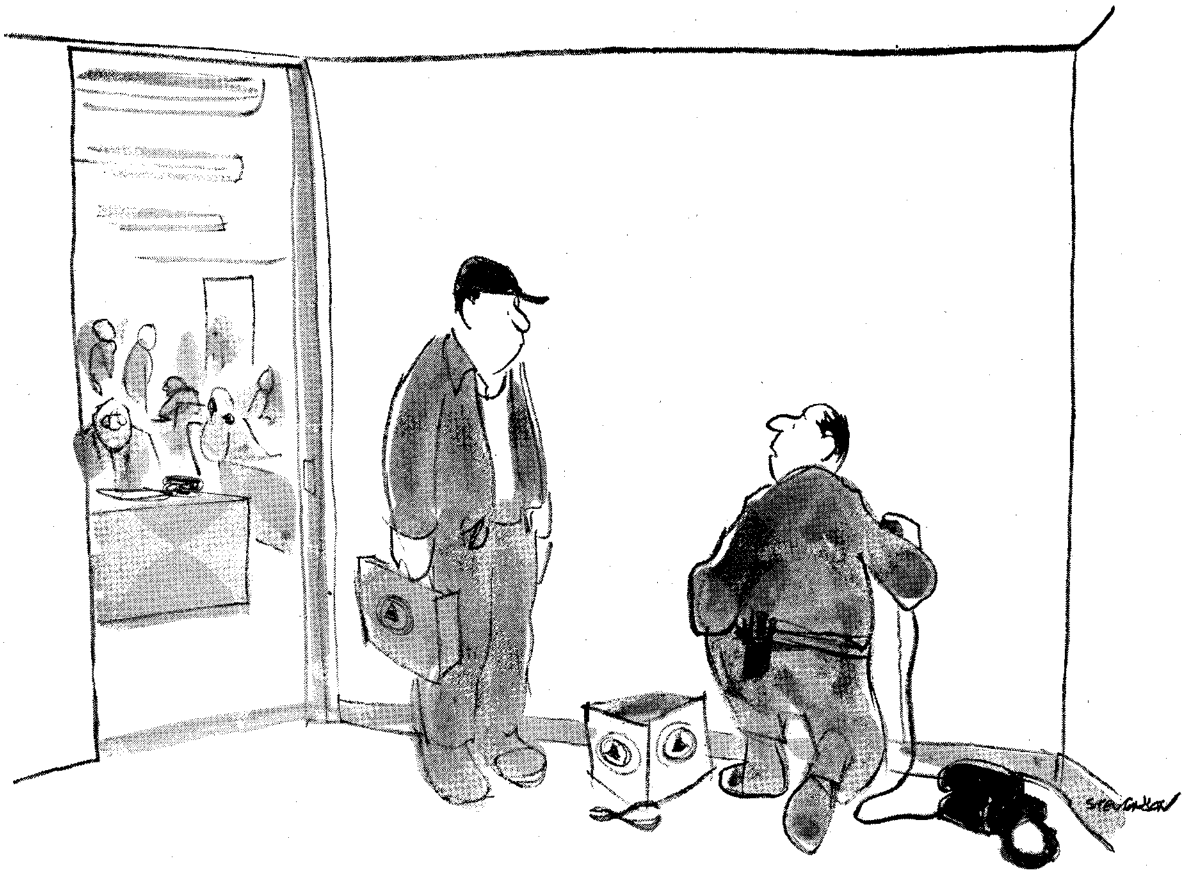
SO many of the houses I have lived in have afterward come to violent ends that I wonder my friends still invite me under their roofs. For there is yet another: it died by the act of God, and a wave was its winding sheet.

It stood on the north coast of Norfolk—a coast always under menace from the sea. I remember a man's pointing to a longshore fishing boat and telling me that precisely beneath it there had been a bridge over a stream, and that his grandfather as a boy had seen wagons loaded with corn driven over it. Further out, there was a submerged market town, larger than the market town inland, and the bells in its church tower could be heard ringing in a ground swell. The usual Ys legends, in fact, only distinguished by an insistence that all this was pretty recent, was almost something still being talked about. The house was called the Folly, and it had a legend, too. It had been built by a lady in the market town (the visible one), who had loved a sea captain. Every night, she drove out to it along the causeway over the sea marsh to light a beaconing lamp in its window. After her day, it was used by the coast guards, and it was they, so I was told, who put the battlements on its roof. When the coast guards moved to the new station further along the coast, the Folly was abandoned, and stood empty till a family from London bought it as a holiday house and put in two bathrooms.

The lady of the lamp, the battlements, the two bathrooms, the schoolteacher on the roof—they were known far and wide; they were part of the story, part of the legend. And we, by renting the Folly for the winter, excited local interest much as though we were the first page of another chapter. Even if we did not prove so notable as the schoolteacher—also a winter tenant, who, when the house was cut off by a series of high tides flooding the marsh, was seen walking on the roof and believed to be signalling, though as it was impossible to get to her no one could learn what she meant, till the flood withdrew and she explained to inquiring visitors that she had been admiring the spectacle—even if we did not prove so notable as she, we were at least notable in going there at all that time of year.

"You aren't afraid of the old waves, then?" shouted the man who was delivering coal. Waiting for a pause between one wave and another, I said we hadn't been afraid so far. He stared at me as if I were something a long way out to sea.

It was a two-story house, stockily built and looking assertively bolt upright on its little hillock, a residue of rabbity turf and crouched gorse bushes on the eroded beach. On either side of the hillock the pebble ridge stretched featurelessly away. In front the beach sloped sharply downward; at low tide it was quite difficult to clamber up its subsiding lower terraces. Behind was a wide stretch of sea marsh, and a causeway connecting us with the real land, where people lived and vegetables grew and where we went for supplies of drinking water. On a calm day, we could hear the sounds of real land—a cock crowing, a car hooting; for the rest, we heard nothing but wind and sea and sometimes snatches of conversation from passing boats. I was several times terrified during that winter; never, I think, frightened. The boom and explosion of the waves breaking along the wide stretch of the beach, the snarl of the pebbles dragged back and forth, was so compulsive, so hallucinating, that by dint of always being aware of it I scarcely noticed it. It was only when the sea broke its own spell, perhaps by some exceptionally ringing rattle of spray against the windowpanes, perhaps by one of those silences that presage a wave much larger than the others, that I was tossed into terror. It was a stormy winter. We grew accustomed to being shouted down by waves, we grew accustomed to being flayed by winds. It soon seemed natural to me that if I wanted to empty the trash basket into the rubbish pit I should cross the hillock on all fours. It was much harder to grow accustomed to the indoor inclemencies: to an unheated kitchen that faced east; to the boldness of famishing rats; to oil lamps that flared and candles that guttered; to so much being poised on the edge of going wrong, like the petrol engine that raised or didn't raise the water supply from a brackish well; to the taste of coffee made with semi-salt water; to having to fetch whatever one needed from inland, often from quite a long way inland, and in a gale, and finding the fire out when one got back. Yet, in the main, we were intensely happy; the game dealer in the market town sold the best pheasants I have ever cooked, and we had two bathrooms. At the end of a day of vicissitudes it was a queer



"To me, it isn't just installing a phone, Lou. It's giving one human being a means of reaching out to other human beings."

• •

Elysium to lie soaking in that brackish water, listening to the assault of the waves and to the steadily screeching wind, and to reflect that the water one lay in (for even the pools on the marsh were whipped into waves by the force of the gale) was the one unvexed surface for miles.

It seemed that the end of such a house must have been laid with its foundations. Sooner or later, it was agreed, the sea would get the Folly; and because its isolation and its battlements gave it a particular air of bulldog panache, it was assumed that the close of the story would be dramatic. There was this much drama. When the people on the real land had struggled out of their share in the general calamity—the tidal inundation of 1953 that swept along the east coast, up the Thames estuary, on over Holland, everywhere drowning and destroying—and found time to look seaward beyond the sea at their doors, the Folly appeared to be still there. They saw what they had always seen—the landward aspect of the house. But the tide, tugging away the northern slope of the hillock, had brought down half the structure. The solid-seeming house was a shell.

That autumn we went to look at it. The marsh was marsh again, the causeway passable; but where it formerly ran out in the fishermen's path down to the beach a mass of heaped-up pebbles blocked it, and we had to clamber over this to get to the house. The door was gone, the windows were gone. Part of the stairway remained. One of the baths had come to rest across the stair foot. What was left of the front of the house stood leaning above its downfall, with the unsupported floor of the upper room dangling like a crazy shelf. Light poured in from above and was reflected upward from the water below. The sea was so still that one would have thought it motionless if the light reflected from it had not danced on the rent walls and the dangling ceiling. Another winter would finish it.

I CHOOSE to hope that my current bathroom—which, with a few interims such as the Folly, has been my bathroom for over twenty years—will peacefully survive me. It is a trifle too small—but it holds everything I want it to hold, including Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," which I intend to finish in time, and then I shall probably go on to Lemprière's Classical Dictionary; it faces west, and ideally a bathroom should face east—but I can see herons fly past the window and listen to moorhens squabbling like the church workers they so closely resemble; it is quite undistinguished—but happy is the bathroom that has no history. Having said that, I immediately recollect that it contains a particle of history—a minute gem, but authentic. During the war, we had two American soldiers billeted on us. They were young Irishmen, of gigantic strength, and between them—they intimated that it was a joint effort—they broke off the knob of the basin cold-water tap. There was a kind of Ombudsman with the detachment, and to him I went, and represented that it was inconvenient to have no means, short of a spanner, of turning cold water on and off. At first he inclined to the view that in times of war one must accept trifling inconveniences. I put it home to him that everyone knew that the U.S.A. forces had brought enormous stores with them, and were self-supporting as no other army had ever been, and complete with every amenity except washing machines and mothers. Touched in his pride, he said it should be seen to. Seen to it was. A tap was supplied and fixed, a gem of history was incorporated. On one side of the washbasin is the original tap, lettered "HOT" in black capitals on a white enamel ground. On the other is the replacement—a plain, soldierly affair, stamped with a capital "H."

To me, of course, the distinction is perfectly clear.

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

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If he had not plumbed the depth of the average men's disillusionment with the world in which he lived, Goldwater at least had sensed there was something fundamentally wrong with American life as it was being lived by millions of citizens who found themselves unable to climb the walls of their particular ruts to attain even a small warming of their libidos in the fretful overhead sun.—*Miami (Fla.) Herald.*

There's nothing wrong with American *prose*, thank God.

ANNALS OF BUSINESS

ONE FREE BITE

AMONG the thousands of young scientists who were doing very well in the research-and-development programs of American companies in the fall of 1962 was one named Donald W. Wohlgemuth, who was working for the B. F. Goodrich Company, in Akron, Ohio. A 1954 graduate of the University of Michigan, where he had taken the degree of Bachelor of Science in chemical engineering, he had gone directly from the university to a job in the chemical laboratories of Goodrich, at a starting salary of three hundred and sixty-five dollars a month. Since then, except for two years spent in the Army, he had worked continuously for Goodrich, in various engineering and research capacities, and had received a total of fifteen salary increases over the six and a half years. In November, 1962, as he approached his thirty-first birthday, he was earning $10,644 a year. A tall, self-contained, serious-looking man of German ancestry, whose horn-rimmed glasses gave him an owlish expression, Wohlgemuth lived in a ranch house in Wadsworth, a suburb of Akron, with his wife and their fifteen-month-old daughter. All in all, he seemed to be the young American *homme moyen réussi* to the point of boredom. What was decidedly not routine about him, though, was the nature of his job; he was the manager of Goodrich's department of space-suit engineering, and over the past years, in the process of working his way up to that position, he had had a considerable part in the designing and construction of the suits worn by our Mercury astronauts on their orbital and suborbital flights.

Then, in the first week of November, Wohlgemuth got a phone call from an employment agent in New York, who informed him that the executives of a large company in Dover, Delaware, were most anxious to talk to him about the possibility of his taking a job with them. Despite the caller's reticence—a trait common among employment agents making first approaches to prospective employees—Wohlgemuth instantly knew the identity of the large company. The International Latex Corporation, which is best known to the public as a maker of girdles and brassières, but which Wohlgemuth knew to be also one of Goodrich's three major competitors in the space-suit field, is situated in Dover. He knew, further, that Latex had recently been awarded a subcontract, amounting to some three-quarters of a million dollars, to do research and development on space suits for the Apollo, or man-on-the-moon, project. As a matter of fact, Latex had won this contract in competition with Goodrich, among others, and was thus for the moment much the hottest company in the space-suit field. On top of that, Wohlgemuth was somewhat discontented with his situation at Goodrich; for one thing, his salary, however bountiful it might seem to many thirty-year-olds, was considerably below the average for Goodrich employees of his rank, and, for another, he had been turned down not long before by the company authorities when he asked for air-conditioning or filtering to keep dust out of the plant area allocated to space-suit work. Accordingly, after making arrangements by phone with the executives mentioned by the employment agent—and they did indeed prove to be Latex men—Wohlgemuth went to Dover the following Sunday.

He stayed there a day and a half, borrowing Monday from vacation time that was due him from Goodrich, and getting what he subsequently described as "a real red-carpet treatment." He was taken on a tour of the Latex space-suit-development facilities by Leonard Shepard, director of the company's Industrial Products Division. He was entertained at the home of Max Feller, a Latex vice-president. He was shown the Dover housing situation by another company executive. Finally, before lunch on Monday, he had a talk with all three of the Latex executives, following which—as Wohlgemuth later described the scene in court—the three "removed themselves to another room for approximately ten minutes." When they reappeared, one of them offered Wohlgemuth the position of manager of engineering for the Industrial Products Division, which included responsibility for space-suit development, at an annual salary of $13,700, effective at the beginning of December. After getting his wife's approval by telephone—and it was not hard to get, since she was originally from Baltimore and was delighted at the prospect of moving back to her own part of the world—Wohlgemuth accepted. He flew back to Akron that night. First thing Tuesday morning, Wohlgemuth confronted Carl Effler, his immediate boss at Goodrich, with the news that he was quitting at the end of the month to take another job.

"Are you kidding?" Effler asked.

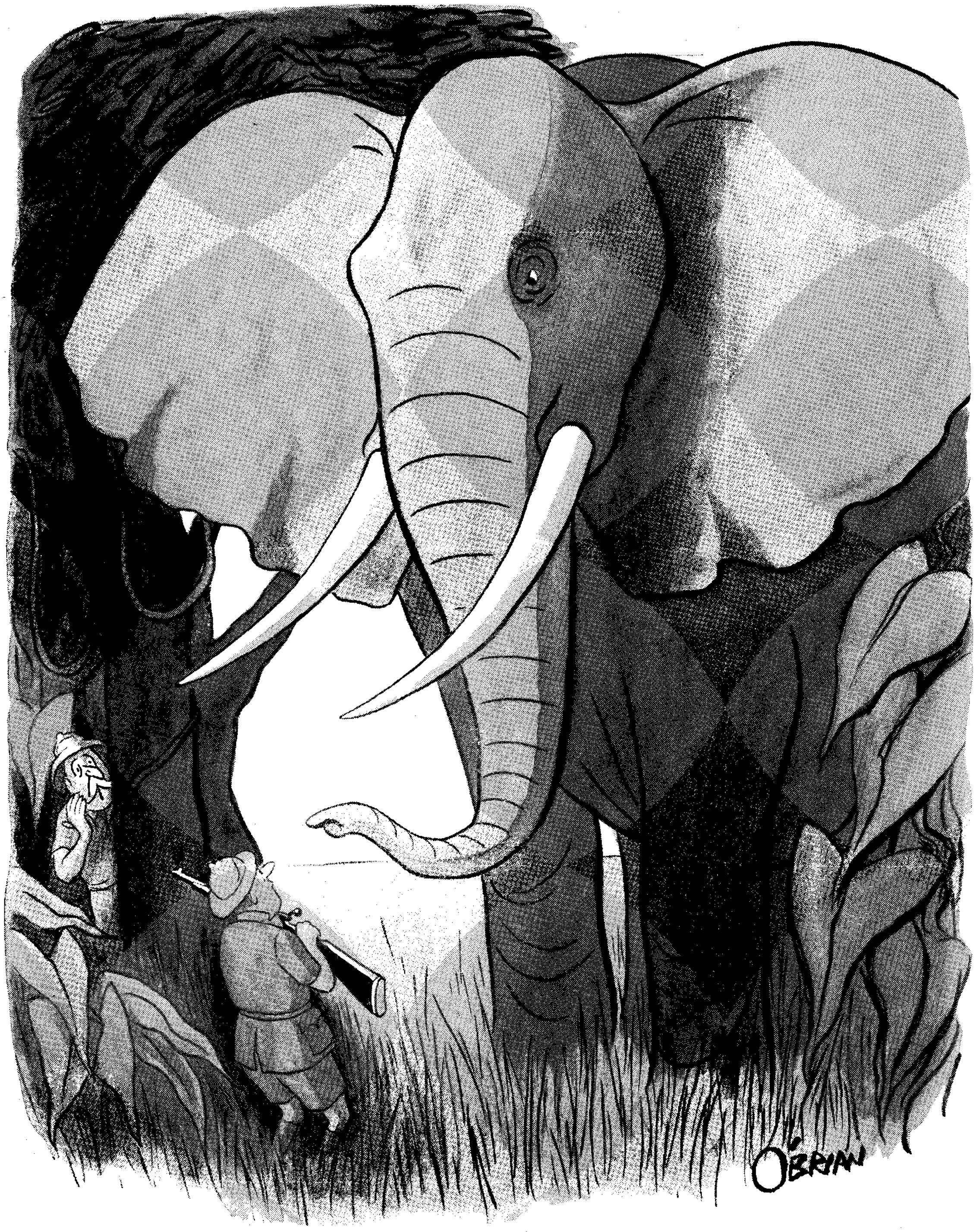
"No, I am not," Wohlgemuth replied.

Following this crisp exchange, which Wohlgemuth later reported in court, Effler, in the time-honored tradition of bereaved bosses, grumbled a bit about the difficulty of finding a qualified replacement before the end of the month. Wohlgemuth spent the rest of the day putting his department's papers in order and clearing his desk of unfinished business, and the next morning he went to see Wayne Galloway, a Goodrich space-suit executive with whom he had worked closely and had been on the friendliest of terms for a long time; he said later that he felt he owed it to Galloway "to explain to him my side of the picture" in person, even though at the moment he was not under Galloway's supervision in the company chain of command. Wohlgemuth began this interview by rather melodramatically handing Galloway a lapel pin in the form of a Mercury capsule, which had been awarded to him for his work on the Mercury space suits; now, he said, he felt he was no longer entitled to wear it. Why, then, Galloway asked, was he leaving? Simple enough, Wohlgemuth said—he considered the Latex offer a step up both in salary and in responsibility. Galloway replied that in making the move Wohlgemuth would be taking to Latex certain things that did not belong to him—specifically, knowledge of the processes that Goodrich used in making space suits. In the course of the conversation, Wohlgemuth asked Galloway what he would do if he were to receive a similar offer. Galloway replied that he didn't know; for that matter, he added, he didn't know what he would do if he were approached by a group who had a foolproof plan for robbing a bank. Wohlgemuth had to base his decision on loyalty and ethics, Galloway said—a remark that Wohlgemuth took as an accusation of bad faith. He lost his temper, he later explained, and gave Galloway a rash answer. "Loyalty and ethics have their price, and International Latex has paid it," he said.

After that, the fat was in the fire. Later in the morning, Effler called Wohlgemuth into his office and told him it had been decided that he should leave the Goodrich premises as soon as possible, staying around only long enough to make a list of projects that were pending and to go through certain other formalities. In midafternoon, while Wohlgemuth was occupied with these tasks, Galloway called him and told him that the Goodrich legal department wanted to see him. In the legal department, he was asked whether he intended to use confidential information belonging to Goodrich on behalf of Latex. According to the subsequent affidavit of a Goodrich lawyer, he replied—again rashly—"How are you going to prove it?" He was then advised that he was not legally free to make the move to Latex. While he was not bound to Goodrich by the kind of contract, common in American industry, in which an employee agrees not to do similar work for any competing company for a stated period of time, he had, on his return from the Army, signed a routine paper agreeing "to keep confidential all information, records, and documents of the company of which I may have knowledge because of my employment"—something Wohlgemuth had entirely forgotten until the Goodrich lawyer reminded him. Even if he had not made that agreement, the lawyer told him now, he would be prevented from going to work on space suits for Latex by established principles of trade-secrets law. Moreover, if he persisted in his plan, Goodrich might sue him.

Wohlgemuth returned to his office and put in a call to Feller, the Latex vice-president he had met in Dover. While he was waiting for the call to be completed, he talked with Effler, who had come in to see him, and whose attitude toward his defection seemed to have stiffened considerably. Wohlgemuth complained that he felt at the mercy of Goodrich, which, it seemed to him, was unreasonably blocking his freedom of action, and Effler upset him further by saying that what had happened during the past forty-eight hours could not be forgotten and might well affect his future with Goodrich. Wohlgemuth, it appeared, might be sued if he left and scorned if he didn't leave. When the Dover call came through, Wohlgemuth told Feller that in view of the new situation he would be unable to go to work for Latex.

That evening, however, Wohlgemuth's prospects seemed to take a turn for the better. Home in Wadsworth, he called the family dentist, and the dentist recommended a local lawyer. Wohlgemuth told his story to the lawyer, who thereupon consulted another lawyer by phone. The two counsellors agreed that Goodrich was probably bluffing and would not really sue Wohlgemuth if he went to Latex. The next morning—Thursday—officials of Latex called him back to assure him that their firm would bear his legal expenses in the event of a lawsuit, and, furthermore, would indemnify him against any salary losses. Thus



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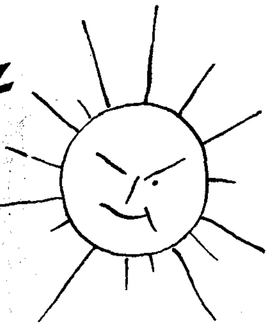

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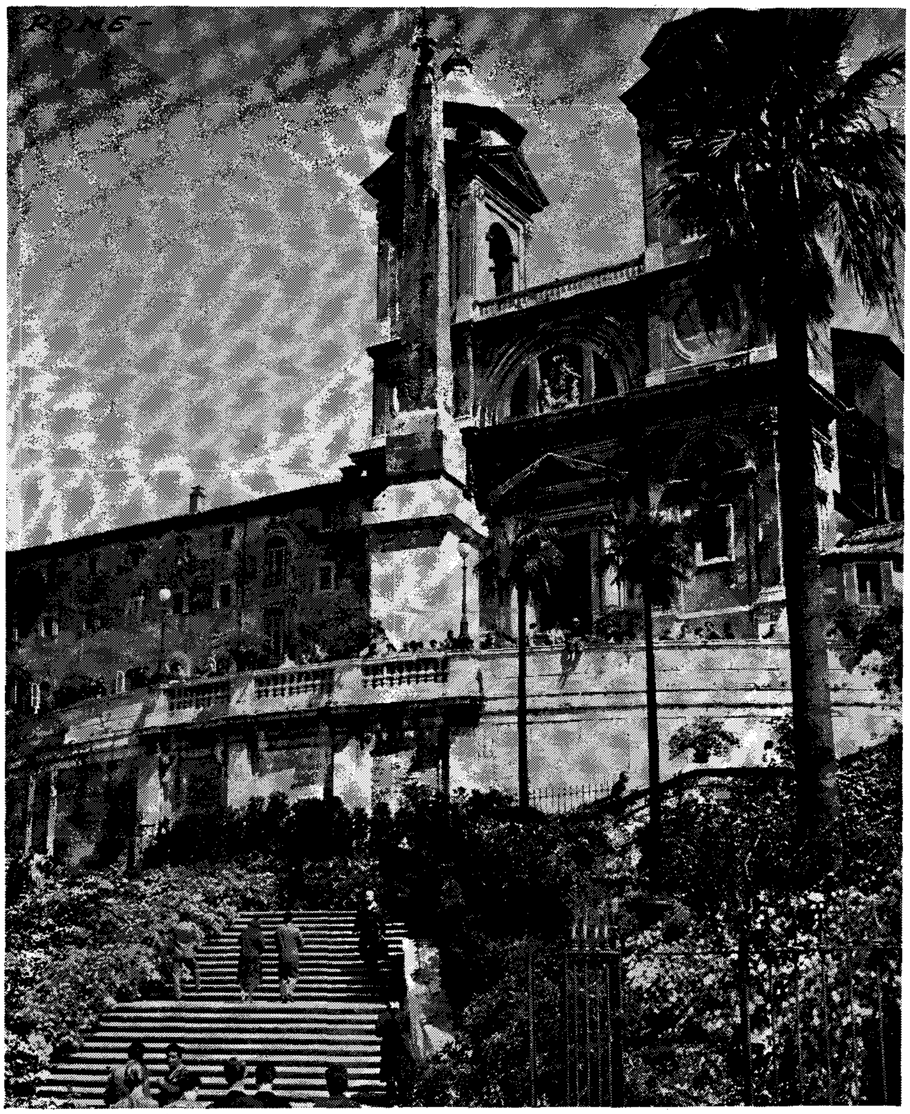

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emboldened, Wohlgemuth delivered two messages within the next couple of hours—one in person and one by phone. He told Effler what the two lawyers had told him, and he called the legal department to report that he had now changed his mind and was going to work at International Latex after all. Later that day, after completing the cleanup job in his office, he left the Goodrich premises for good, taking with him no documents.

The following day—Friday—R. G. Jeter, general counsel of Goodrich, telephoned Emerson P. Barrett, director of industrial relations for Latex, and spoke of Goodrich's concern for its trade secrets if Wohlgemuth went to work there. Barrett replied that although "the work for which Wohlgemuth was hired was design and construction of space suits," Latex was not interested in learning any Goodrich trade secrets but was "only interested in securing the general professional abilities of Mr. Wohlgemuth." That this answer did not satisfy Jeter, or Goodrich, became manifest the following Monday. That evening, while Wohlgemuth was in an Akron restaurant called the Brown Derby, attending a farewell dinner in his honor given by forty or fifty of his friends, a waitress told him that there was a man outside who wanted to see him. The man was a deputy sheriff of Summit County, of which Akron is the seat, and when Wohlgemuth came out, the man handed him two papers. One was a summons to appear in the Court of Common Pleas on a date a week or so off. The other was a copy of a petition that had been filed in the same court that day by Goodrich, praying that Wohlgemuth be permanently enjoined from, among other things, disclosing to any unauthorized person any trade secrets belonging to Goodrich, and "performing any work for any corporation . . . other than plaintiff, relating to the design, manufacture and/or sale of high-altitude pressure suits, space suits and/or similar protective garments."

THE need for the protection of trade secrets was fully recognized in the Middle Ages, when they were so jealously guarded by the craft guilds that the guilds' employees were rigorously prevented from changing jobs. *Laissez-faire* industrial society, since it emphasizes the principle that the individual is entitled to rise in the world by taking the best opportunity he is offered, has been far more lenient about job-jumping, but the right of an organization to keep its secrets has survived. In Ameri-

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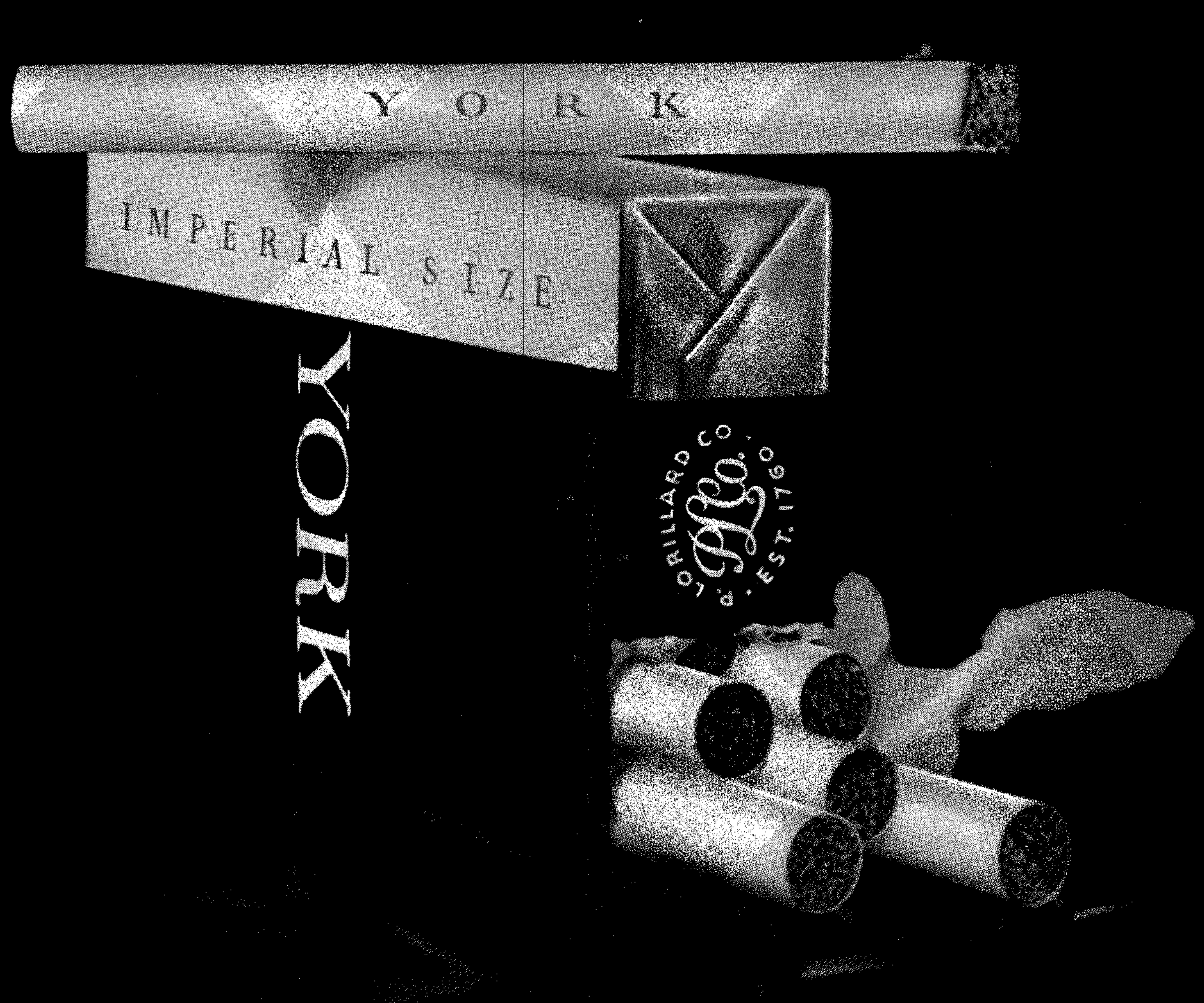

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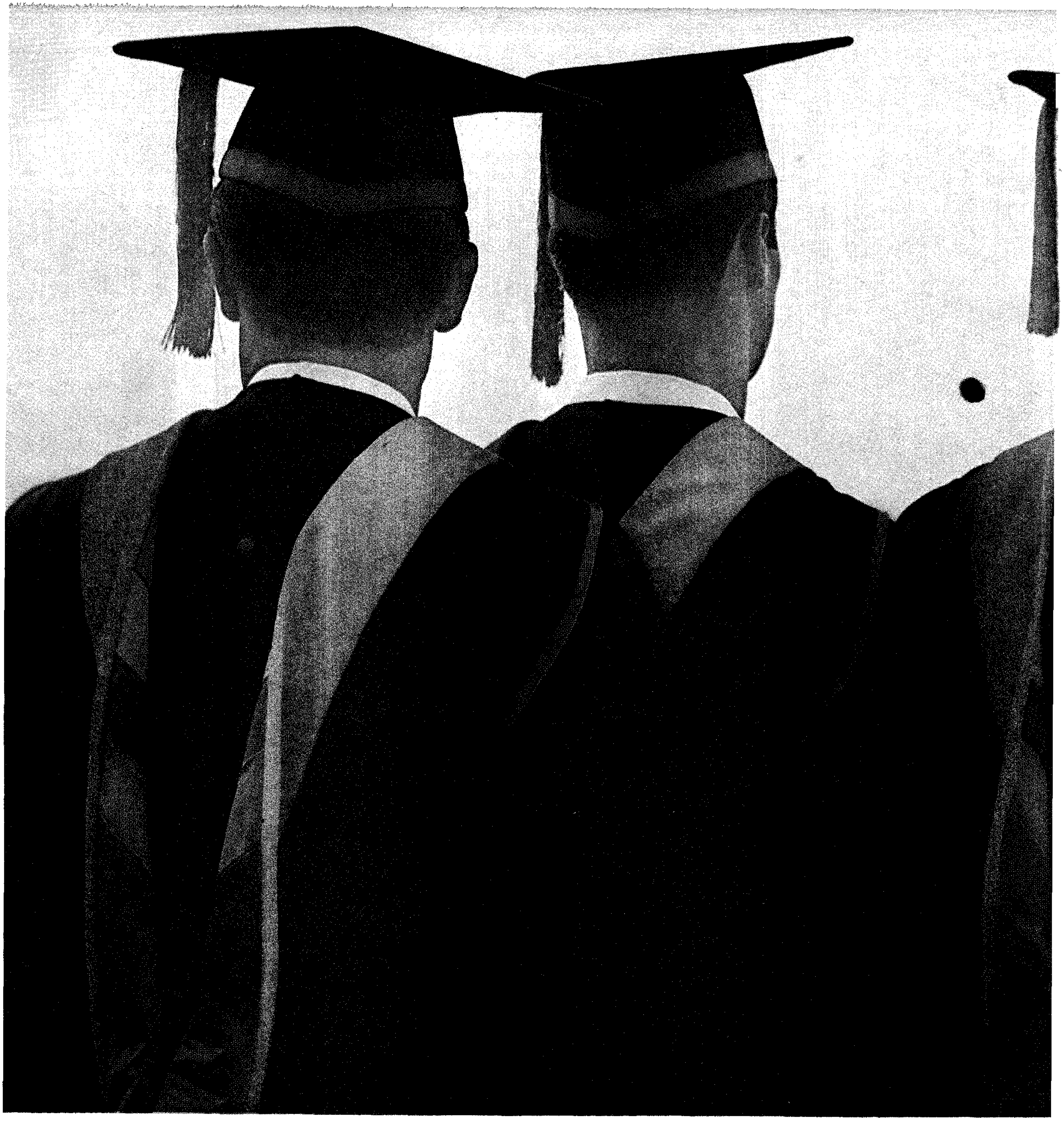

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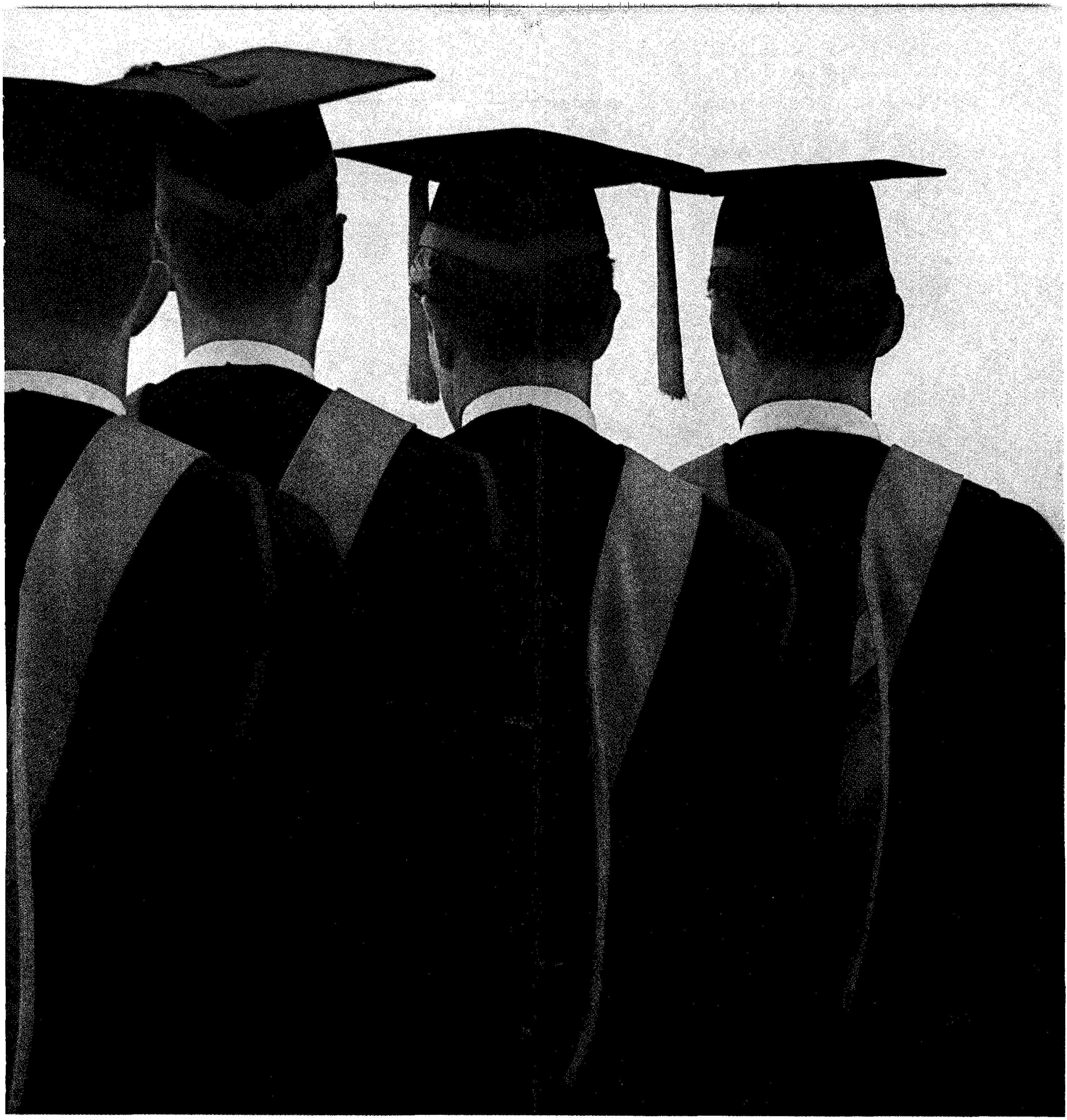

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See your Travel Agent, Airline or Steamship Representative or write **HAWAII VISITORS BUREAU** Dept.A-3, Honolulu, Hawaii for colorful folder • Offices in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles can law, the basic commandment on the subject was laid down by Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes in connection with a 1905 Chicago case. Holmes wrote, "The plaintiff has the right to keep the work which it has done, or paid for doing, to itself. The fact that others might do similar work, if they wished, does not authorize them to steal plaintiff's." This admirably downright, if not highly sophisticated, ukase has been cited in almost every trade-secrets case that has come up since, but over the years, as both scientific research and industrial organization have become infinitely more complex, so have the questions of what, exactly, constitutes a trade secret, and what constitutes stealing it. The American Law Institute's "Restatement of the Law of Torts," an authoritative text issued in 1939, grapples manfully with the first question by stating, or restating, that "a trade secret may consist of any formula, pattern, device, or compilation of information which is used in one's business, and which gives him an opportunity to obtain an advantage over competitors who do not know or use it." But in a case heard in 1952 an Ohio court decided that the Arthur Murray method of teaching dancing, though it was unique and was presumably helpful in luring customers away from competitors, was not a trade secret. "All of us have 'our method' of doing a million things—our method of combing our hair, shining our shoes, mowing our lawn," the court mused, and concluded that a trade secret must not only be unique and commercially helpful but also have inherent value. As for what constitutes thievery of trade secrets, in a proceeding heard in Michigan in 1939, in which the Dutch Cookie Machine Company complained that one of its former employees was threatening to use its highly classified methods to make cookie machines on his own, the trial court decided that there were no fewer than three secret processes by which Dutch Cookie machines were made, and enjoined the former employee from using them in any manner; however, the Michigan Supreme Court, on appeal, found that the defendant, although he knew the three secrets, did not plan to use them in his own operations, and, accordingly, it reversed the lower court's decision and vacated the injunction.

And so on. Outraged dancing teachers, cookie-machine manufacturers, and others have made their way through American courts, and the principles of law regarding the protection of trade secrets have become well established; any difficulty arises chiefly in the applica-

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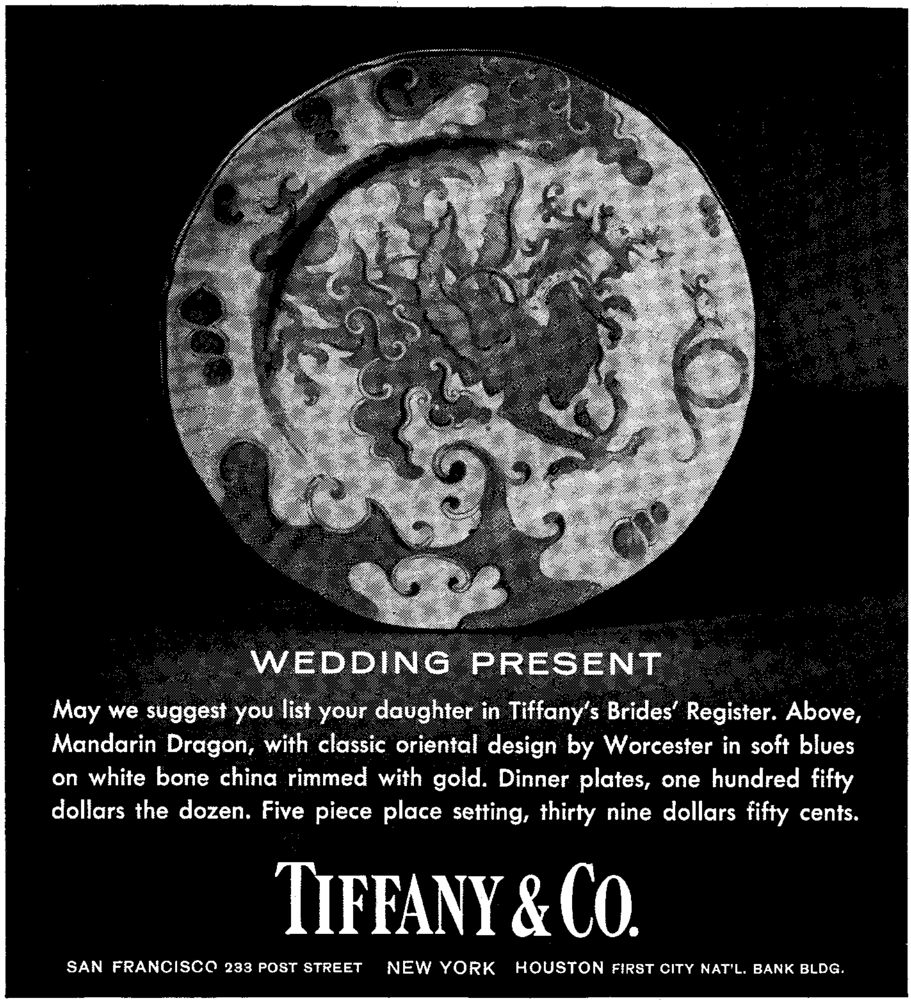
tion of these principles to individual cases. The number of such cases has been rising sharply in recent years, as research and development by private industry have expanded, and a good index to the rate of such expansion is the fact that eleven and a half billion dollars was spent in this work in 1962, more than three times the figure for 1953. No company wants to see the discoveries produced by all that money go out of its doors in the attaché cases, or even in the heads, of young scientists bound for greener pastures. In nineteenth-century America, the builder of a better mousetrap was supposed to have been a cynosure—provided, of course, that the mousetrap was properly patented. In those days of comparatively simple technology, patents covered most proprietary rights in business, so trade-secrets cases were rare. The better mousetraps of today, however, like the processes involved in outfitting a man to go into orbit or to the moon, are often unpatentable.

Since thousands of scientists and billions of dollars might be affected by the results of the trial of Goodrich v. Wohlgemuth, it naturally attracted an unusual amount of public attention. In Akron, the court proceedings were much discussed both in the local paper, the *Beacon Journal*, and in conversation. Goodrich is an old-line company, with a strong streak of paternalism in its relations with its employees, and with strong feelings about what it regards as business ethics. "We were exceptionally upset by what Wohlgemuth did," a Goodrich executive of long standing said recently. "In my judgment, the episode caused more concern to the company than anything that has happened in years. In fact, in the ninety-three years that Goodrich has been in business, we had never before entered a suit to restrain a former employee from disclosing trade secrets. Of course, many employees in sensitive positions have left us. But in those cases the companies doing the hiring have recognized their responsibilities. On one occasion, a Goodrich chemist went to work for another company under circumstances that made it appear to us that he was going to use our methods. We talked to the man, and to his new employer, too. The upshot was that the competing company never brought out the product it had hired our man to work on. That was responsible conduct on the part of both employee and company. As for the Wohlgemuth case, the local community and our employees were a bit hostile toward us at first—a big company suing a little guy, and so



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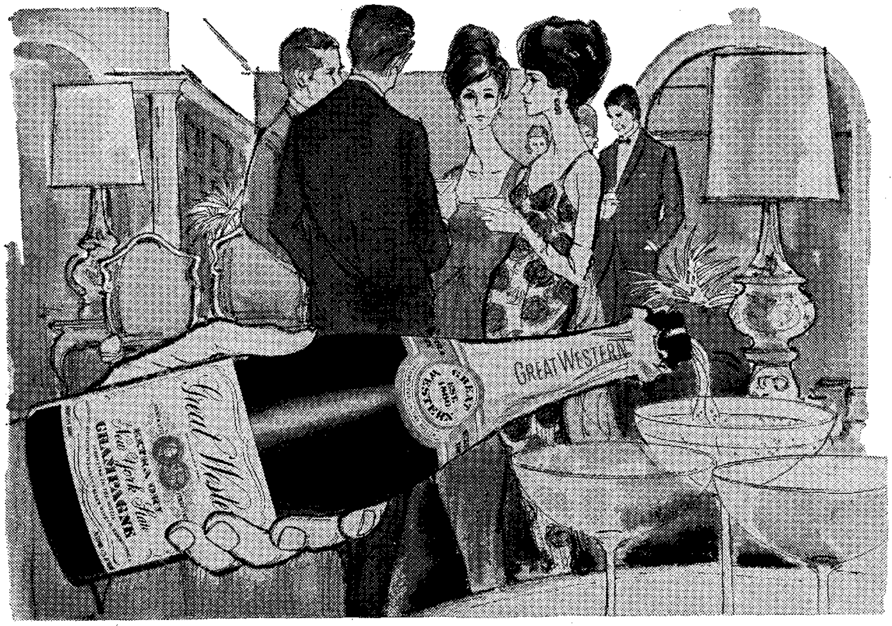

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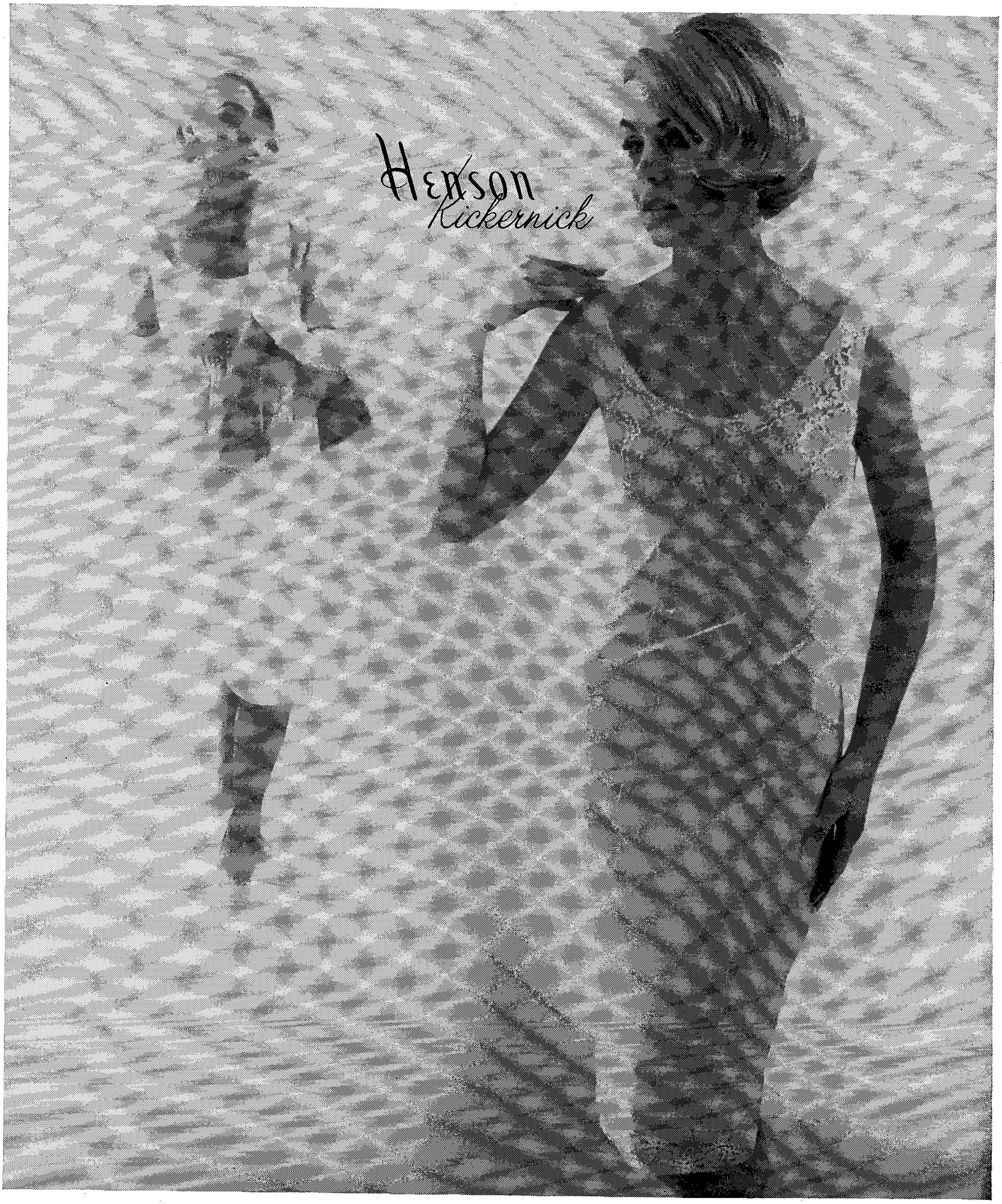

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on. But they gradually came around to our point of view."

Interest outside Akron, which was evidenced by a small flood of letters of inquiry about the case, addressed to the Goodrich legal department, made it clear that Goodrich v. Wohlgemuth was being watched as a bellwether. Some inquiries were from companies that had similar problems, or anticipated having them, and a surprising number were from relatives of young scientists, asking, "Does this mean my boy is stuck in his present job for the rest of his life?" In truth, an important issue was at stake, and pitfalls awaited the judge who heard the case, no matter which way he decided. On one side was the danger that discoveries made in the course of corporate research might become unprotectable—a situation that would eventually lead to the drying up of private research funds. On the other side was the danger that thousands of scientists might, through their very ability and ingenuity, find themselves permanently locked in a deplorable, and possibly unconstitutional, kind of intellectual servitude—they would be barred from changing jobs because they knew too much.

THE trial—held in Akron, presided over by Judge Frank H. Harvey, and conducted, like all proceedings of its type, without a jury—began on November 26th and continued through December 12th, with a week's recess in the middle; Wohlgemuth, who was supposed to have started work at Latex on December 3rd, remained in Akron under a voluntary agreement with the court, and testified extensively in his own defense. Injunction, the form of relief that was sought by Goodrich and the chief form of relief that is available to anyone whose secrets have been stolen, is a remedy that originated in Roman law; it was anciently called "interdict," and is still so called in Scotland. What Goodrich was asking, in effect, was that the court issue a direct order to Wohlgemuth not only forbidding him to reveal Goodrich secrets but also forbidding him to take employment in any other company's space-suit department. Any violation of such an order would be contempt of court, punishable by a fine, or imprisonment, or both. Just how seriously Goodrich viewed the case became clear when its team of lawyers proved to be headed by Jeter himself, who, as vice-president, secretary, the company's ultimate authority on patent law, general law, employee relations, union relations, and workmen's compensation, and Lord High Practically Everything Else, had not found time

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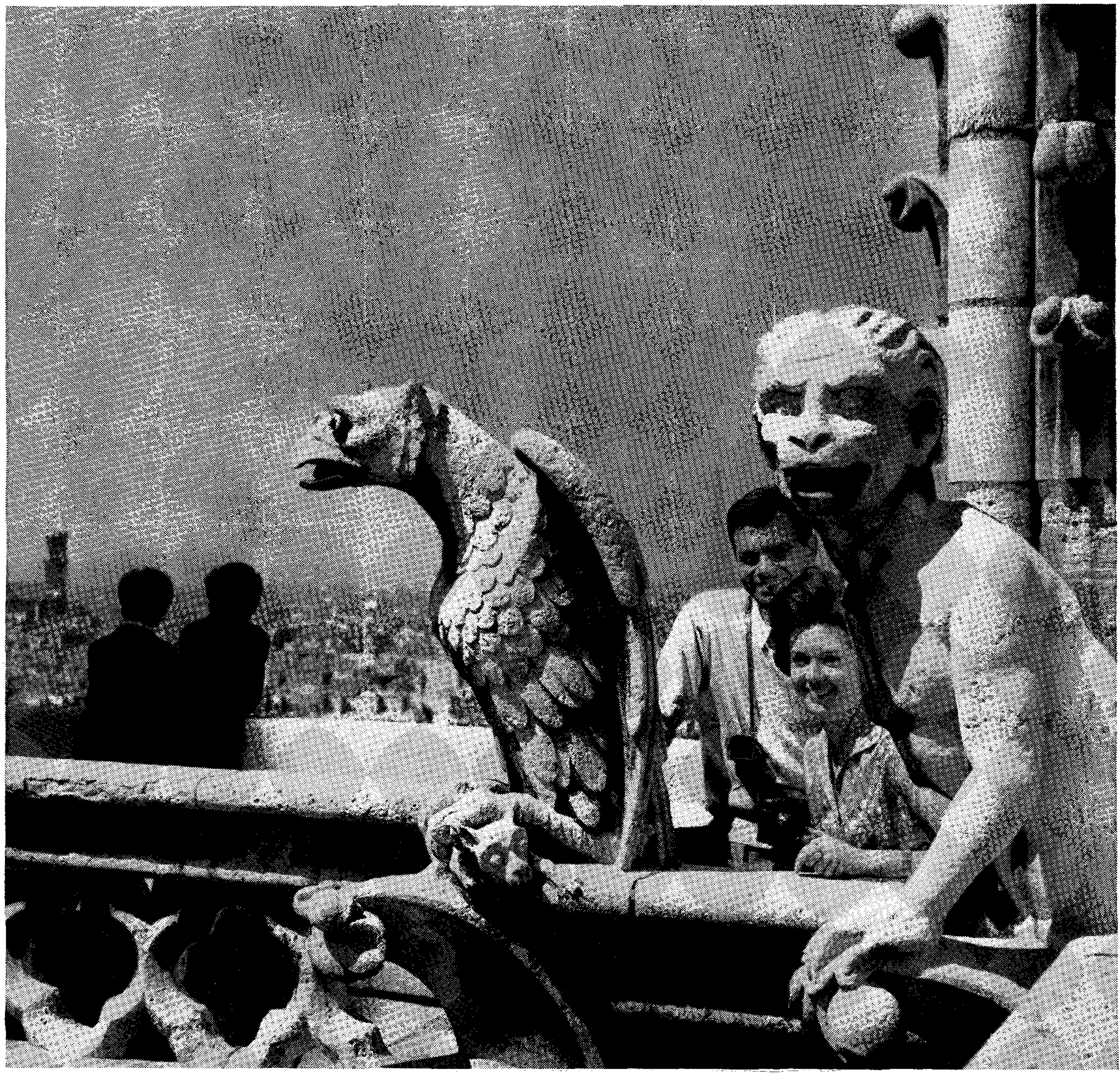

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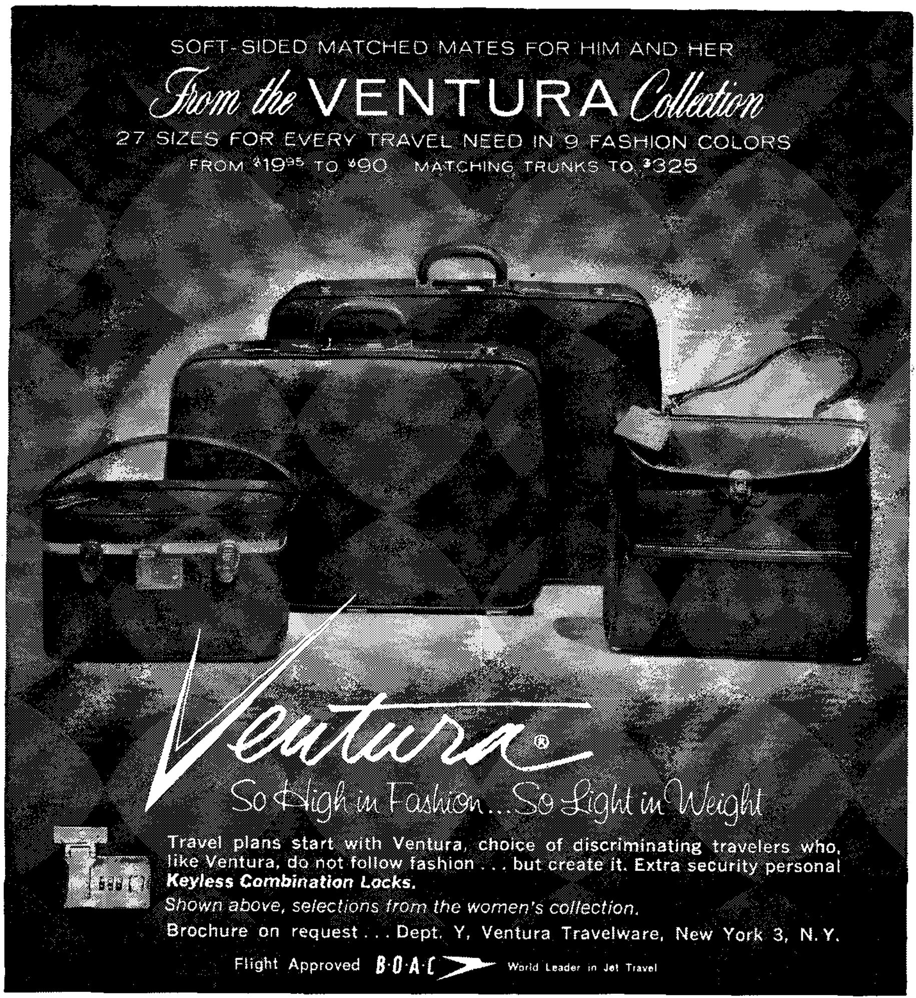
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to try a case in court himself for ten years. The chief defense counsel was Richard A. Chenoweth, of the Akron law firm of Buckingham, Doolittle & Burroughs, which Latex, though it was not a defendant in the action, had retained to handle the case, in fulfillment of its promise to Wohlgemuth.

From the outset, the two sides recognized that if Goodrich was to prevail, it had to prove, first, that it possessed trade secrets; second, that Wohlgemuth also possessed them, and that a substantial peril of disclosure existed; and, third, that it would suffer irreparable injury if injunctive relief was not granted. On the first point, Goodrich attorneys, through their questioning of Effler, Galloway, and one other company employee, set out to establish that Goodrich had a number of unassailable space-suit secrets, among them a way of making the hard shell of a space helmet, a way of making the visor seal, a way of making a sock ending, a way of making the inner liner of gloves, a way of fastening the helmet onto the rest of the suit, and a way of applying a wear-resistant material called neoprene to two-way-stretch fabric. Wohlgemuth, through his counsel's cross-examinations, sought to show that none of these processes were secrets at all; for example, in the case of the neoprene process, which Effler had described as "a very critical trade secret" of Goodrich, defense counsel brought out evidence that a Latex product that is neither secret nor intended to be worn in outer space—the Playtex Golden Girdle—is made of two-way-stretch fabric with neoprene applied to it, and, to emphasize the point, Chenoweth introduced a Playtex Golden Girdle for all to see. Nor did either side neglect to bring into court a space suit, in each instance inhabited. The Goodrich suit, a 1961 model, was intended to demonstrate what the company had achieved by means of research—research that it did not want to see compromised through the loss of its secrets. The Latex suit, also a 1961 model, was intended to show that Latex was already ahead of Goodrich in space-suit development and would therefore have no interest in stealing Goodrich secrets. The Latex suit was particularly bizarre-looking, and the Latex employee who wore it in court looked almost excruciatingly uncomfortable, as if he were unaccustomed to the air of earth, or of Akron. "His air tubes weren't hooked up, and he was hot," the *Beacon Journal* explained next day. At any rate, after he had sat suffering for ten or fifteen minutes while defense counsel questioned a witness about his

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costume, he suddenly pointed in an agonized way to his head, and the court record of what followed, probably unique in the annals of jurisprudence, reads like this:

> MAN IN THE SPACE SUIT: May I take this off? (Helmet)....
> THE COURT: All right.

The second element in Goodrich's burden of proof—that Wohlgemuth was privy to Goodrich secrets—was fairly quickly dealt with, because Wohlgemuth's lawyers conceded that hardly anything the company knew about space suits had been kept from him; they based their defense on, first, the unquestioned fact that he had taken no papers away with him and, second, the unlikelihood that he would be able to remember the details of complex scientific processes, even if he wanted to. On the third element—the matter of irreparable injury—Jeter pointed out that Goodrich, which had made the first full-pressure flying suit in history, for the late Wiley Post's high-altitude experiments in 1934, and which had since poured vast sums into space-suit research and development, was the unquestioned pioneer and had up to then been considered the leader in the field; he tried to paint Latex, which had been making full-pressure suits only since the mid-fifties, as a parvenu with the nefarious plan of cashing in on Goodrich's years of research by hiring Wohlgemuth. Even if the intentions of Latex and Wohlgemuth were the best in the world, Jeter contended, Wohlgemuth would inevitably reveal Goodrich secrets in the course of working in Latex's space-suit department. In any event, Jeter was unwilling to assume good intentions. As evidence of bad ones, there was, on the part of Latex, the fact that the firm had deliberately sought out Wohlgemuth, and, on the part of Wohlgemuth, the statement he had made to Galloway about the price of loyalty and ethics. The defense disputed the contention that a disclosure of secrets would be inevitable, and, of course, denied evil intentions on anyone's part. It rounded out its case with a statement made in court under oath by Wohlgemuth: "I will not reveal [to International Latex] any items which in my own mind I would consider to be trade secrets of the B. F. Goodrich Company." This, of course, was cold comfort to Goodrich.

Having heard the evidence and the lawyers' summations, Judge Harvey reserved decision until a later date and issued an order temporarily forbidding Wohlgemuth to reveal the alleged secrets or to work in the Latex space-suit

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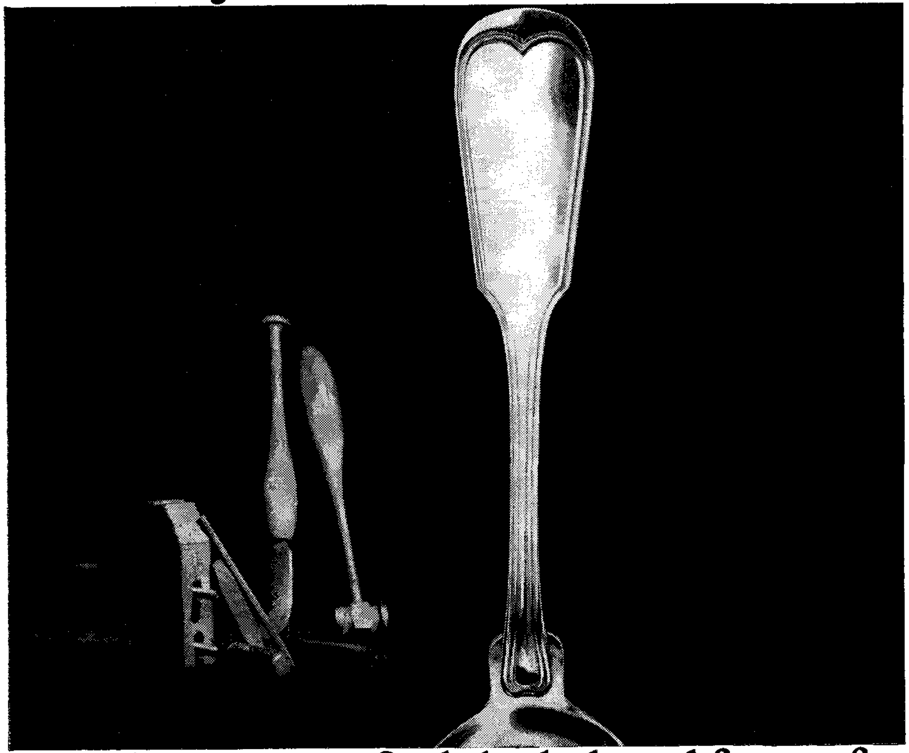

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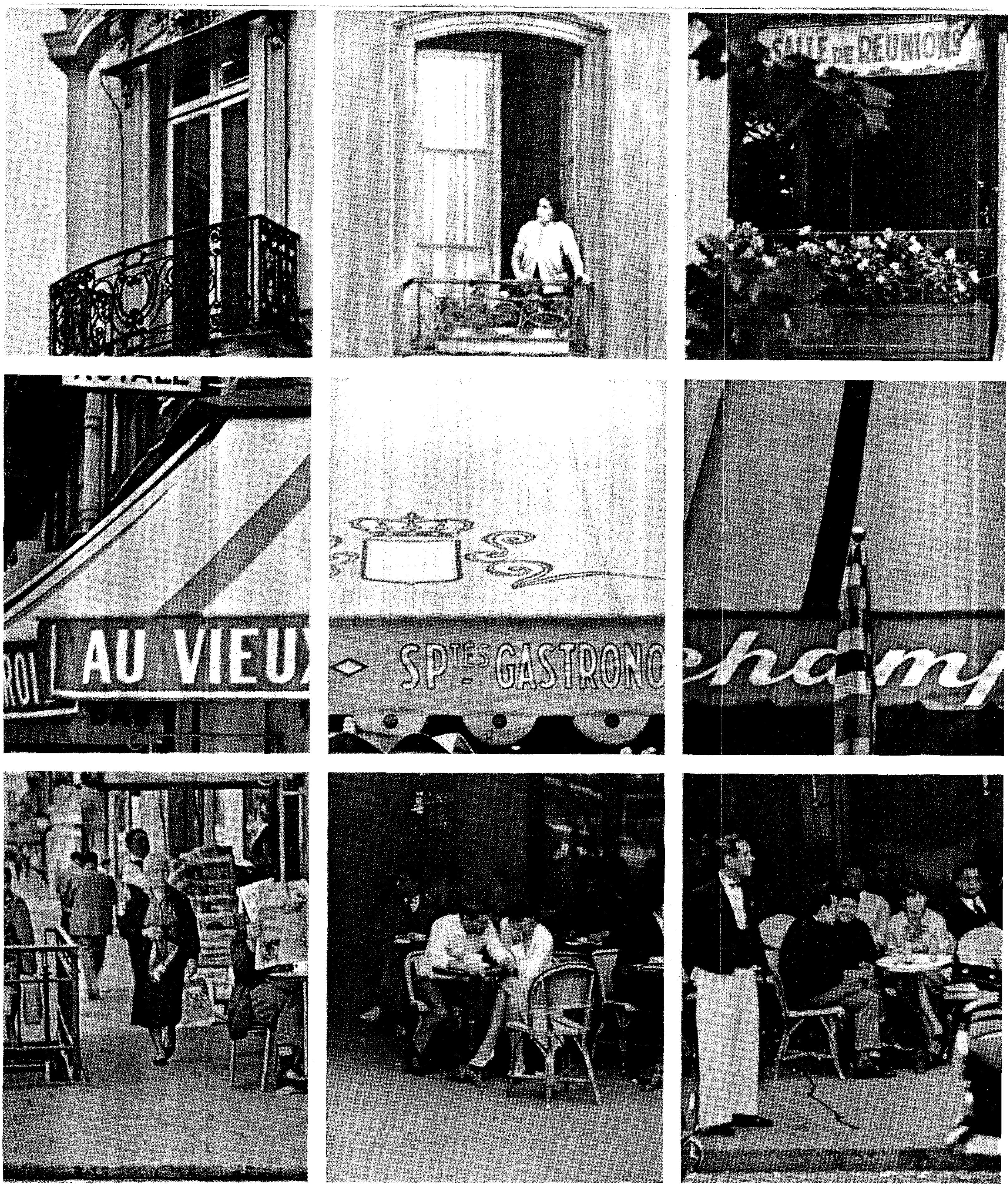
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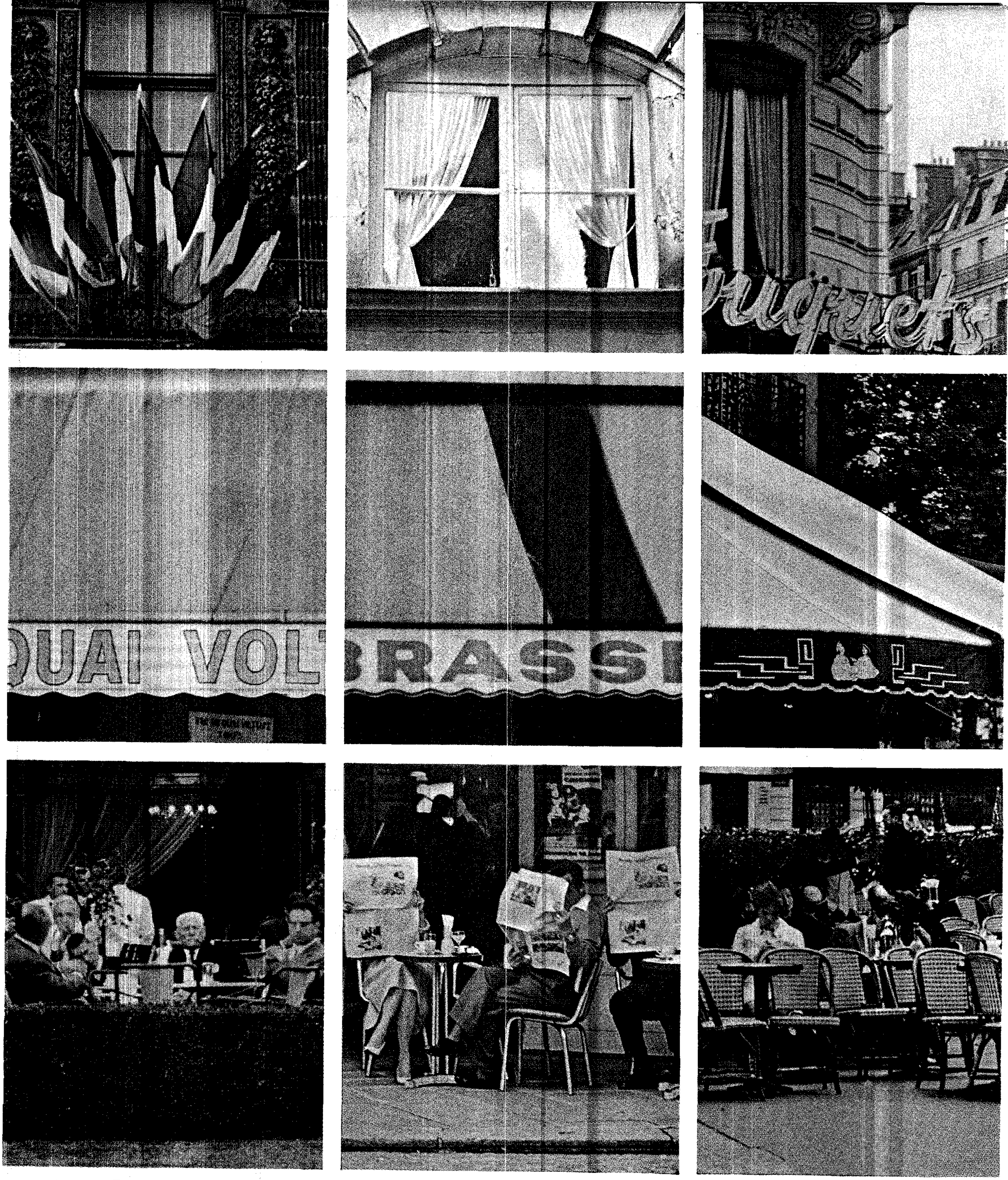

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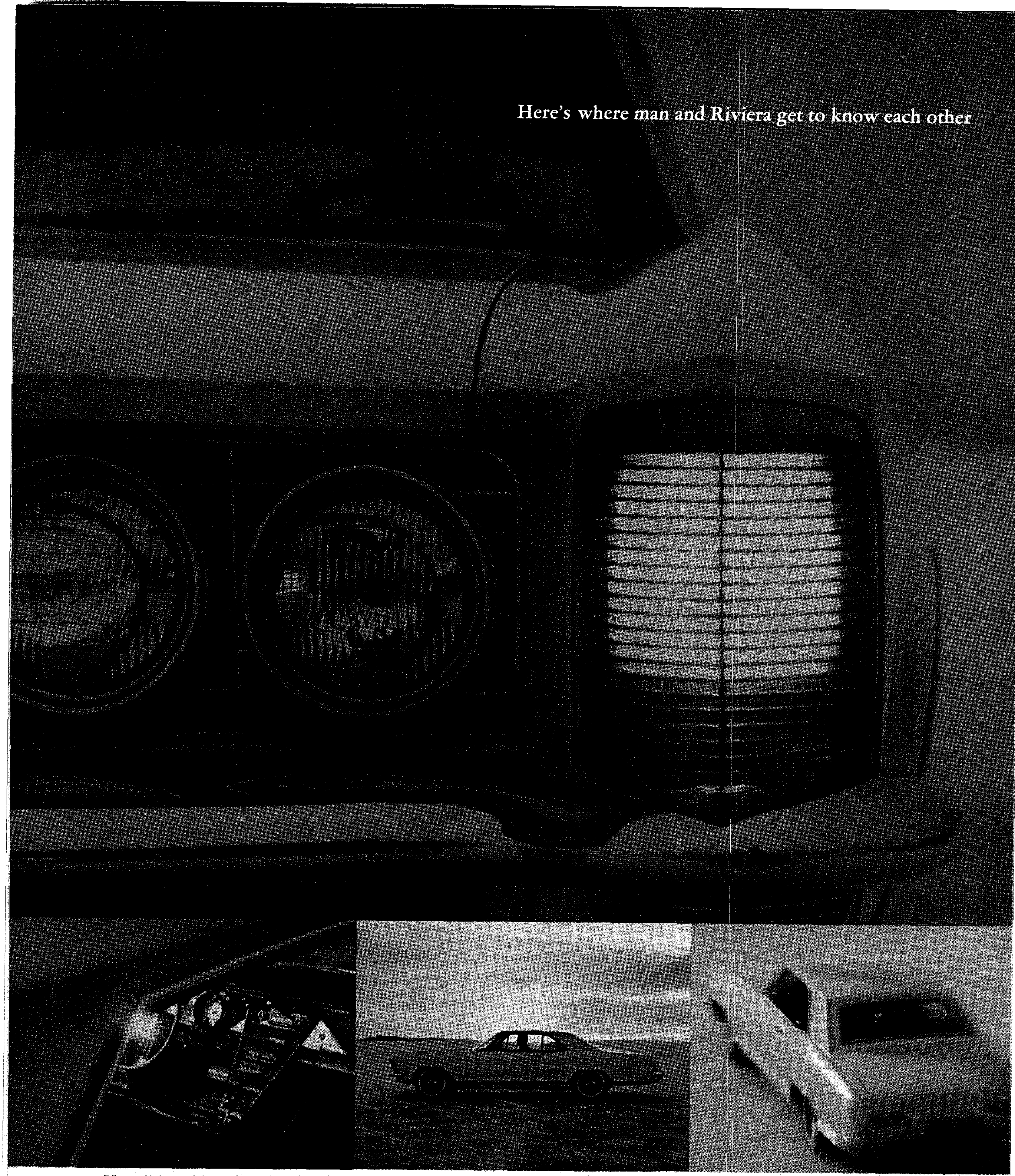

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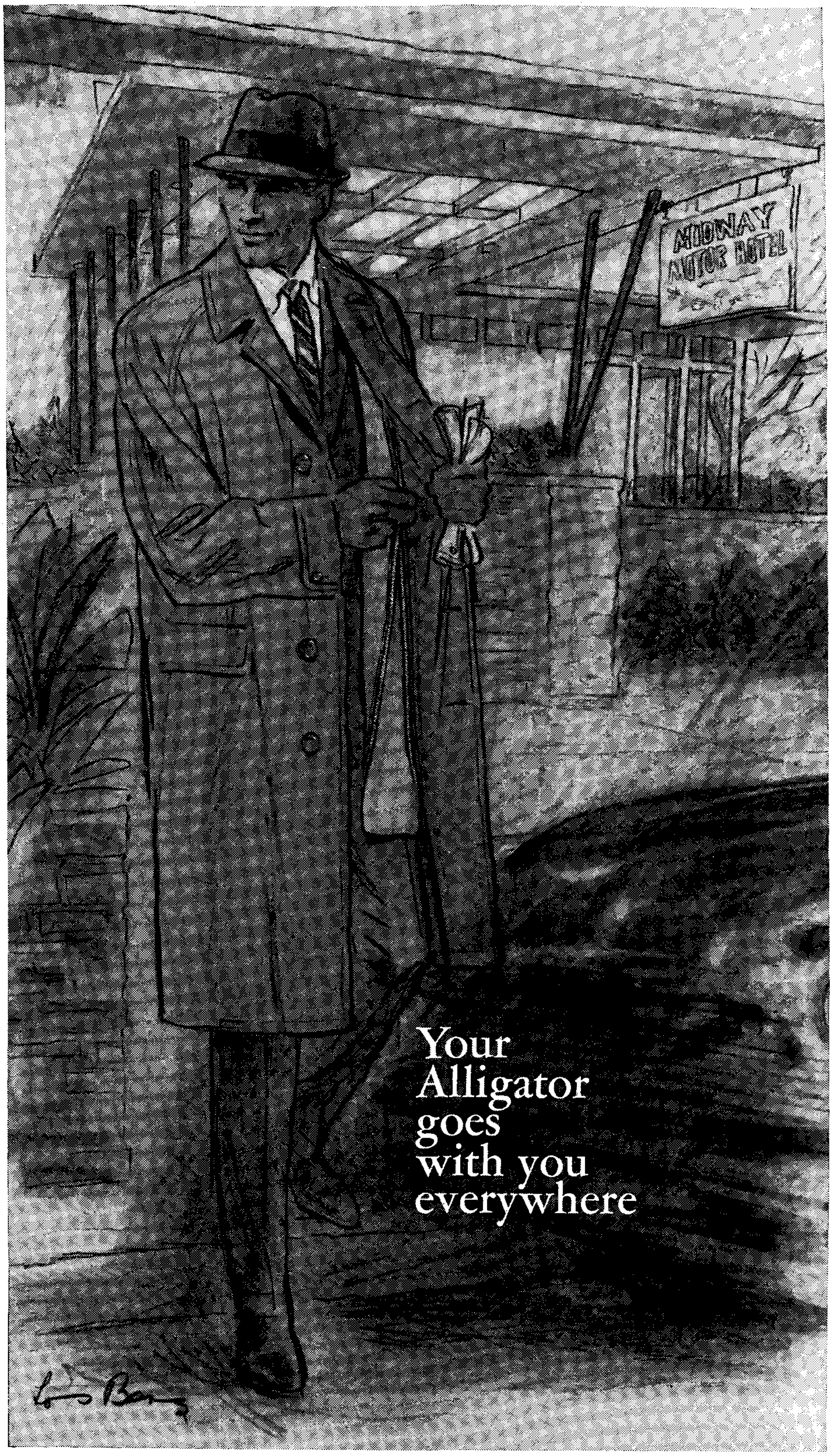
ADVENTURE IS A CAR CALLED RIVIERA AND IT'S A BUICK program; he could go on the Latex payroll, but he had to stay out of space suits until the court's decision was handed down. In mid-December, Wohlgemuth, leaving his family behind, went to Dover and began working for Latex on other products; early in January, by which time he had succeeded in selling his house in Wadsworth and buying one in Dover, his family joined him at his new stand.

IN Akron, meanwhile, the lawyers had at each other in briefs intended to sway Judge Harvey. Various fine points of law were debated, learnedly but inconclusively; yet as the briefs wore on, it became increasingly clear that the essence of the case was quite simple. For all practical purposes, there was no controversy over the facts. What remained in controversy was the answers to two questions: First, should a man be formally restrained from revealing trade secrets when he has not yet committed any such act, and when it is not clear that he intends to? And, secondly, should a man be prevented from taking a job simply because the job presents him with unique temptations to break the law? Having scoured the lawbooks, counsel for the defense found exactly the text quotation they wanted in support of the argument that both questions should be answered in the negative. (Unlike the decisions of other courts, the general statements of the authors of law textbooks have no official standing in any court, but by using them judiciously an advocate can express his own opinions in someone else's words and buttress them with bibliographical references.) The quotation was from a text entitled "Trade Secrets," which was written by a lawyer named Ridsdale Ellis and published in 1953, and it read, in part, "Usually it is not until there is evidence that the employee [who has changed jobs] has not lived up to his contract, expressed or implied, to maintain secrecy, that the former employer can take action. In the law of torts there is the maxim: Every dog has one free bite. A dog cannot be presumed to be vicious until he has proved that he is by biting someone. As with a dog, the former employer may have to wait for a former employee to commit some overt act before he can act." To counter this doctrine—which, besides being picturesque, appeared to have a crushingly exact applicability to the case under dispute—Goodrich's lawyers came up with a quotation of their own from the very same book. ("Ellis on trade secrets," as the lawyers referred to it in their briefs, was repeatedly used by the two sides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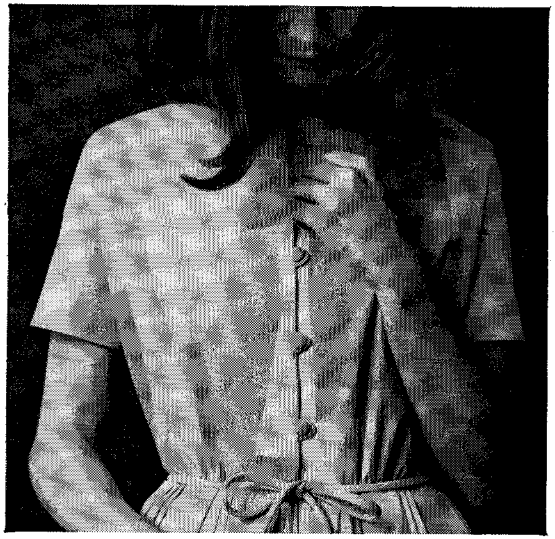

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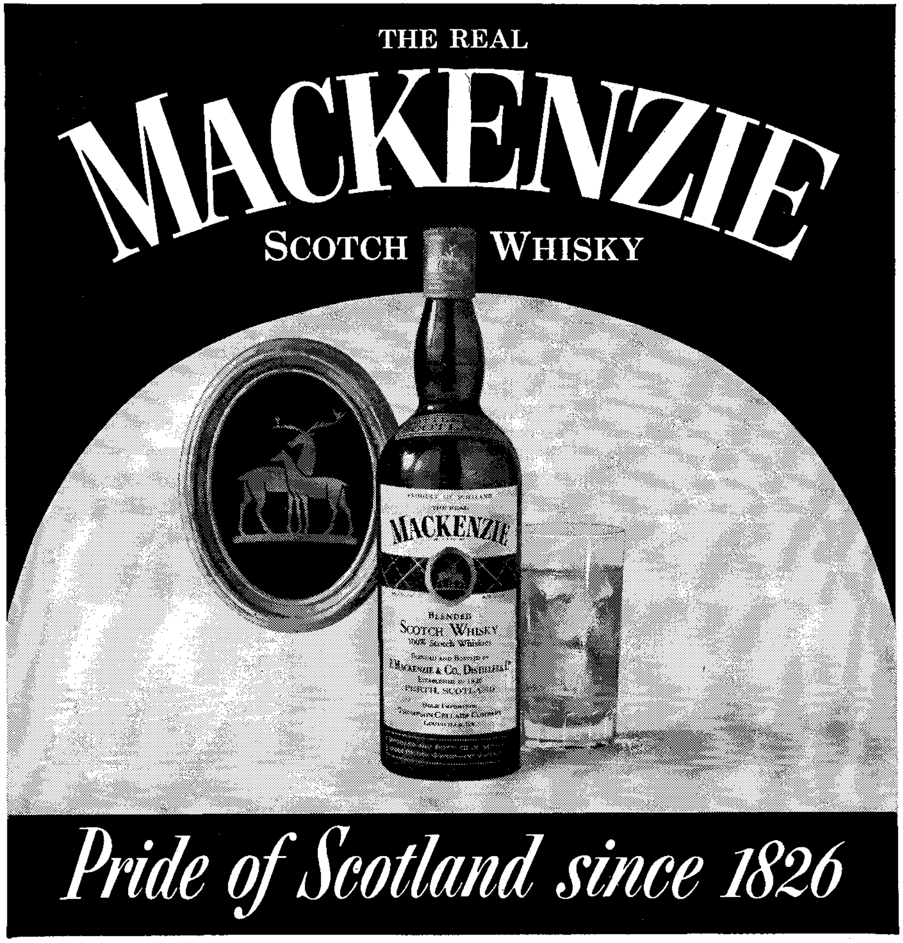

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to belabor each other, for the good reason that it was the only text on the subject available in the Summit County law library, where both sides did the bulk of their research.) In support of *their* cause, Goodrich counsel found that Ellis had said, in connection with trade-secrets cases in which the defendant was a company accused of luring away another company's confidential employee: "Where the confidential employee left to enter defendant's employment, an inference can be drawn to supplement other circumstantial evidence that the latter employment was stimulated by a desire by the defendant to learn plaintiff's secrets."

In other words, Ellis apparently felt that when the circumstances look suspicious, one free bite is *not* permitted. Whether he contradicted himself or merely refined his position is a nice question; Ellis himself had died several years earlier, so it was not possible to consult him on the matter.

On February 20th, having studied the briefs and deliberated on them, Judge Harvey delivered his decision, in the form of a nine-page essay fraught with suspense. To begin with, the Judge wrote, he was convinced that Goodrich did have trade secrets relative to space suits, and that Wohlgemuth might be able to remember and therefore be able to disclose some of them to Latex, to the irreparable injury of Goodrich. He declared, further, that "there isn't any doubt that the Latex company was attempting to gain [Wohlgemuth's] valuable experience in this particular specialized field for the reason that they had this so-called 'Apollo' contract with the government, and there isn't any doubt that if he is permitted to work in the space-suit division of the Latex company . . . he would have an opportunity to disclose confidential information of the B. F. Goodrich Company." Still further, Judge Harvey was convinced by the attitude of Latex, as this was evidenced by the conduct of its representatives in court, that the company intended to try to get Wohlgemuth to give it "the benefit of every kind of information he had." At this point in the opinion, things certainly looked black for the defense. However—and the Judge was well down page 6 before he got to the "however"—what he had concluded after studying the one-free-bite controversy among the lawyers was that an injunction cannot be issued against disclosure of trade secrets before such disclosure has occurred unless there is clear and substantial evidence of evil intent on the part of the defendant. The defendant in this case, the Judge pointed out, was Wohlgemuth, and if any evil in-

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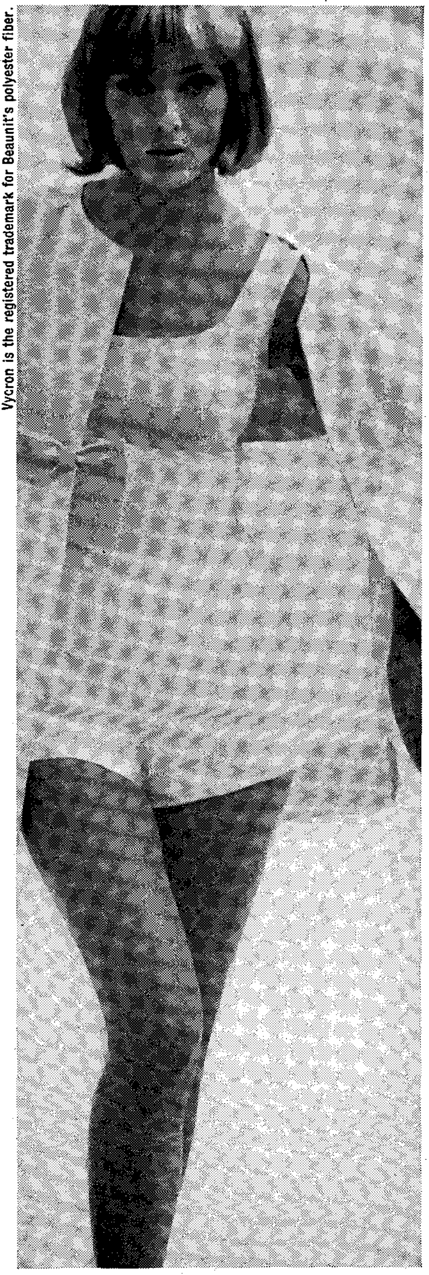
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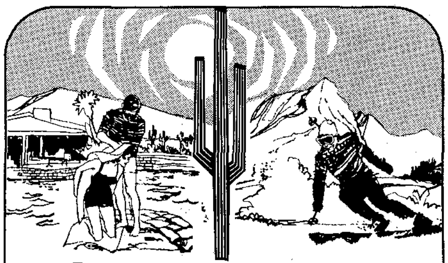
tent was involved, it appeared to be attributable to Latex rather than to him. For this reason, along with some technical ones, he wound up, "It is the view and the Order of this Court that Injunction be denied against the defendant."

Goodrich promptly appealed the decision, and the Summit County Court of Appeals, pending its own decision on the case, issued another restraining order, which differed from Judge Harvey's in that it permitted Wohlgemuth to do space-suit work for Latex, but still forbade him to disclose Goodrich's alleged trade secrets. Accordingly, Wohlgemuth, with an initial victory under his belt but with a new legal struggle on his behalf ahead, went to work in the Latex moon-suit shop.

Jeter and his colleagues, in their brief to the Court of Appeals, stated unequivocally that Judge Harvey had been wrong not only in some of the technical aspects of his decision but in his finding that there must be evidence of bad faith on the defendant's part before an injunction can be granted. "The question to be decided is not one of good or bad faith, but, rather, whether there is a threat or a likelihood that trade secrets will be disclosed," the Goodrich brief declared roundly—and a little inconsistently, in view of all the time and effort the company had expended on attempts to pin bad faith on both Latex and Wohlgemuth. Wohlgemuth's lawyers, of course, did not fail to point out the inconsistency. "It seems strange indeed that Goodrich should find fault with this finding of Judge Harvey," they remarked in their brief. Quite clearly, they had conceived for Judge Harvey feelings so tender as to border on the protective.

The decision of the Court of Appeals was handed down on May 22nd. Written by Judge Arthur W. Doyle, with his two colleagues of the court concurring, it was a partial reversal of Judge Harvey. Finding that "there exists a present real threat of disclosure, even without actual disclosure," and that "an injunction may . . . prevent a future wrong," the court granted an injunction that restrained Wohlgemuth from disclosing to Latex any of the processes and information claimed as trade secrets by Goodrich. On the other hand, Judge Doyle wrote, "We have no doubt that Wohlgemuth had the right to take employment in a competitive business, and to use his knowledge (other than trade secrets) and experience for the benefit of his new employer." Plainly put, Wohlgemuth was at last free to accept a permanent job doing space-suit work for Latex, provided only that he



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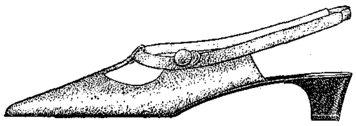

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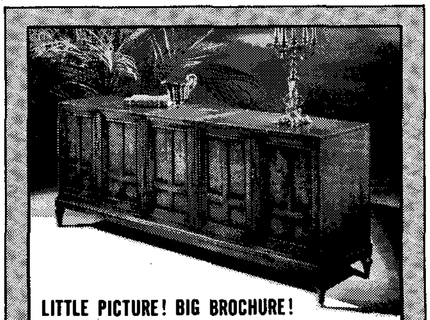

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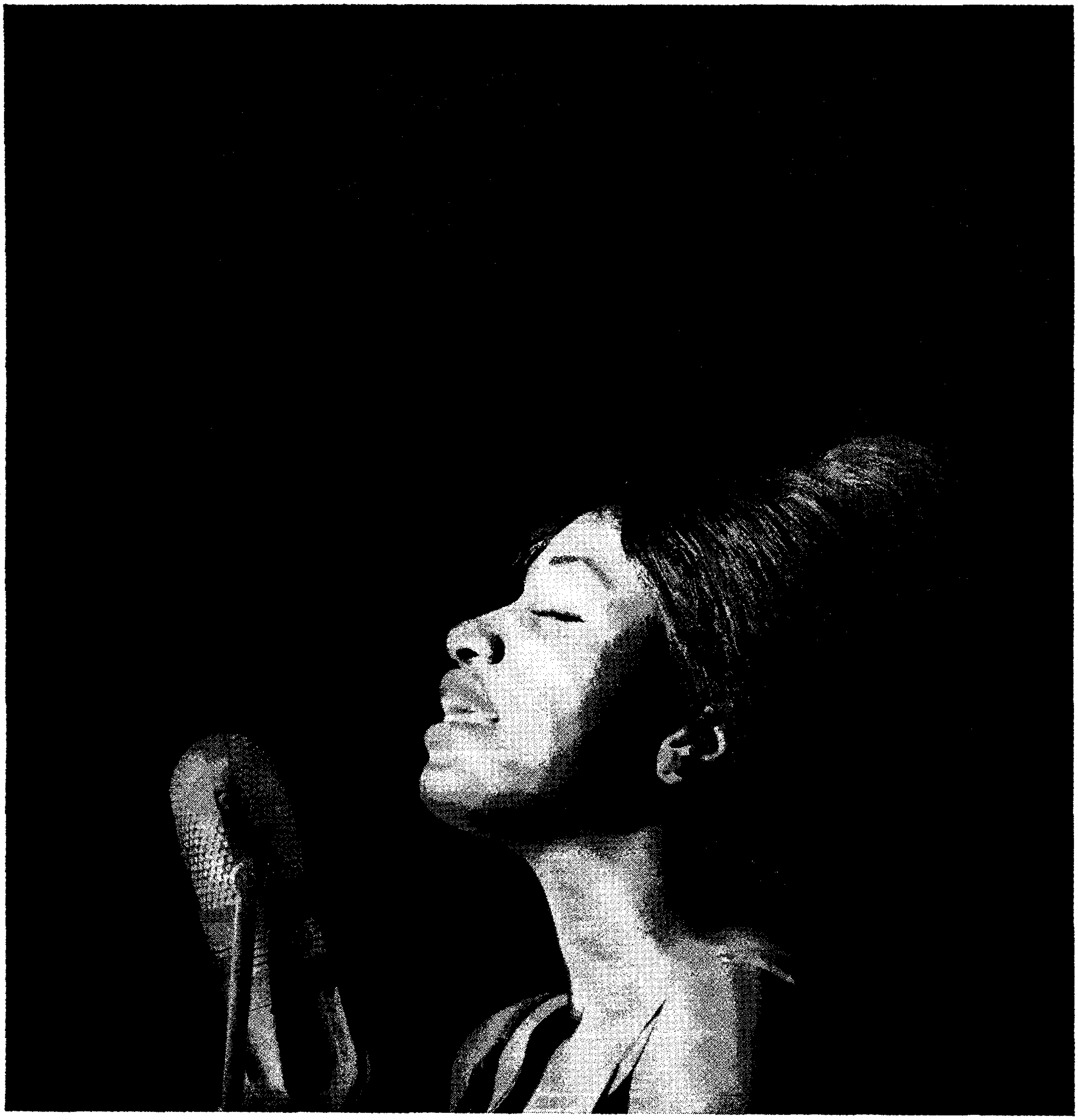

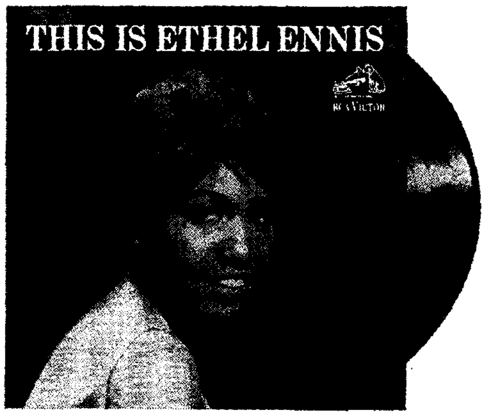

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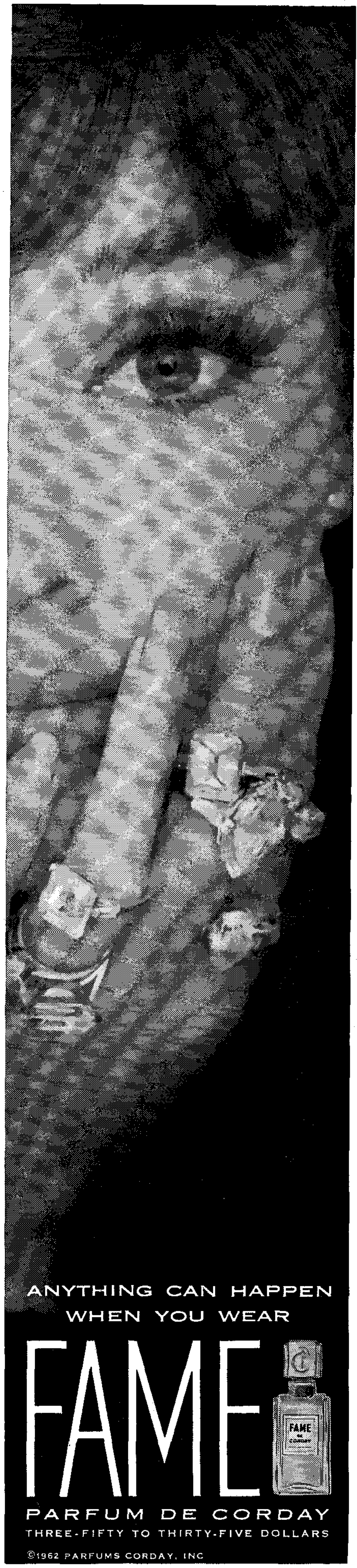
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refrained from disclosing Goodrich secrets in the course of his work.

NEITHER side carried the case above the Summit County Court of Appeals—to the Ohio Supreme Court and, beyond that, to the United States Supreme Court—so with the decision of the Appeals Court the Wohlgemuth case was settled. Public interest in it subsided soon after the trial was over, but professional interest continued to mount, and, of course, it mounted still more after the Appeals Court decision in May. In March, the New York City Bar Association, in collaboration with the American Bar Association, had presented a symposium on trade secrets, with the Wohlgemuth case as its focus. In the past few months, employers worried about loss of trade secrets have brought numerous suits against former employees, presumably relying on the Wohlgemuth decision as a precedent. There are now more than two dozen trade-secrets cases pending in the courts, the most publicized of them being the effort of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. to prevent one of its former research engineers from taking part in the production of certain rare pigments for the American Potash & Chemical Corporation.

It would be logical to suppose that Jeter might be worried about enforcement of the Appeals Court's order—might be afraid that Wohlgemuth, working behind the locked door of the Latex laboratory, and perhaps nursing a grudge against Goodrich, would take his one free bite in spite of the order, on the assumption that he would not be caught. However, Jeter doesn't look at things that way. "Until and unless we learn otherwise, we assume that Wohlgemuth and International Latex, both having knowledge of the court order, will comply with the law," Jeter says. "No specific steps by Goodrich to police the enforcement of the order have been taken, or are contemplated. However, if it should be violated, there are various ways in which we would be likely to find out. Wohlgemuth, after all, is working with others, who come and go. Out of perhaps twenty-five employees in constant touch with him, it's likely that one or two will leave Latex within a couple of years. Furthermore, you can learn quite a lot from suppliers who deal with both Latex and Goodrich, and also from customers. However, I do not feel that the order will be violated. Wohlgemuth has been through a lawsuit. It was quite an experience for him. He now knows his responsibilities under the law,

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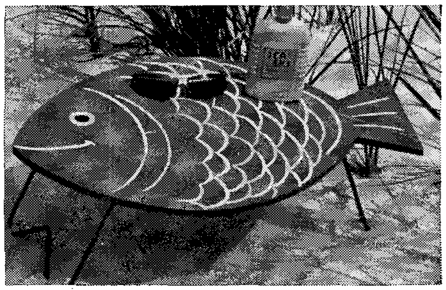
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which he may not have known before.”

Wohlgemuth himself says that since the conclusion of the case he has received a great many inquiries from other scientists working in industry, the gist of their questions being, “Does your case mean that I'm married to my job?” He tells them that they will have to draw their own conclusions. Wohlgemuth also says that the court order has had no effect on his work in the Latex space-suit department. “Precisely what the Goodrich secrets are is not spelled out in the order, and therefore I have acted as if all the things they alleged to be secrets actually *are* secrets,” he says. “Nevertheless, my efficiency is not impaired by my avoiding disclosure of those things. Take, for example, the use of polyurethane as an inner liner—a process that Goodrich claimed as a trade secret. That was something Latex had tried previously and found unsatisfactory. Therefore, it wasn't planning to investigate further along those lines, and it still isn't. I am just as effective for Latex as if there had never been an injunction. However, I will say this. If I were to get a better offer from some other company now, I'm sure I would evaluate the question very carefully—which is what I didn't do the last time.” Wohlgemuth—the new, post-trial Wohlgemuth—speaks in a noticeably slow, tense way, with long pauses for thought, as if the wrong word might bring lightning down on his head. He is a young man with a strong sense of belonging to the future, and he looks forward to making, if he can, a material contribution to putting man on the moon. At the same time, Jeter may be right; he is also a man who recently spent almost six months in the toils of the law, and who works in the knowledge that a slip of the tongue might mean a fine, imprisonment, and professional ruin. —John Brooks

•

The Wake Forest swimmers, with one win in their first three starts, return to action following the holidays at Winston-Salem Saturday afternoon against Duke. The Deacs have lost to N. C. State and Clemson while winning over South Carolina.

Somehow, America has bred a degree of human sympathy that is without parallel in the history of mankind.—*Elkin* (*N.C.*) *Tribune.*

Tell it to the Deacs.

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the Times*]

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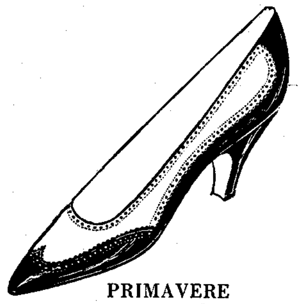

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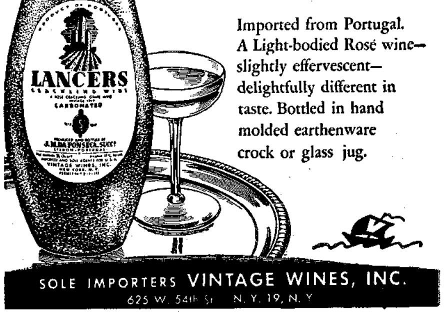

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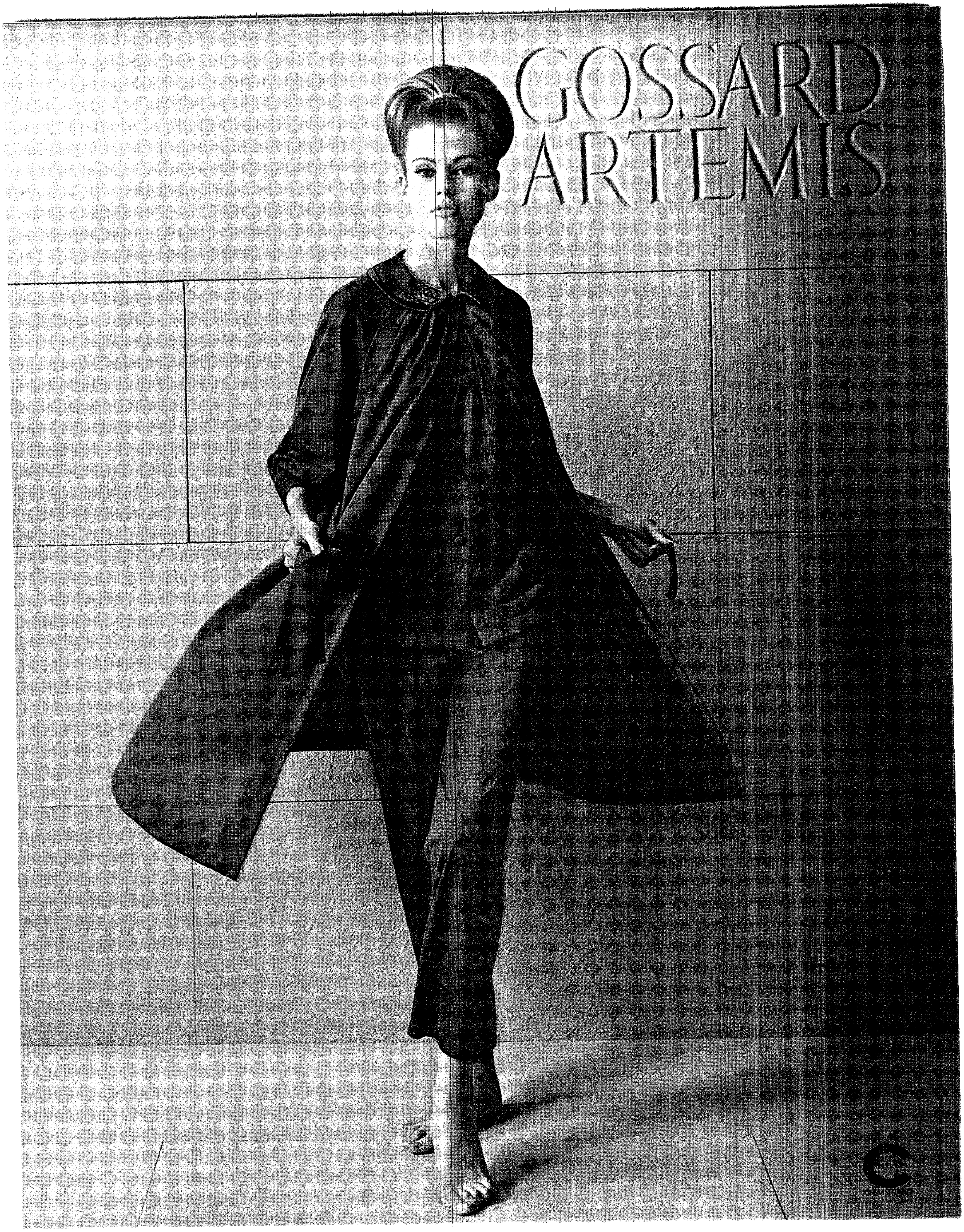

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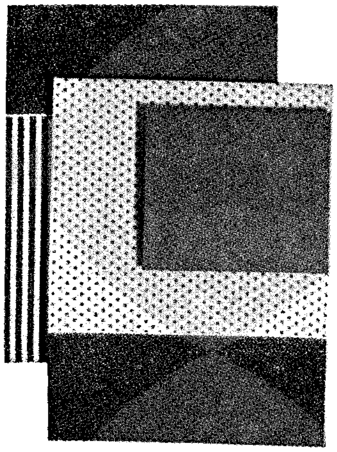
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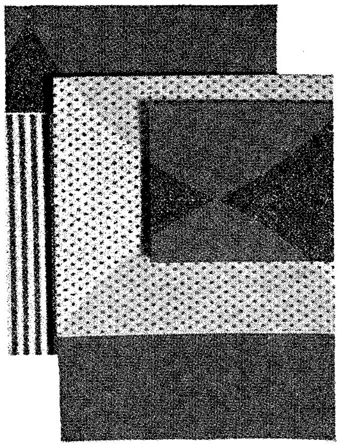
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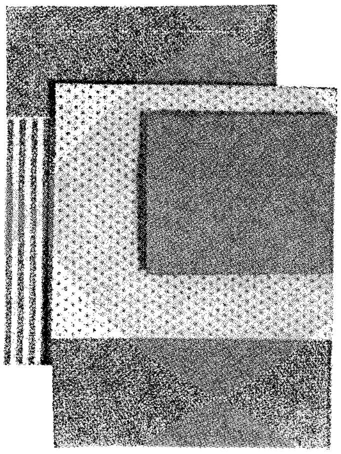
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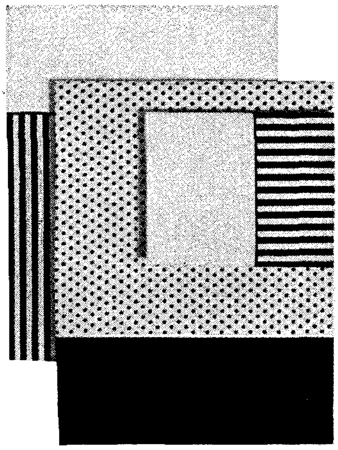
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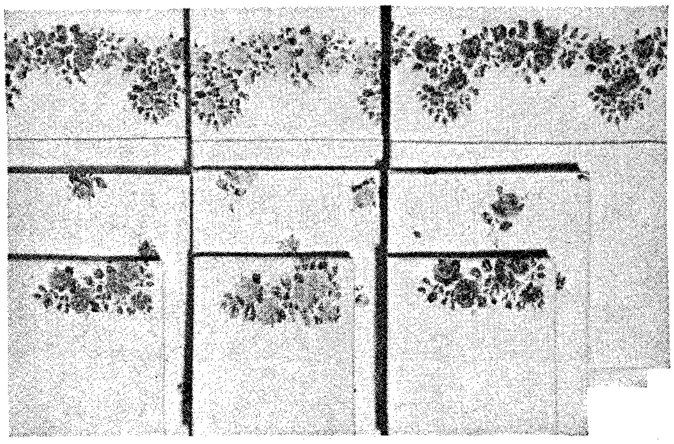
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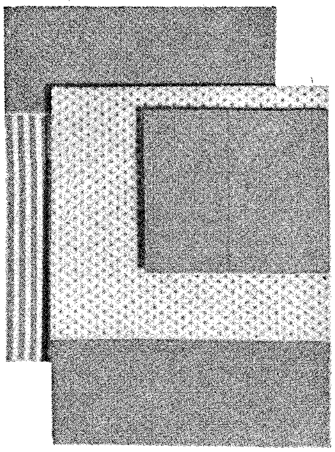
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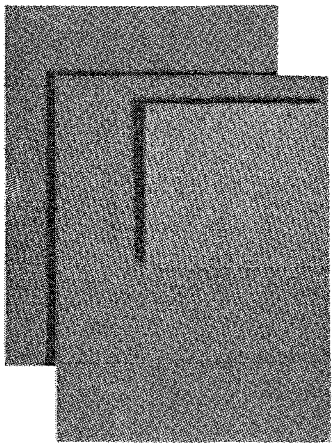
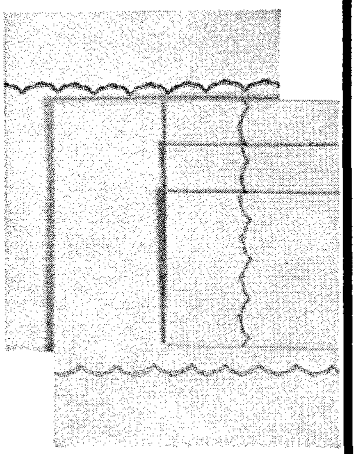

Deep fashion tones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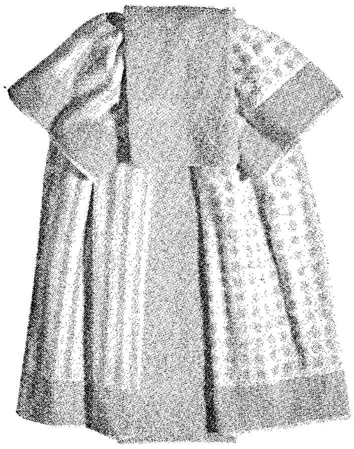
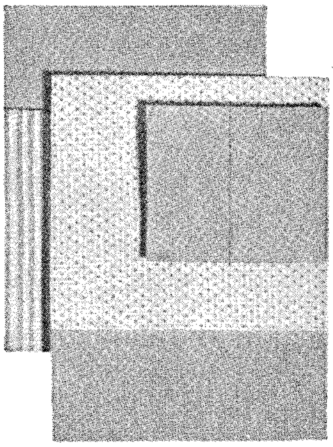

Stripes, dots, solids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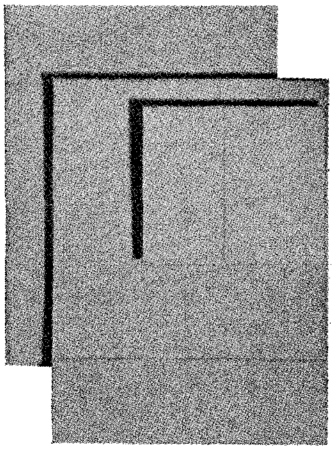
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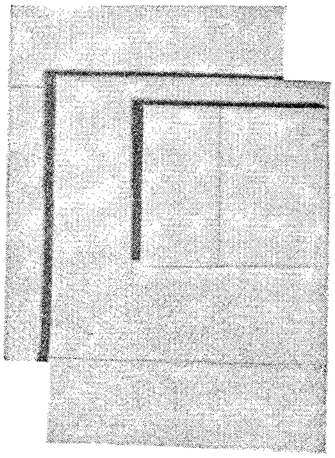
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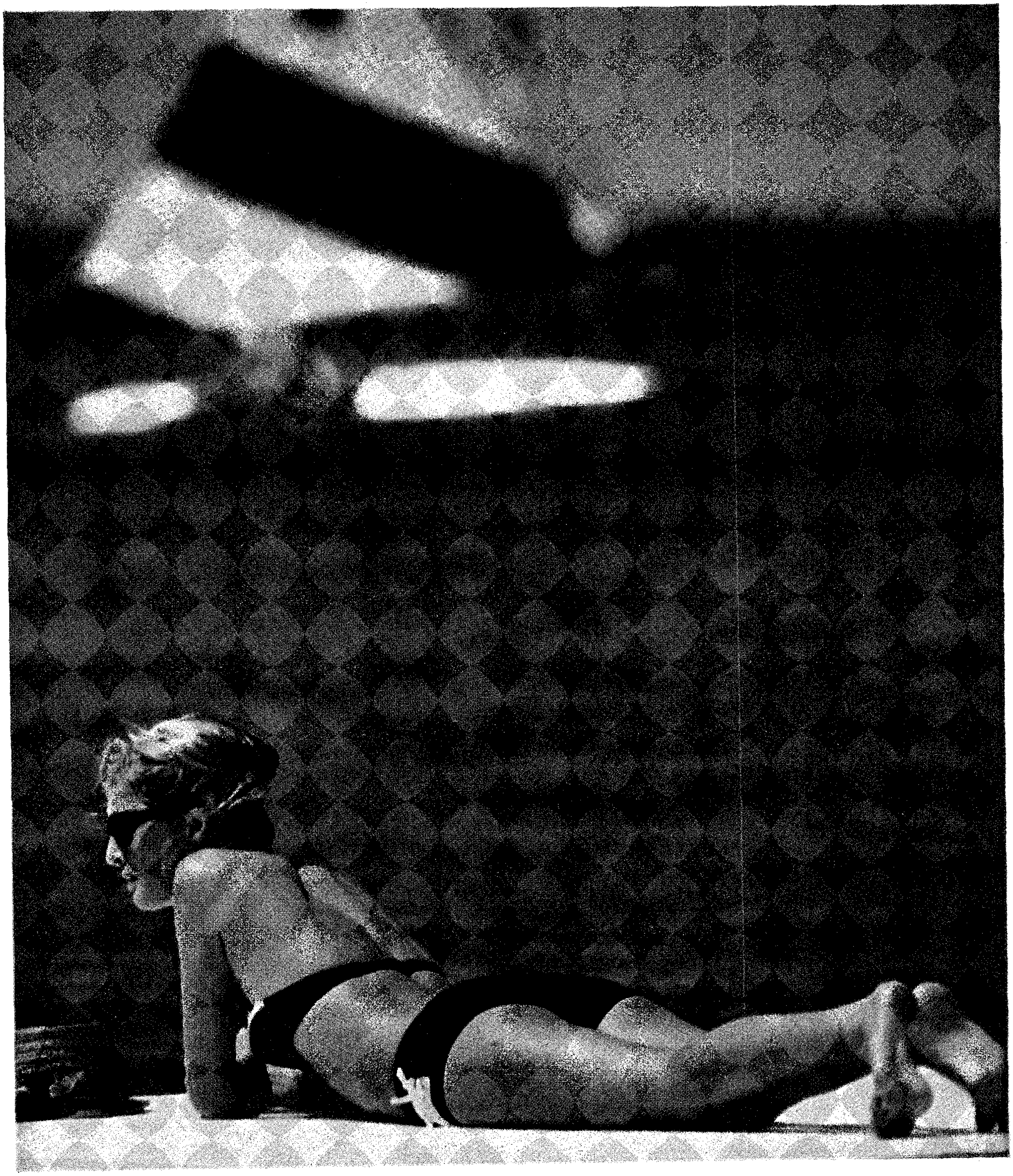

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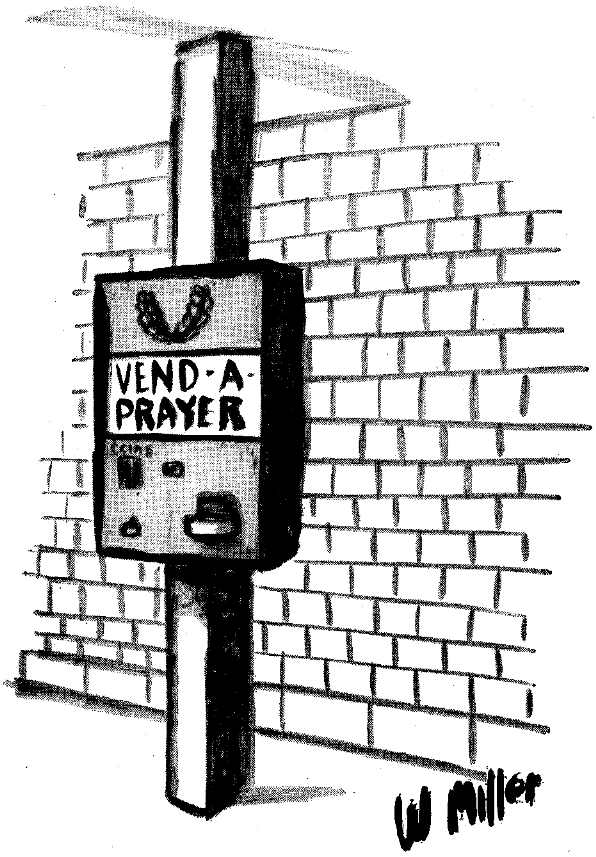
THE THEATRE

DURABLE DAME

SHAW once said something to the effect that it is a shame for youth to be wasted on the young; in "The Chinese Prime Minister," at the Royale, Enid Bagnold, a witty and perceptive septuagenarian, goes further, suggesting that even the time that age devotes to the young is wasted. To establish her point, Miss Bagnold introduces us to the ménage of an actress just about to turn seventy, which consists of a couple of sons, their wives, and a butler aged about a hundred. The actress, once the toast of Bloomsbury and still quite eminent in the London theatre, longs to lead a life of solitary dignity, released from familial obligations. The obligations in this case are rather formidable. Her favorite of the two sons is married to a lovely nymphomaniac, and the other, a bowler-umbrella-strictly-City type, has somehow got himself wedded to a zany girl who goes about in sweatshirt and pants, and occasionally takes a flyer at shoplifting because her husband keeps her on such a tight allowance. The butler, who is regarded as one of the family, is barely competent to boil an egg, and, to add to our heroine's difficulties, her spouse, who she has pretended is dead but who has actually been chasing about Arabia for twenty-nine years in some sort of slippery collaboration with an oil-rich sheik, returns to the nest. With all these people impinging upon her, the actress decides to have one last fling with her mate, but she finally winds up alone and as happy as Garbo in her solitude.

Miss Bagnold has a way with dialogue, and during part of the first act I was confident that she had achieved a fine variation on drawing-room comedy, but the play became a bit murky for me in the second act, even though the actors kept talking in sprightly style, and at the end of the piece I wasn't at all sure that Miss Bagnold's case had a very sound base. The acting throughout "The Chinese Prime Minister" is laudable, and Margaret Leighton, as the actress, performs with her usual authority, although she may seem a little too radiant for her years in this role. In the supporting cast are Alan Webb, who is the highly diverting butler, and John Williams, who is compelling as the heroine's husband. Numbered among the younger set are Peter Donat, Douglas Watson, Diane Kagan, Joanna Pettet, and James Olson. They are not completely overshadowed by their elders.

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS' "The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore," which was produced on Broadway a year ago without success, pulled into the Brooks Atkinson last week, but its latest stopover ended after five performances. Tallulah Bankhead played the aging actress (these old girls are becoming quite the thing) and Tab Hunter the beatnik poet with the rusty halo who represents the angel of death. Miss Bankhead was hoarse and unhappy, and Mr. Hunter was about as stimulating as the greasy-kid-stuff addict in that television commercial. Mr. Williams, I think, should be commended for following the adage that Bruce picked up from the spider, but, having tried and tried again, he perhaps had better move on to another theme.



"DOUBLE DUBLIN," a two-man revue from Ireland, closed at the Little Theatre recently after four performances. It featured John Molloy and Noel Sheridan, who did nothing to enhance the reputation for wit that the Irish like to be credited with.

—JOHN McCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Doing Pinter Proud

HAROLD PINTER has performed another comic feat in "The Lover," a one-act play originally written for television and now part of a twin bill at the Cherry Lane. A strange blend of the mysterious, the threatening, and the funny that is his alone, it is about a husband and wife, Richard and Sarah, who spend their mornings and evenings as the British suburban couple they really are, except that they talk a kind of high-comedy chitchat, deliberately stylized and oddly sinister ("Is your lover coming today?" "Mmm." "What time?" "Three"), and who spend their afternoons seducing each other. Richard, wearing a corduroy sports jacket and scratching and fingering bongo drums, becomes Sarah's lover, Max, and she, in a slinky black sheath and shoes with needle heels, becomes Richard's whore, Dolores. During most of the two days of the action, Richard seems to be the one in control, insisting on the iron rule of the game (no acknowledgment, even during off hours, that it is a game at all) and never letting Sarah for one instant off the patch of psychological quicksand on which all Pinter characters, including Richard himself, exist. The tension between them never snaps. Then, suddenly, on the second afternoon, he jilts the whore brutally, and later he forbids his wife to entertain her lover in his house. ("Sweet Richard," she pleads, under her breath, but he ignores her.)

"The Lover" at times may seem to be a slightly curdled parody of both "Private Lives" and "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?," but such echoes are the least of it. Pinter is a

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dramatic innovator. Here again is the Pinter menace (when Richard catches Sarah wearing her afternoon shoes in the evening, he is quietly frightening, and she is really frightened), and here again is the Pinter eloquence (when Richard dismisses the whore, the icy line "You're too bony" becomes the springboard for a wild, funny rhapsody on the joys of fat women). His use of language makes English sound as if it had been invented just for him.

As Richard-Max and Sarah-Dolores, Michael Lipton and Hilda Brawner are first-rate. Miss Brawner is an extremely pretty actress besides, in a Kay Kendall sort of way. Alan Schneider is the director, and William Ritman has transformed the stamp-size stage of the Cherry Lane into adequate and attractive living quarters for the characters.

All I can tell you about Samuel Beckett's brief "Play," the other half of the bill, is that it is an eccentric, almost lunatic rehash of an adulterous affair by three corpses up to their necks in large urns. The corpses are a man (Mr. Lipton), his wife (Frances Sternhagen), and his mistress (Marian Reardon). The actors wear dead-white makeups. Sometimes they whisper incomprehensibly in unison, but more often they talk one at a time. Some of the lines are rather amusing, and the actors do well with them. There may be more to "Play" than I got, but at the preview I saw, it ran second, as a kind of curtain-dropper, and I couldn't snap out of "The Lover" soon enough to concentrate on it.

"The Trojan Women," which is about small, personal disasters, could be considered a sort of interim piece between two major disasters—an epilogue to the Trojan War, just ended, and a prologue to the tragedy of Agamemnon and his children, which will shortly begin. Euripides made it simple, stingingly direct, and mournful, and Edith Hamilton, the American classicist who died a year or so ago, has translated it into the most beautifully direct, classic English. Her translation is the one that is used in the current production at the Circle in the Square, and this gives it much of its distinction. I have a few reservations about the production, under the direction of Michael Cacoyannis, but that, too, is always clear and often affecting.

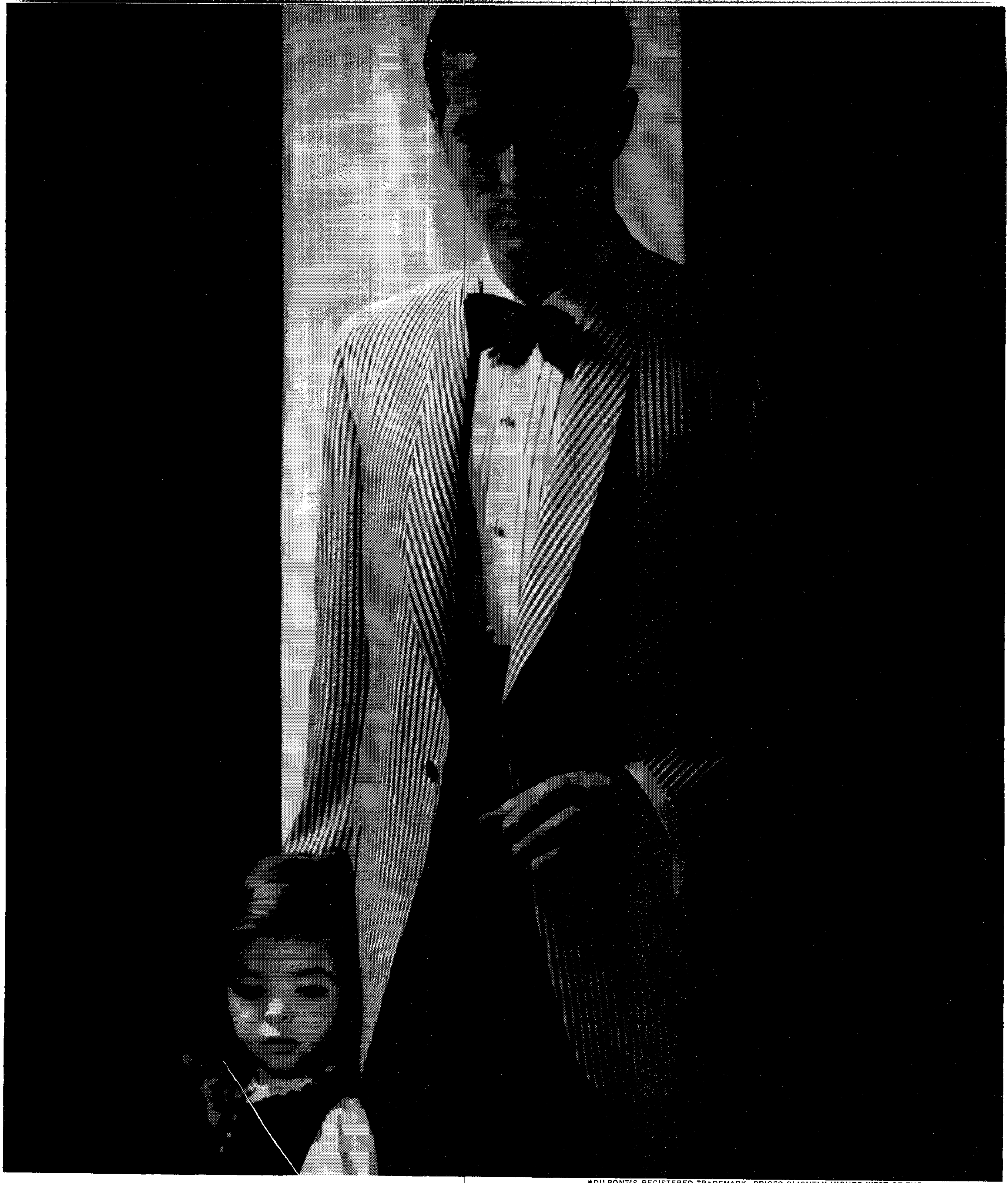
Mr. Cacoyannis has used the long arena stage of the theatre to good advantage. A platform at the end represents the walls of Troy, and a flight of steps leading up to it represents the gates of the city. The play opens in semi-darkness, and the characters appear first in silhouette on the platform and then below it. The chorus moves and speaks very well—the only Greek chorus I've ever seen that hasn't acted like a bunch of Barnard girls dressed up for their annual Games. Not one shade of meaning is lost in performance, and there are almost no dull stretches. What *is* missing is the nobility, which doesn't have to be high-flown or ranty, but which seems to me obligatory in classical tragedy. Mildred Dunnock's Hecuba, whatever its other merits may be, is never a great queen brought low. Jane White gives an empty performance as Helen, so that the confrontation of Helen, the cause of all the trouble, and Hecuba, its victim—which is, I think, the climax of the play—goes for almost nothing. The blond, slight Carrie Nye, as Cassandra, surely one of the tallest, darkest characters ever written, is a startling piece of casting, but Miss Nye is effective and often quite scary in her madness and grief. Joyce Ebert is a credible and touching Andromache, and Robert Mandan suggests well the wavering bluster of Menelaus. The actor who gives the most impressive performance is Alan Mixon, as the Greek Herald, a man of feeling whose job it is to break one piece of bad news after another, and who takes on himself the shame of his countrymen's heartless behavior. The star, though, is Euripides, the playwright who put his finger on the exact nature of war's senselessness: the victors become ignoble and spiteful, the defeated heroic (Cassandra's description of her brother Hector, and her cry "He died the best, a hero. Because the Greeks came, he died thus. Had they stayed home, we never would have known him," made for me the most poignant moment of the evening), and all the wrong people get hurt. He wrote the play in about 415 B.C., and it is a wonder that anyone has had the nerve to write another word on the subject.

—Edith Oliver

•

Tempe—Arizona State's Sun Devils dipped a hex-wrecking potion from a cauldron of Lorick foots and Jacobs paws, Kush incantations and a pinch of hate and fed a 35 to 6 dosage to tattered and torn Arizona here last night.—*Phoenix* (*Ariz.*) *Arizona Republic*.

Funny thing is, it started out as a football game.



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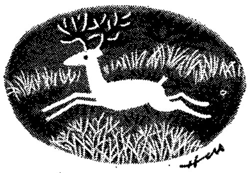
BACHELOR DAYS

HE was a married man, but his wife, an American, had left him in Florence to go and visit her mother, who was ill in Boston. To friends and relatives asking how long she would be away she had said a month or two; to him—perhaps more seriously than he thought at the time—that she would not come back. It was three months now since she had left. He had received two letters from her, about her mother and their baby daughter, whom she had taken with her, but never a word about returning. Little by little, he had reverted to a bachelor's life, using the kitchen of his apartment on the Arno only to make coffee and going out for meals. It was neighborhood restaurants he went to at first—small, half-empty places, where he ate alone. For a time, he avoided the artists' haunts where there were many more customers than tables and still one always found a seat. Going back to those would have been like going back to his unmarried years, and going back—whether it was to a place or a condition—always seemed a little sad. Yet soon he found the neighborhood restaurants almost as depressing as his kitchen, and one evening he went to a restaurant that was currently the town's most popular with artists. There were no vacant tables. At one, a dishevelled, buxom girl in a flannel shirt was sitting alone. He sat beside her. Her glass was empty; so was her wine decanter.



"May I offer you some wine?" he said in English, after the waiter had brought him half a litre.

"Why?" she said.

"Your glass is empty."

"Why?"

He looked at her. Was she crazy? Drunk? "You can only ask 'why?' a few times, and soon you find no answer," he said.

"Why?" she said, emptying her glass.

Not crazy, he thought—drunk. Not sober, anyway.

Gradually, he was able to get a few more words out of her—words like "all right" and "no" and "yes"—and by the end of the meal a whole sentence: "If you are nice, I'll take you to the villa."

"What villa?"

"Where my friends live, and I sometimes. They're artists."

They left together. "Let's go and have a cup of coffee," he said outside the restaurant. "There's a café."

But she would have no coffee. She took him by the hand and led him to a little wineshop. The man there knew her and liked her. And really it was hard not to—she looked kind and good, broad, Franciscan. And she was terribly young—twenty, perhaps twenty-one.

"I have a car," he said. "Come, let's drive to the villa."

On their way to the car they met a hunchback. She embraced him. The scrawny little man seemed overwhelmed. He kissed her fingers as though she were his savior. "He plays the guitar at the *trattoria*," she said.

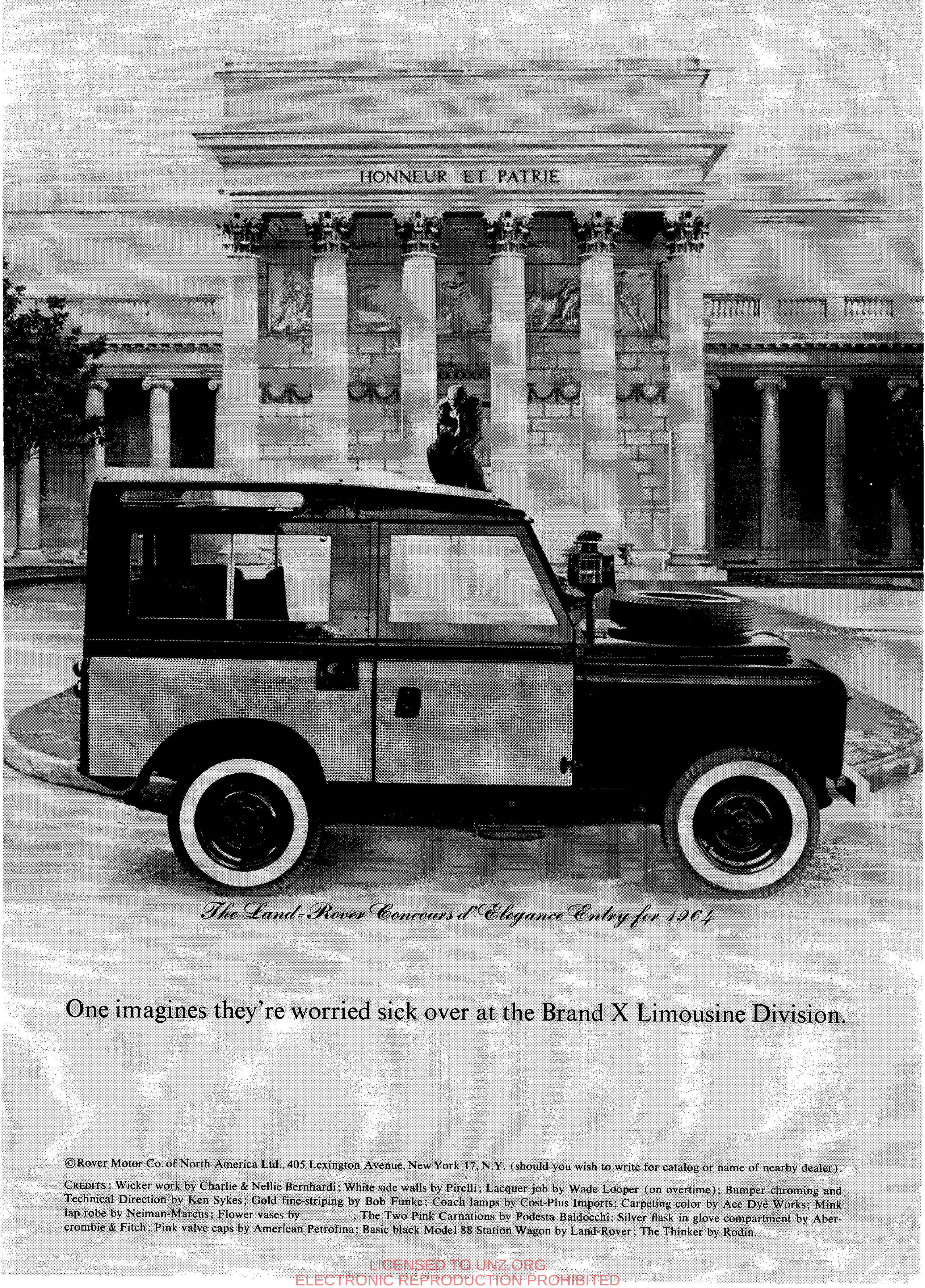
They reached the car. Up the river and out of town they went, he following her directions and wondering where they would end up. Probably nowhere, he thought; she has drunk too much wine to know the way. But she hadn't. Without missing a turn, she led him to the villa—an old, long house on a hill, quite isolated.

"Oh, J. J.," a tall young man said, opening the door. His hair, which was red, curled upward from his head like flames. He had the calm, serious look of an Indian chief.

Inside, in a large, half-darkened room, a girl almost as buxom as J. J., but sober and firmer, greeted them without getting up from a chair. From the far side of the room came the notes of a hillbilly song played on a guitar by another tall young man, blond and with a mustache. Now and then he ran a few words of song into the music. Chicago was all right, the song went, so were Detroit, Philadelphia, and New York, but none could compare with Abilene.

He was offered a glass of red wine in an old cup, all chipped along the rim. The red-haired boy and the buxom girl showed him their paintings. They were so pleased with his comments that they ran what they called a "movie" for him. The boy unwound a roll of paper on which he had drawn the progress of a horse and carriage. He passed it in front of a candle. The girl wound it onto another roll. The guitarist accompanied the movement, now quick, now slow. It lasted about three minutes. At the end, he—the only spectator apart from J. J.—applauded.

It was past eleven o'clock, but not too late for callers. An emaciated-looking man in his late forties came, then a couple—Bruno, an agile young man in a suède windbreaker, and Beryl, a girl in a neat suit, with her hair done up. They had been working till late—Bruno at a newspaper, the girl teach-



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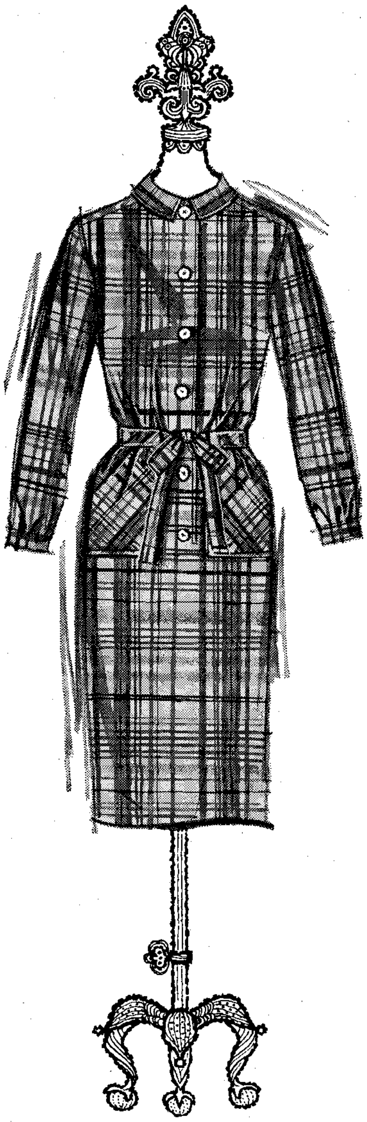
PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.



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ing—and they had come to savor the atmosphere. They were spectators, like himself.

Around one o'clock, he left with J. J., who said she wanted to sleep downtown, and the middle-aged man. "Stop!" this man yelled to him as he backed the car toward a wall, a safe distance away. "You don't know how to drive!" he shouted in a very loud voice a minute later, on the road.

"What have I done?"

"Drive with both hands," he said.

After that, sensing madness in the man, he drove slowly and took care to keep both hands on the steering wheel. "Where can I drop you?" he asked, as they reached town.

"Oh, I am going to buy you a drink," the man said, his mood improved by the three miles of careful driving.

They went to a brightly lit café near the center of town. J. J. was well known there. Suddenly, as they were talking, a rough, brawny man came over to the table and looked at him fiercely, aggressively. He was J. J.'s boy friend, a local character. He left her with the boy friend and went home.

He met the crowd again—the whole crowd, plus a few others—two or three nights later, at the restaurant favored by artists. Again he went to the villa. J. J., he found, supported nearly all of them. She paid the rent for the villa and for a studio in town. Her father was an American millionaire. Her boy friend had recently owned a restaurant and had gone broke because he gave too many free meals to his friends. The blond guitar player had left Harvard after his third year. The red-haired boy and the buxom girl lived together, almost man and wife.

Again he left around one o'clock. A girl drove with him, a very sleepy girl, almost inarticulate, in blue jeans and a fluffy sweater. Nearing his home, he asked her if she would like to come up and have a cup of coffee with him, but she told him that she was engaged. "I write to him twice a day," she said.

He saw one or another of the crowd quite often from then on, and once he invited them all to lunch in his apartment. But the girls he liked liked someone else better. He wished he could find someone unattached.

FOR lunch, he began going to a modern, busy pizzeria. One day, a slim girl with an oval face, large eyes, and hair streaming halfway down her back was sitting a few seats away from him at the counter. Though this place wasn't especially frequented by artists, she must be one, he thought. She looked

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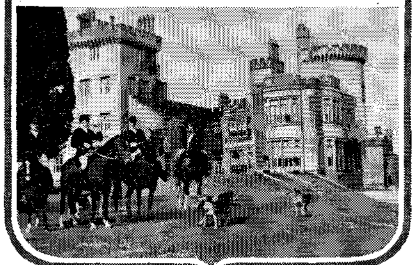

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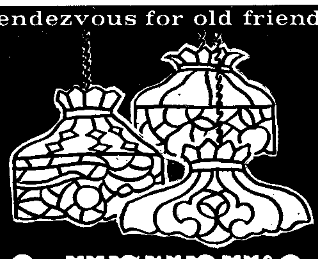

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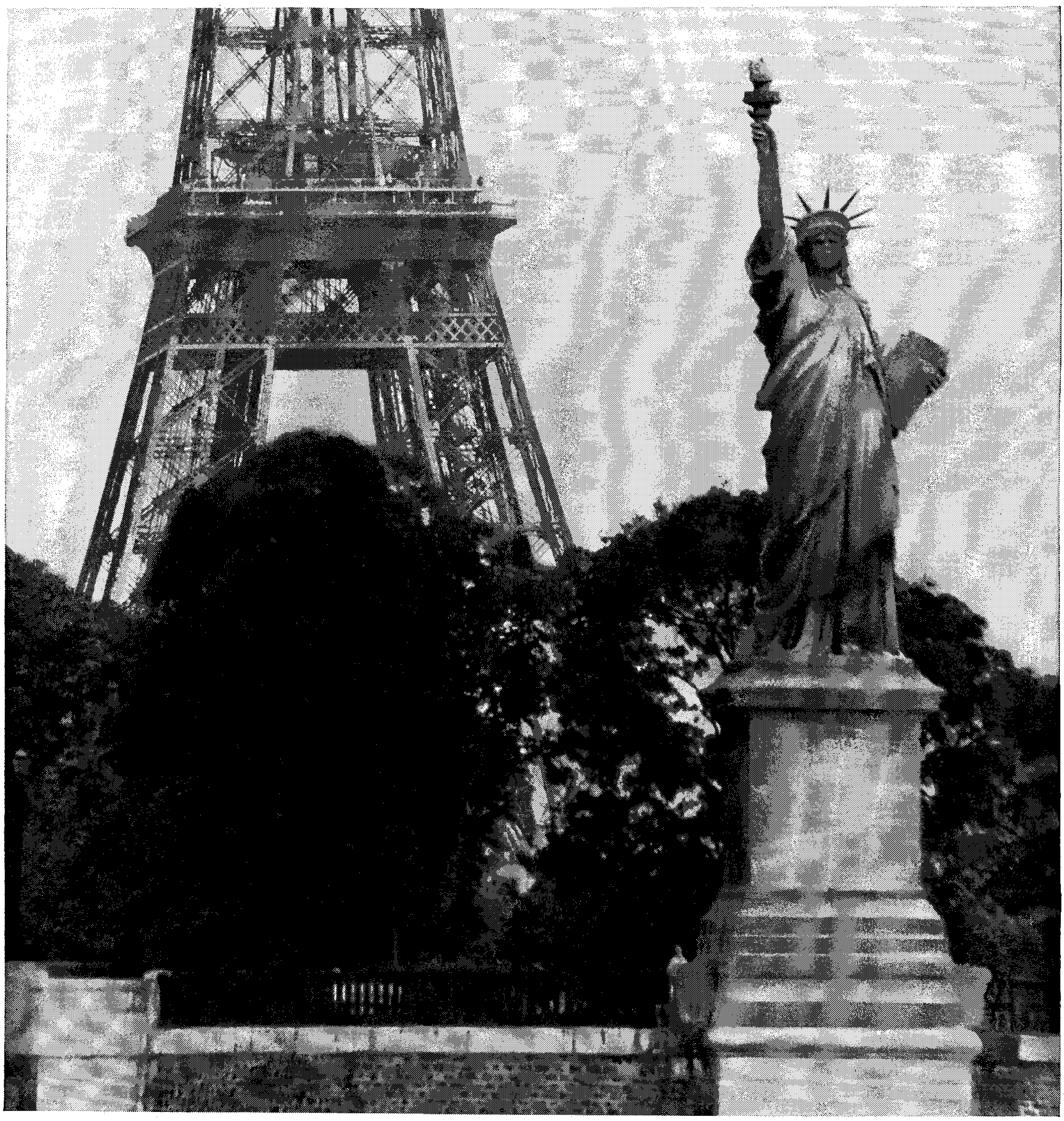

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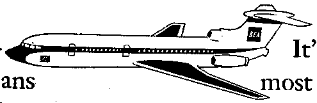

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the dress-dress

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it. The next day, he happened to glance up toward the counter from a table, and there she was again, sitting where she had sat before. Even without seeing her face, it was easy to recognize her from her long brown hair. It covered her shoulders like a shawl. On the way out, from the door, he looked at her again. Perhaps she came here every day. Now he must, too.

He didn't see her there the next day, or the day after. But on the afternoon of that second day, while he was sitting in an armchair at the U.S.I.S. library reading a magazine, she came in. Sleek, in tight black trousers and black sweater, she picked up a copy of the New York *Times*, and, without looking at him, sat in an armchair opposite.

The printed page blurred under his eyes, the words wandering as though he couldn't hold them. He must talk to her. He must say something, now that chance—its magic hand—had led them here.

She read with unremitting attention, minute after minute. If she would only pause, stop for a moment. But no, she just read on; sometimes she turned a page. He didn't want to interrupt her, but at last it seemed to him that he had to. "We were at the same restaurant a few days ago," he said.

She didn't look up, though it was clear he was talking to her—there was no one else close by. At last, she did.

"At the pizza place near San Lorenzo," he added.

Well, what of it, her glance seemed to say. "Yes," she answered.

"Are you a painter?" he asked.

She nodded without looking at him, then went back to her paper.

His gaze froze on the magazine. After two minutes, he rose. "Goodbye," he said, going past her. She didn't answer. She just continued reading, and he left.

That evening, he was going to have dinner with some of his friends. Bruno and Beryl, who had a car, called him from downstairs, and he went to meet them. And there *she* was, in the front seat of the car, laughing.

"This is Phyllis," Bruno said.

"We've met before," he said.

"I was just telling them I was so rude to a man this afternoon, when you appeared."

"You weren't rude."

"It was just that I didn't feel like talking to anyone."

"You were so absorbed in that newspaper. I felt like asking you a question on the foreign situation."

More friends joined them. In three

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cars, they drove to a distant restaurant, out in the country. Two tables were brought together to make one long one. Without an effort on his part, he was seated beside Phyllis.

"What makes this place so nice," he said, "is the miles that separate it from town—the distance from it." He went on talking about the value of distance. Favored by chance, exhilarated by the wine, he talked more than he had in a long time. In the library, four hours before, words had been so scarce. Now she had both words and tender glances for him. Not as tender, he noticed, as for Bruno, who was sitting two chairs down. Still, this was his evening—the conversation was liveliest at his corner of the table. At one point, it turned to painting. Phyllis said a gallery downtown had five of her water colors.

"Dear Phyllis, excuse me if I ask you, but how much are you selling them for?" another painter, a man who had lived most of his life in Paris and had the air of a connoisseur, asked.

"Twenty-five dollars each."

"A moderate price," the Parisian painter said.

"I'll buy one," he broke in. "Tomorrow morning, I'll go there first thing. I'll buy one even if I shouldn't like them. Oh, but I am sure I will."

She laughed. It was a pleasure to see her and to hear her. He ordered some more wine. "This is on me," he said.

"What do you do?" she asked, intrigued at last.

"I scribble," he told her. "Trace imaginary forms."

After dinner, he invited everyone to his apartment. Some came. The Parisian painter kept leaning over toward Phyllis, trying to kiss her. Another painter, a girl with a beatific smile, sat and said nothing, her contentment as stable as a statue's. As they left, he asked Phyllis if she would have dinner with him the next day.

"I'll meet you at the pizzeria," she said.

He woke up toward dawn, when the effects of the wine had waned, and thought about the water color he had promised to buy. He wished he hadn't. Still, a promise was a promise. He would go to the gallery as soon as the stores opened. Get it over. Perhaps she painted well. Her face did have a certain light, her words and ways a certain spontaneity.

There was a salesgirl at the gallery. She said the material was being rearranged and she didn't know where Phyllis's water colors were. He left, not too dissatisfied, and in the eve-

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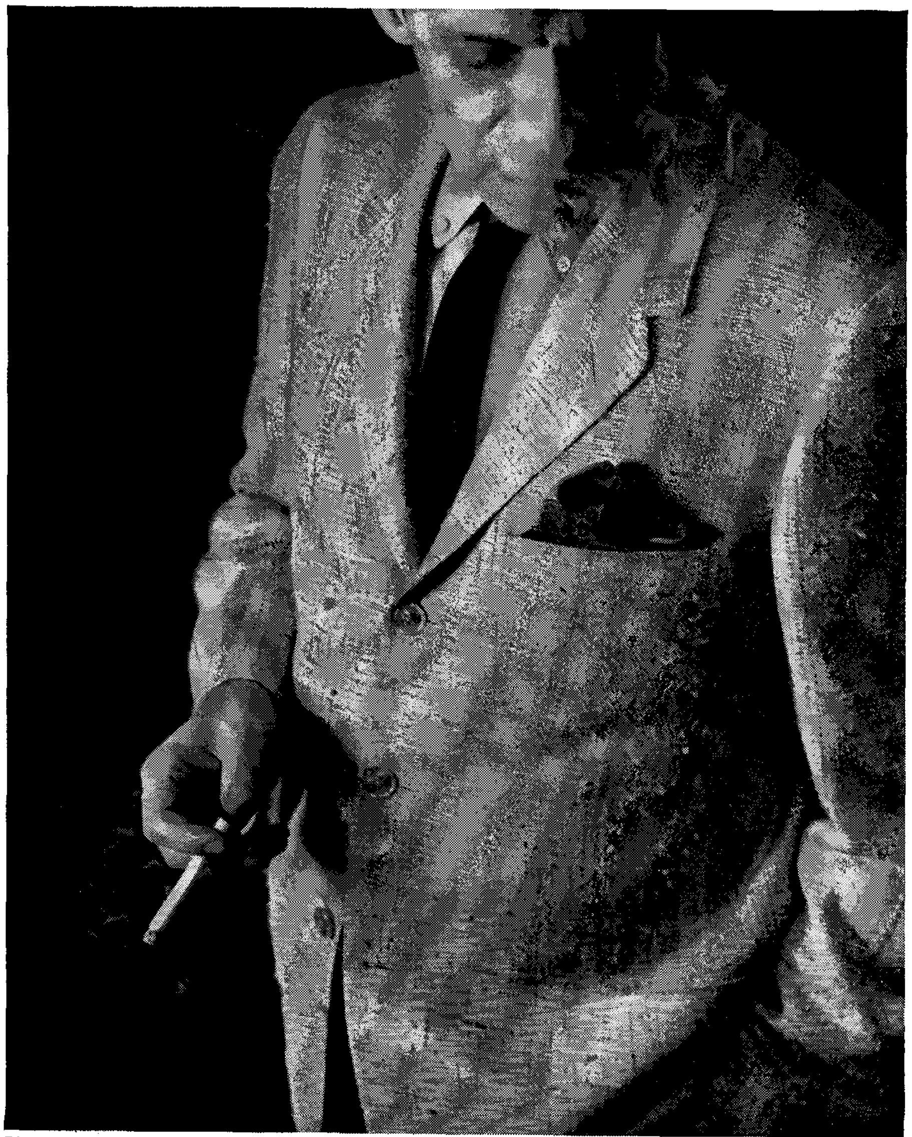

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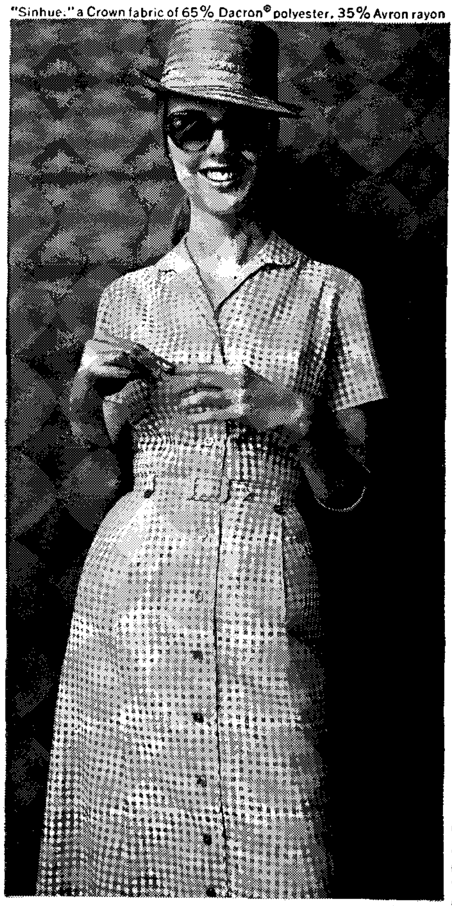

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ning told Phyllis what the girl had said.

"The owner is a man; he'll show them to you."

"I'll have to go back there again."

Talking to her, he soon learned that she loved Bruno. "I knew it," he said, "from the glances that you gave him." Wistfully, he looked at her long hair, at her shoulders. Later, in the car, facing the lighted city from a terrace, he leaned toward her, and she turned away.

He didn't often have dinner alone now. His new-found friends called at his apartment every day. They came in company, like fishes, and he served them drinks. Had he reverted to the life of a bachelor completely? No, he was even more married than before—he needed them, to fill the empty apartment, the void that had been left. Sometimes, when the din they made was at its highest, he would hear not the guitar, not the hillbilly songs, not the flamenco music or their laughter but his wife's voice singing to the baby. Then he would drift out of the crowded room, away from the music to the terrace. There, under the stars, the distances on earth reduced themselves till they were almost nonexistent, negligibly small.

He showed Phyllis two of his sketches. She said she was a little disappointed. He smiled at her sincerity, but his pride was hurt. He asked himself why he should buy her painting.

Her apartment was in a small new house off a tiny garden. One afternoon, he went to pose for a portrait she wanted to do of him. In the kitchen, which she used for painting, her canvases, most of them still blank, leaned against the walls. There was a good drawing of Bruno, and some landscapes done with a quick but not very light hand. And there was a messy figure of a nude.

She tacked a large piece of paper to a board, stood back, glanced at him, then bounced forward. Repeatedly, she struck the paper with a stick of charcoal, bounced back to look at him, then again went forward to the board as though to a target. Back to look at him, to pick a vulnerable point, and then a forward lunge to strike the board. In a few minutes, the sketch for the portrait was done. Immediately, she started painting on a canvas—started pounding on it with her brushes. Now, too, there was a lot of footwork; breathless, she bounded back and forth. Was it a pose? Was she posing? No, he didn't think so. It was genuine enough, that passion. In a half hour, the portrait was finished.

He looked at the battered image of himself. He felt she had boxed with it

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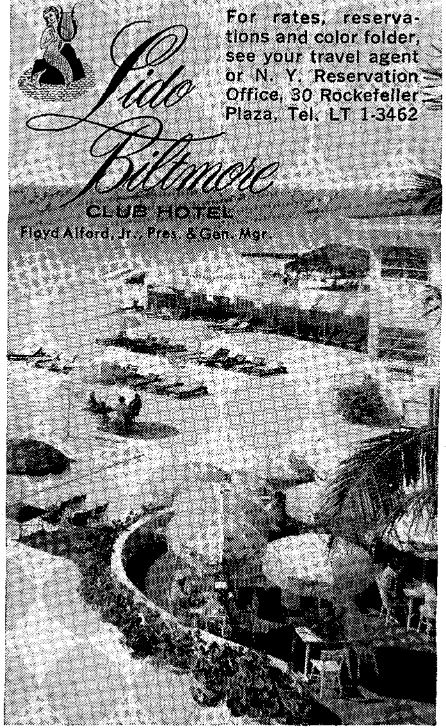

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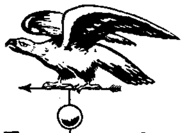

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and knocked it out. He seemed at least ten years older, and flabby and paunchy, limp—heavy from head to foot. The charcoal sketch was better; at least, it was lightened by the semblance of a smile. But the painting was ugly. Is that how she sees me, he thought. No wonder she doesn't love me. He remembered another portrait, done of him eight years before by a sculptress whom he loved. She had worked gently; each touch had been like a caress, and a delicate image had come out.

Phyllis's taste differed widely from his. In matters of food, too. In restaurants, she must have her steaks rare, and dishes that he never ordered—snails, tripe, brains. She kept talking of roast pheasant. Pheasants—they had crossed his path in woods, their brown feathers blending with the dead chestnut leaves, agile in their walk and beautiful in flight. One had once taken off almost from his feet, and what a sound the wings had made. He watched its darting flight up to where the leaves of the chestnut were green. He saw green feathers, quite as green and as brilliant as the leaves. This girl, he thought, disappoints me more and more.

She went on disappointing him one weekend when he took her and several other friends to his family's home out in the country. "I would have hated to grow up here," she said while he was showing her to her bedroom, off a dark passage.

Yet he continued to see her. He liked her pale, oval face and her large, humid eyes, so full of wonder. They promised passion. And her long hair had cast a spell on him.

One day, there was a party in the studio of a painter who lived on the Cathedral Square. They danced to records of Tchaikovsky's music. "You are the best dancer I have ever danced with," she said to him, her arm suddenly tightening around him, and he, who had never thought much of his dancing, was amazed.

"It's the music," he said.

"It's not dance music."

"What is dance music?"

Outside the windows was the white cathedral, reflecting light into the darkened room. Inside, the painter's canvases were all studies of the cathedral—its dark green and weathered white and many shades of rose; the green framing the white, the clever interspersion of the rose.

HIS wife had now been gone nearly four months. One morning, he received a cable. She was coming

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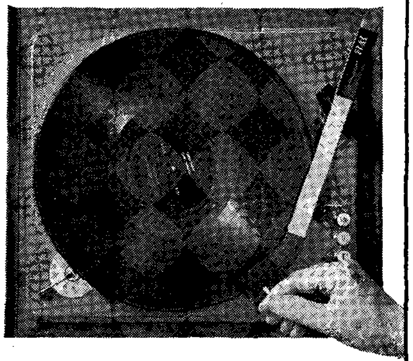

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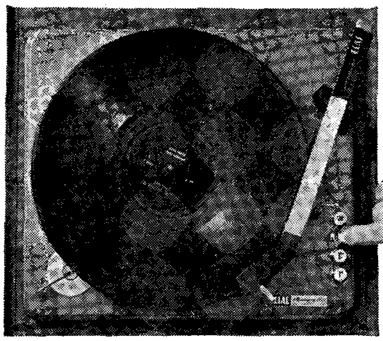

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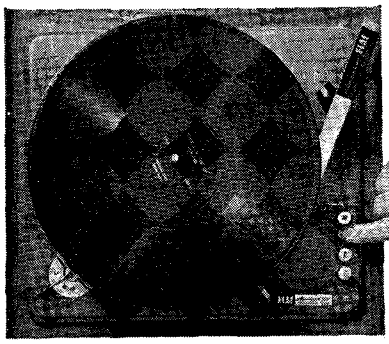

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back. He was to meet her at the airport the next day. Before leaving, he had lunch with Phyllis, Bruno, and Beryl. Beryl asked him how old he was. She had asked him that before, and he had refused to answer. Now he told them. "I am thirty-eight," he said.

There was a moment's silence. He could see that they had thought him younger. They were still in their twenties. Phyllis was only twenty-five. "About our age," Bruno said, and Beryl nodded.

Suddenly he felt much older than they were. And what was he doing with them? He had a family—a little girl in the arms of her mother in an airplane.

"Is it all over?" Phyllis said, after lunch, walking with him down the street. They were holding hands. Beryl and Bruno trailed some steps behind.

"You don't love me anyway."

"I'm beginning to."

"Because my wife is coming back?"

She laughed. "Will I like your wife?"

"I don't know. My wife is rather jealous."

He was a few minutes late at the airport. Wife and child were outside, waiting—the little girl in a green coat and hat, her curls four months longer than when he last had seen her, and his wife looking strangely pretty, prettier than the girls he had gotten to know during her absence.

Phyllis, Bruno, Beryl, and, later, J. J. and the guitarist came to meet his wife the day after her return. "How do you like my friends?" he asked her after they had left.

"Your friends!" she said.

"You don't like them."

She didn't answer.

"You don't like them, do you?"

"Yes, I do."

Two days later, Phyllis gave a party. His wife said she was too tired to go, but he thought he should at least make an appearance.

In the white, boxlike rooms of her apartment, people were dancing to some silly record. Most of the people there were new to him. J. J. wasn't there, or the guitarist. The red-haired young man and his girl had left for New York a week before. He danced with Phyllis. But he couldn't dance, not to this music. "You see, it was Tchaikovsky," he said.

"Will you buy my water color?" she said.

"Yes, I'll go to the gallery tomorrow," he said, without enthusiasm.

He left soon. Home, he found his wife waiting for him in the hall, in her

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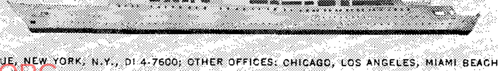

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"Take this, Susan," he whispered, as their paths crossed on the stairs, "but please don't read it now." Blushing furiously, she thrust the note into the pocket of her Cos Cob smock-shift, a festive patchwork of imported, bleeding madras, each patch individually seamed. Jr. Petite sizes 3-13. About $15 at fine stores everywhere.

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dressing gown. For a few moments, she kept silent and stared at him, then she dashed for the door and rushed downstairs. He caught up with her three flights down. With difficulty, he managed to persuade her to come back up with him.

"Imagine going out and leaving me and the baby all alone at night only three days after we've come back," she said.

"I won't go out and leave her any more," he told himself, exhausted. "It isn't worth it."

The next day, hesitantly, he told his wife about the water color. "I had drunk a lot of wine," he said.

"Do you like her painting?"

"Not really, but I promised."

"And she's holding you to it?"

"It's only twenty-five dollars."

"She has plenty of money. Plenty. She wears a thirty-dollar cashmere sweater."

"She needs the encouragement. I've heard her speak of suicide more than once."

He went to the gallery without saying anything more. The owner was there this time. He spread the five water colors on a table. "Expressionist," Phyllis had called them. There were vague figures, splashes of color, color that had dripped down to the bottom margin. Were they spontaneous? Or were they deliberately spontaneous? He didn't know. He only knew they were done very quickly. Perhaps she had taken less than a minute for each one. He bought one, and went home with it rolled up.

A day or two later, he told his wife he had bought it.

"Let's see it," she said.

She didn't like it. He didn't hang it up.

In their apartment there wasn't any more the din of parties, the sound of guitars, flamenco music, or hillbilly songs. Early in the morning, there was the sound of a little girl running barefoot to his room. —ARTURO VIVANTE

•

OUR HUNGRY EDITORS

[Prospectus for a new magazine called Limbo, to be published by the faculty of the University of Vancouver]

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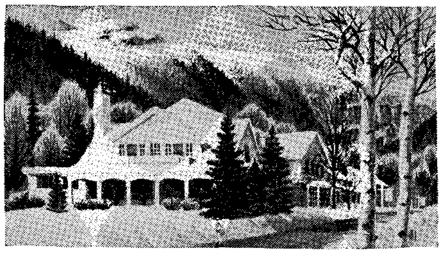

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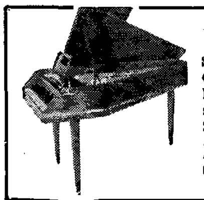

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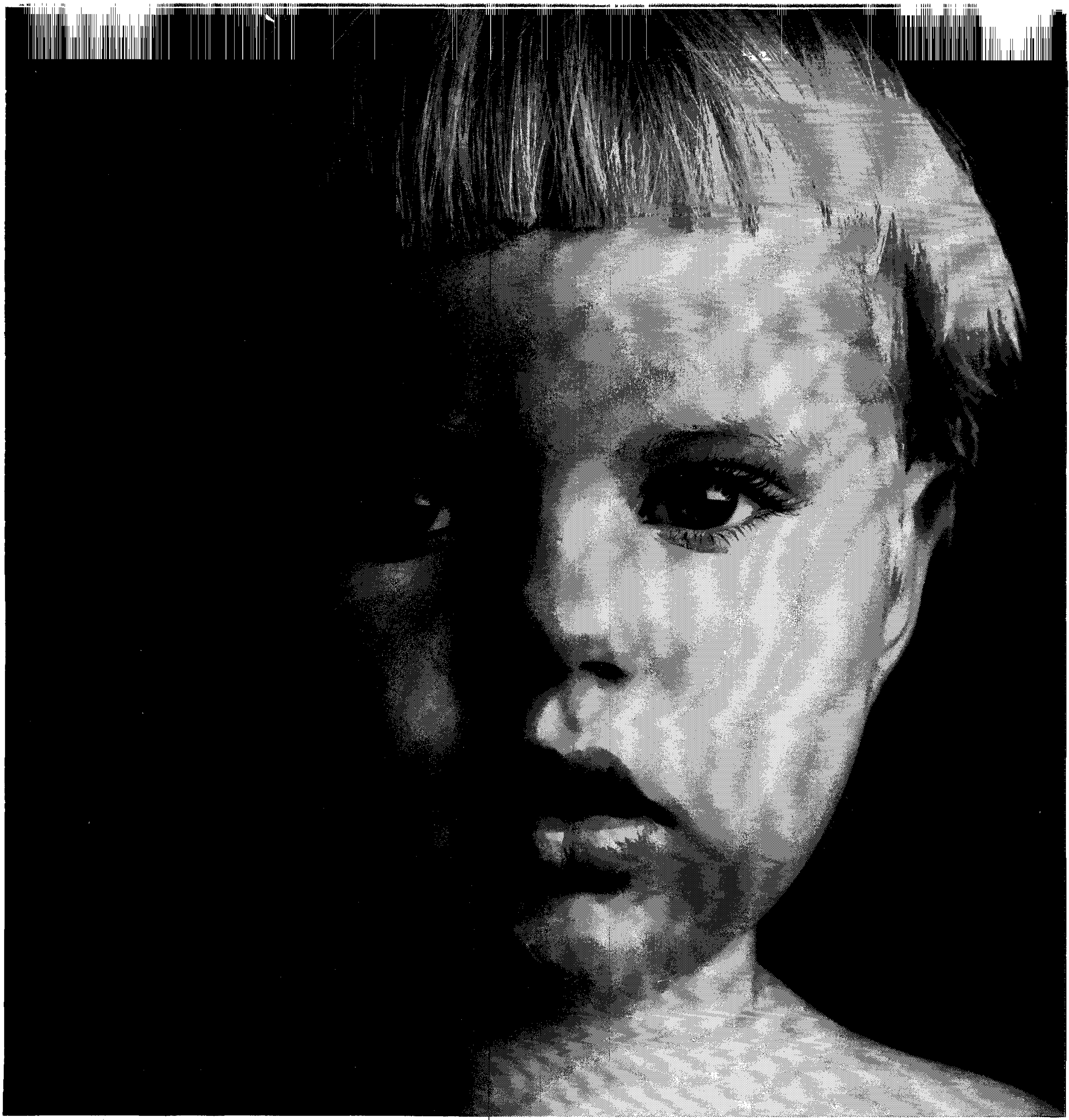

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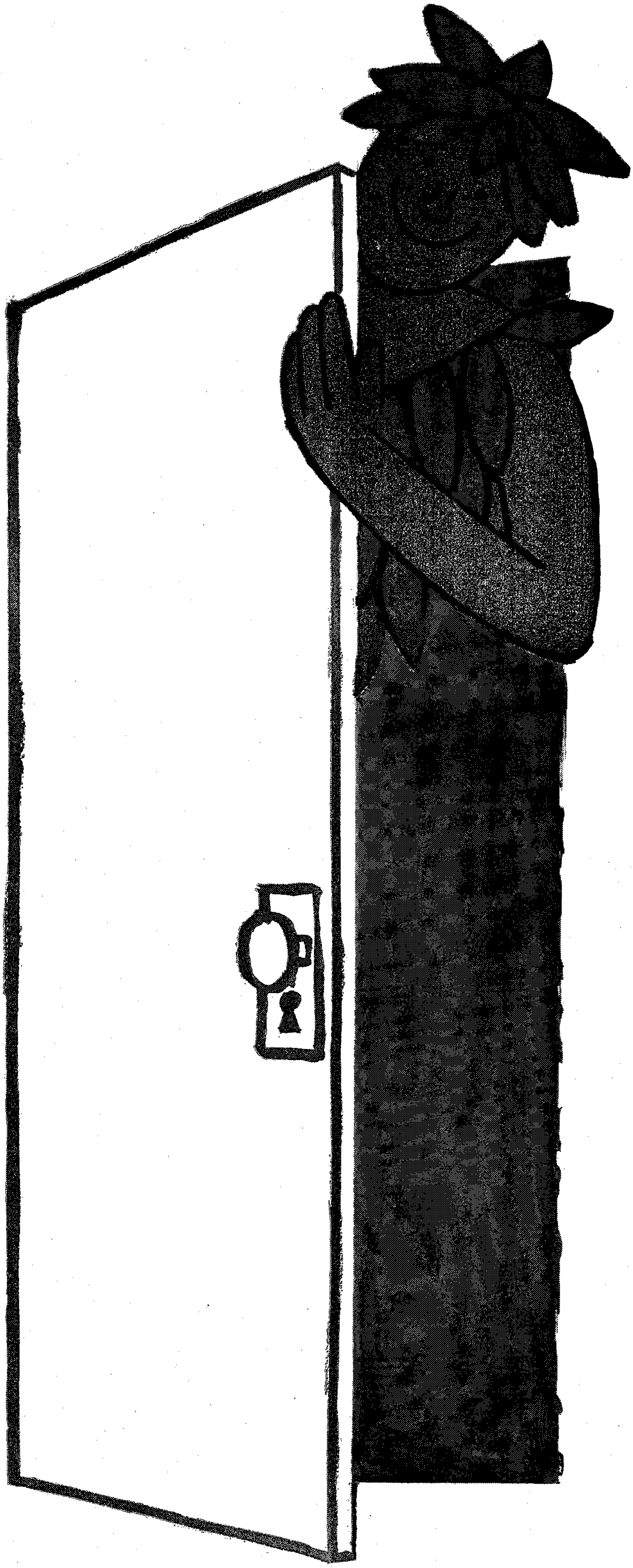

Better Mousetrap Dept.

Once when the Green Giant was a mere slip of a giant, his Uncle Augbert just happened to mention that if you built a better mousetrap, the world would beat a path to your door.

Being young and rather impressionable, and also rather lonesome at the time, the Green Giant thought this was a splendid idea. Having people dropping in on him quite appealed to him. But he also thought, "Why can't I grow some better vegetables... maybe this would work as well as a mousetrap." Uncle Augbert, you see, having pretty well convinced him that he had the mousetrap situation under control.

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The world liked this corn very much — even Uncle Augbert liked it. And now the Green Giant has a well-worn path to his door. Which is nice because he does like people.

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Good things from the garden

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Gourmet Cooking with Vegetables

See what elegant dishes you can whip up with a bit of imagination, a can opener, and those fine Green Giant Brand vegetables. Fifty-two more recipes like these are in the *Easy Gourmet Vegetable Cook Booklet,* by James A. Beard, which you can get free by sending your name and address to: Green Giant Company, Box 131, Le Sueur, Minnesota.

Gaucho Corn Pudding

2 eggs, slightly beaten
½ cup heavy cream
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon cracked black pepper
½ cup coarse dry bread crumbs
One 17-oz. can Green Giant Brand Golden Cream Style Corn
Four 1-oz. slices Swiss cheese, cut in strips
4 slices crisp fried bacon, crumbled

Combine eggs with cream and seasonings. Stir in bread crumbs and corn. Place in greased 8-inch square casserole. Top with cheese strips and crumbled bacon. Bake in preheated moderate oven (350°) about 25 minutes. Yield: *4 to 5 servings.*

Peas Italiano

One 17-oz. can Green Giant Brand Sweet Peas, drained
One 4½-oz. jar sliced mushrooms, drained
One 8-oz. can tomato sauce
¼ teaspoon garlic salt
⅛ teaspoon basil
3 slices crisp fried bacon, crumbled

Combine peas, mushrooms, tomato sauce and seasonings. Place in greased 1-quart casserole. Top with crumbled bacon. Bake in preheated moderate oven (350°) about 20 minutes. Yield: *4 to 5 servings.*

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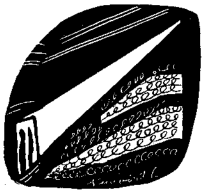
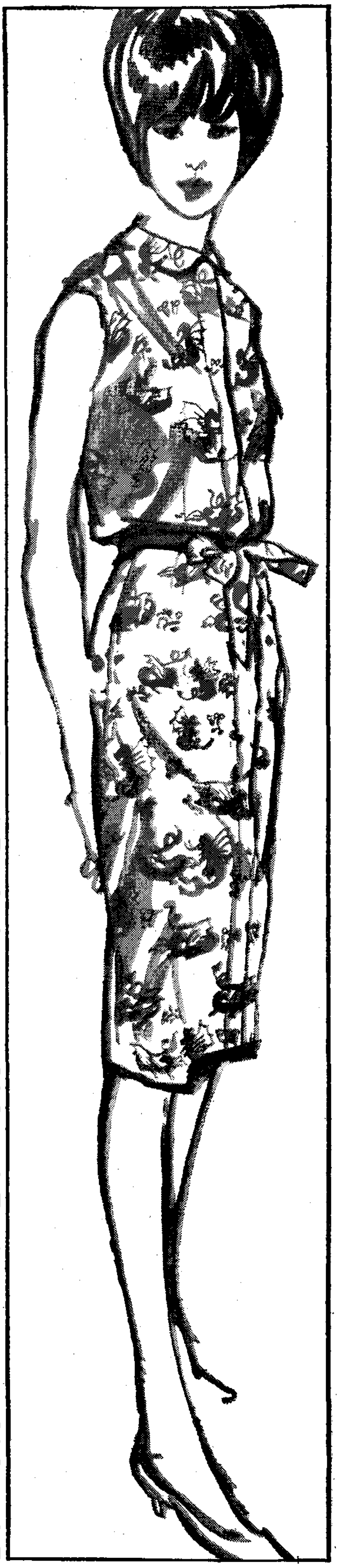
THE CURRENT CINEMA

East Lynne Revisited



IN the light of the current movie vogue for titillating titles—if a screened version of "Othello" were to arrive this year, it would almost certainly be called "Fun with a Pillow"—one must be grateful to "Love with the Proper Stranger" for its semantic decorum, especially since its subject matter is of a fairly lurid nature. A virtuous Macy's salesgirl, flower of a stern Italian-immigrant family in New York, passes an experimental weekend in the Catskills, in the course of which she makes love for the first time. Her momentary companion, whose name she scarcely knows, is a hardboiled young musician, also from New York and also, it turns out, of Italian-immigrant background. Against all the medical odds but in the best Victorian tradition, the poor thing finds herself pregnant as a result of this single fall from grace, and the picture opens with her breaking the news of her troubles to the musician, not in order to have him do the gentlemanly thing of marrying her, or even of acknowledging the paternity of the child, but in order to have him give her the name of a likely abortionist. The young man agrees to do so, and much of the picture is devoted to the difficulty of making arrangements for the operation and of fending off the girl's morbidly suspicious relatives. Now, since "Love with the Proper Stranger" is a fairy tale—the girl is surely a wealthy princess in disguise and Macy's her labyrinthine castle—it would be unconscionable to let us entertain the slightest doubt of an eventual happy ending; brought face to face with the wicked witch who is to perform the abortion, the young man rebels and, however grudgingly, offers to marry the girl instead. His offer opens the door to a familiar sequence of implausible events, by means of which a girl, too proud to marry because she has to, lures a young man into falling in love with her and fighting his way with despairing eagerness into her arms. In the last scene of the picture, the princess and her knight are seen embracing among a host of peasants at the foot of the benign Macy battlements, and darkling West Thirty-fourth Street has



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become the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

Still, fairy tales are getting harder and harder to bring to life, and about all that I can recommend in "Love with the Proper Stranger" are Natalie Wood and Steve McQueen, who give performances of considerable vehemence and are pleasant people to watch. Also pleasant to watch are the local settings. New York is one of the most photogenic cities on earth, and I'm constantly puzzled by how little use our movies make of it. Isn't it odd that we should be able to recognize out-of-the-way corners of London and Paris far more easily on film than we do our own diverse and mightily bristling back yard?

BY today's standards, "Move Over, Darling" is a pretty tame title, implying a definition of bed as a limited number of square feet of space to be occupied by a couple grimly bent on getting a good night's sleep. Its provocativeness is further diminished by the fact that it stars Doris Day, who has long labored to make herself the epitome of well-scrubbed standoffishness. By now, for all of Miss Day's blond prettiness, I tend to think of her as the perfect den mother, industrious and highly non-inflammable, and I deplore any role that causes her to take an aggressive stand in respect to s-x. "Move Over, Darling" concerns a wife who is thought to have died in a plane crash at sea and who returns on the very day of her husband's remarriage. Since the new marriage hasn't been consummated, one can readily imagine the barrelful of farcical pranks that Miss Day will consent to undergo in seeking to outwit her rival. The husband in the case is James Garner, who plays light comedy with a crushingly heavy hand; also in the cast are Polly Bergen and Thelma Ritter, who ought to have been given lots of funny things to say and are often able to convey their awareness that they haven't been. There are movie properties that, under one title or another, are doomed to be made over and over, sometimes well and sometimes badly; "Move Over, Darling" is such a property, and maybe next time it will turn out fine. —BRENDAN GILL

•

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INQUIRER:
I know a man who grows earthworms all winter long under the heater in his basement just to be able to feed the robins that stay over the winter and eat them from an electrically heated hot plate outside his bedroom window. A wonderful practice. Others should follow suit.
—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

There goes the whole migratory ploy!

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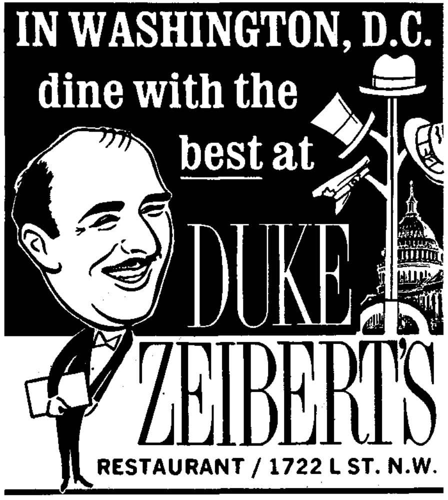

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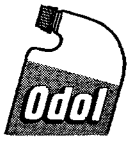

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LETTER FROM PARIS

DECEMBER 31

THE opening 1964 French news logically consists of leftover 1963 news. The most important news, year after year, is anything having to do with President de Gaulle. In a popularity poll conducted October 15th, forty-three per cent of the French who were consulted declared that they were still satisfied with him. In a December 15th poll, fifty-one per cent said that they were still satisfied, which certainly was important and useful leftover news for the new year's governmental forces. In March, the General will go to America; that is, he will go to Mexico. In September, he will again go to America; that is, he will go to South America. There is no news about his going to America to visit Washington. On the New Year's Day of 1963, there were still certain would-be assassins of de Gaulle at large. One of them has just been disposed of; ex-Colonel Antoine Argoud, instigator of the street shooting at the French President in Clamart, has been sentenced to life imprisonment. The municipal aesthetic program of *ravalement*, or façade-washing, of the greatest historic Paris buildings, which at the end of 1963 presented to us an exquisite, radiant frost-white Opera House, will clean up, in 1964, the Sorbonne and the Comédie-Française, and maybe the Panthéon. In the realm of money, which is always news from year to year, France at the end of this week will have new ten-franc notes, carrying a double portrait, recto and verso, of the intelligent, ugly face of François-Marie Arouet, who called himself Voltaire—the best of all possible eighteenth-century French intellectual phizes in the then best of all possible worlds.

The most enormous leftover piece of news is of the completion of the gigantic, circular Maison de la Radio, for which the first spadeful of earth was dug ten years ago. It is on the Quai de Passy, soon to become the Quai Kennedy, across the Seine from the Tour Eiffel, on whose tip the first French radio was poised. The Radio House is the handsomest and most striking modernist building in Paris, and probably in all France. It is composed of two concentric rings—one huge, one much

Fortrel: So very Saks Fifth Avenue

The blazer look with a bright difference: double-breasted and blooming with flowers. Paired with a spanking white pleated skirt. Fortrel makes this linen-like blend wrinkle-free. Fortrel polyester and rayon. Jacket: pink/orange or blue/lilac, $30. Skirt, $17 Sizes 6 to 16. At all Saks Fifth Avenue stores.

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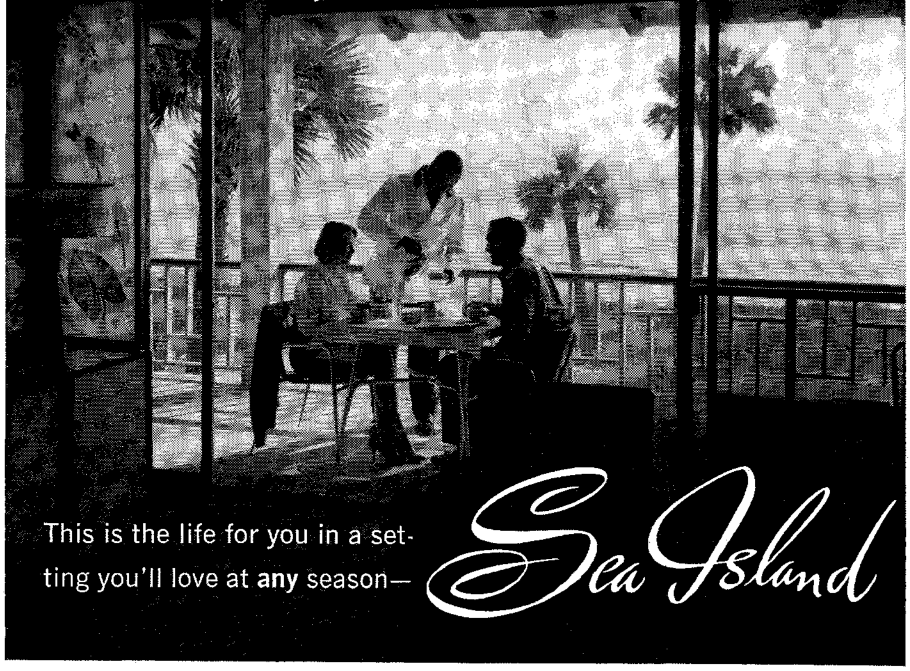
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smaller. The big one, of glass and shiny black simulated marble, has only administration offices on its rim, where street noises can make the most trouble. The inner section contains broadcasting studios, where silence, for hypersensitive machines, is important. The second ring, which is of solid construction and houses all the apparatus, stands in the court, and rising from its center is a twenty-one-story oblong skyscraper, which serves as library for the archives—recordings, scripts, and so on. This tower was originally planned by the architect, M. Henry Bernard, winner of the Premier Grand Prix de Rome, to rise twenty-five stories, and that would have achieved a more imposing mass balance, but the municipal councillors, whom someone mistakenly consulted on this purely professional aesthetic problem, nipped off four stories—probably for economy. The completed Maison de la Radio is equipped with American-style hostesses, but dressed in olive-green *tailleurs* and felt hats, with oxblood-brown pumps, gloves, and handbags. Among the occasional wall decorations along the circular outer corridors, which are carpeted and furnished like modernist-style drawing rooms, there are two noteworthy mosaics, by Singier and Bazaine—one of purplish colors, the other of lemonlike greens. However, the outstanding hall decoration is a magnificent wool tapestry woven by Aubusson from a design by Soulages—a characteristic one, with its brown beamlike motif and palpitating bright blues on a lamb-white background. The public concert auditorium starts off well with citrus-yellow seats, then develops Pompeian red and blue in its balcony, and, as ornaments for its side walls, enormous slabs of green copper with a design that looks, if anything, Babylonian. Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall may be comforted by the news that the Maison de la Radio is also having trouble with its acoustics, which are harsh.

NO other professional French literary woman has ever written so consecutively about the times she has lived in, or so copiously in criticism of them, as has Mlle. Simone de Beauvoir, whose third, and presumably final, autobiographical volume, "La Force des Choses," has recently been published here. It begins with an account of her participation, at the age of thirty-nine, in the celebration of the Liberation of Paris in August, 1944, and, toward its close, describes her participation, as a famous novelist, aged fifty-six, in the

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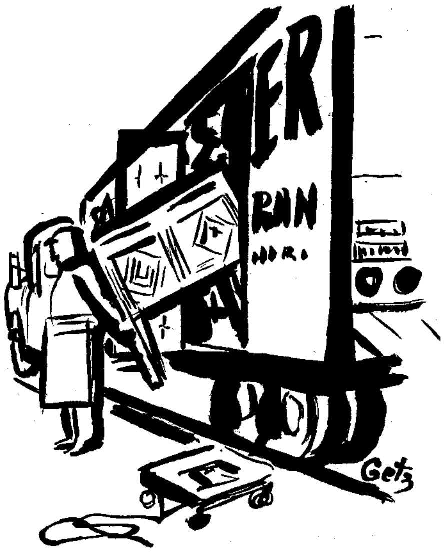
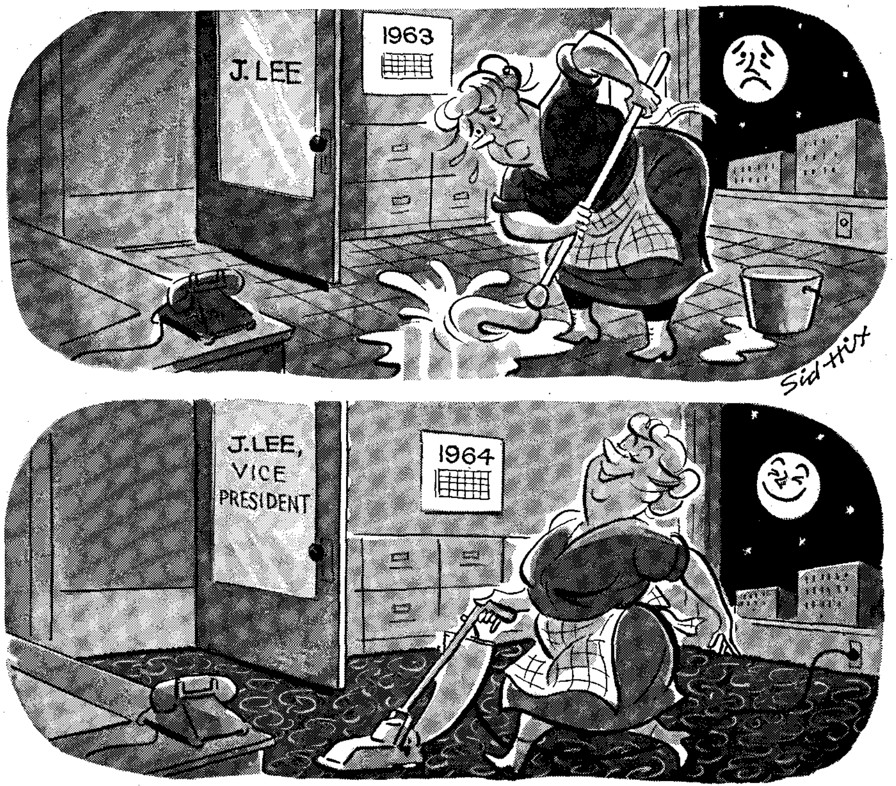
Algerians' celebration in Paris, in July, 1961, of the peace that liberated their country from the French. In the seventeen years in between lay the period of her highest fulfillment and notability, which began with the sudden metamorphosis of St.-Germain-des-Prés into the literary and Existentialist terrain of Paris, with the Café de Flore as its capitol and Mlle. de Beauvoir and Jean-Paul Sartre as its governors. This postwar bookish Paris she carefully brings back to life in her very lengthy volume (it runs to nearly seven hundred pages), describing its new Marxist, but non-Communist, political determinations, sprung from the Occupation and the Resistance, and its new publications and new thinking or writing stars, seen as though through her eyes in the Café de Flore, before quarrels eliminated one or two of the stellar figures. In the new literary Paris, there was the intellectuals' new morning newspaper, *Combat*, which was edited by young Albert Camus and named after the great underground Resistance journal, of which he was an editor. There was Sartre's own new monthly, *Les Temps Modernes*, which later printed the letters of rupture between Sartre and Camus that cast Camus forth from the inner circle. There was Jean Genet, who was discovered during the war, and whose *mœurs* put Gide in the shade by descending to amoral depths that had never before been imagined, let alone written of. Sartre was the dominant mind in the group, and his Existentialism was the great attraction that led to his being "brutally seized by celebrity," in which, as Mlle. de Beauvoir says, with her unbreakable habit of truth-telling, she was involved "because my name was associated with him." They were indeed the most famous semi-conjugal couple in Europe. She re-





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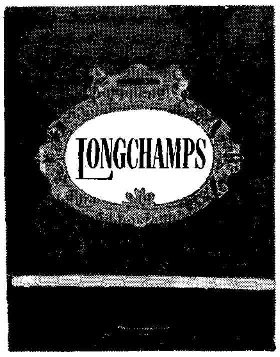

lates how a Swiss customs officer, after allowing them to pass over the frontier, said to her, "*Alors, toujours le tandem?*" They were received like special ambassadors, representing intellectual France, when they travelled abroad, either together or singly, especially, of course, in Russia, Cuba, and China, and in Africa—for they were passionate believers in Algerian independence and intimate with the leaders of the movement.

About the theory that ruled the practice of their private lives Mlle. de Beauvoir is explicit. The pact that united them thirty years ago (they did not believe in marriage, considering it a bourgeois institution) permitted the eventuality of what she calls "contingent loves," such as her love a few years ago for a Chicago novelist, whom she names, and, more recently, for a Paris writer, whom she also names—as well as Sartre's affair with a woman in New York, whom she identifies merely as M. She adds, with her conscience of steel, that neither she nor Sartre had foreseen that it would be the third, or outside, party who would inevitably pay in pain for these amorous contingencies, since the Sartre-de Beauvoir pact provided no substitute for divorce, and actually proved, in its voluntary illegality, more binding than a stack of marriage licenses. She also informs the curious reader that the philosophical and political initiatives for their purely intellectual lives came from Sartre. "He is ideologically creative, I am not," she declares. "Faced with political choices, he explores their reasons more profoundly than I would be interested in doing. In refusing to recognize his superiorities, I would have betrayed my own liberty. For I would be headed toward the challenging attitude and bad faith that lead to the battle of the sexes. I have safeguarded my independence, because I have never loaded my responsibilities upon Sartre. I have accepted no idea, no decision, without considering it critically and making it my own. He has aided me, I have also aided him. I have not lived through him."

The epilogue that ends the gigantic volume of nearly three hundred and fifty thousand words is tragic, and a disappointing surprise. In it, Mlle. de Beauvoir complains of her age, as being "something that bruises" her—apparently like an ill-placed piece of awkward antique furniture standing in her way. She complains—at the age of fifty-eight, since the epilogue was written and dated in 1963—that she dreams of her age in nightmares that include the dream-within-a-dream element, dreaming that

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she awakes to discover she is only in her thirties. She complains about the loss of her youth like the Marschallin in the dressing-table scene of "Der Rosenkavalier," but without Strauss's intoxicating music or the Marschallin's stoical recognition of her mirrored loss of frivolous beauty. "How can time, which has neither form nor substance, crush me with so heavy a weight that I cannot breathe?" Mlle. de Beauvoir asks demandingly. "How can what does not exist, the future, be figured out so implacably? The moment has come to say, '*Jamais plus un homme!*' I do not detach myself from my former pleasures; they abandon me. The mountain paths will no longer receive my footsteps." (In her early days, she was a great walker and lover of nature.) Never again, she moans, will she throw herself, "drunk with weariness, in the perfume of the meadow grass," and she continues, "Or slip alone among the snows. It is strange no longer to be a body. The only thing both new and important that can happen to me is unhappiness. Either I shall see Sartre dead or I shall die before him." Looking back to the days of her girlhood, she views herself as, with a young heart, she anticipated the golden treasure of a whole life to live. "Yet now, turning an incredulous glance on that credulous adolescent, I measure, stupefied, the extent to which I have been swindled." It is likely to be the reader of such unbecoming sentiments from the leading feminist and *femme de tête* of France who will feel robbed. —GENÊT

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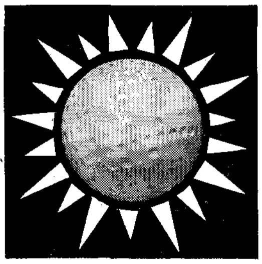

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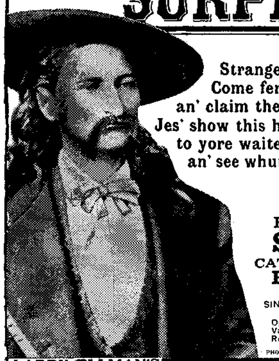

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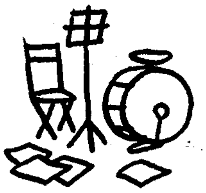
MUSICAL EVENTS

Jazz Concerts



MOST jazz musicians who become commercially successful popularize either their earlier selves or the inventions of others. In the process, they dump roughness, originality, fire, and complexity, leaving a pockless, glassy imitation. They are adroit and hard-working, and they deserve their rewards, which are commonly money, fame, and the disdain of the faithful. Thelonious Monk is at last poised on the margin of such acclaim. He has recently been signed by Columbia Records, which prefers pedigreed, potentially prosperous performers. He has become a mildly celebrated showman, who wears odd hats and performs odd dances. In 1963 alone, he appeared profitably in Japan, at the Newport and Monterey Jazz Festivals, at the New School, at Philharmonic Hall, and at the Five Spot, where he has become a fixture. There is, however, a ringing difference between Monk's imminent glory and that of other commercially successful jazz musicians: the more exposure he has, the better his playing becomes.

In the Philharmonic Hall concert, which took place early last week, Monk led a ten-piece band as well as his customary quartet. In a similar affair at Town Hall about five years ago, he seemed awed by the occasion; this time he was in full control, and, in his oblivious, hypnotic way, overcame the débutante-ball décor of his surroundings and the big-dance-hall acoustics that greeted the first third of his program. His solos were brilliant; his costume—a pale-gray double-vent suit and a dark-gray shepherd's hat—was assertive but tasteful; and his extracurricular dances—shambling, disjointed, broken-wing routines, covering most of the stage and at times resembling the motions of a wounded D. W. Griffith soldier—appeared to keep the orchestra and the quartet intact and inspired. Six of the nine numbers (eight by Monk and one a standard) were done by the larger group, which included Thad Jones, Nick Travis, and Eddie Bert (brass); Charlie Rouse, Steve Lacy, Phil Woods, and Gene Allen (reeds); and Butch Warren and Frank Dunlop (rhythm). Hall Overton's neat arrangements pleasantly spelled out the rhythmic and

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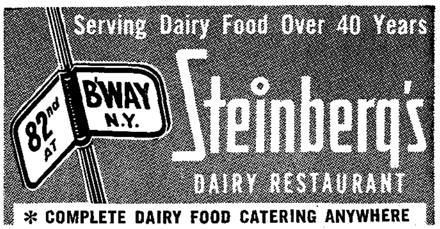

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harmonic balances of "Bye-Ya," "I Mean You," "Evidence," "Light Blue," "Four in One," and an attractive new number, "Oska T." In between, Jones, Woods, Rouse, Warren, and Dunlop soloed frequently, accepting the challenge of improvising on themes whose singular density and texture floor most combatants. (Inexplicably, Lacy, a soprano saxophonist and a highly skilled Monk interpreter, was not heard at all.) Jones, who now plays the cornet rather than the trumpet, came through best. He has a heavy, though graceful, post-Gillespie attack, which depends on fat, careful notes, sharp upper-register runs, and useful silences. Above all, he is magisterial; he has not only the technique but the presence to meet the peculiarities of Monk's compositions head on, which he did particularly well in "Light Blue," "Oska T," and "Evidence." Woods is an emotional skimmer; Rouse is steady, industrious, and affecting; and Warren is in the Blanton-Mingus tradition. Dunlop, heretofore a rather ordinary drummer, was a surprise. His style is the epitome of accent drumming, for he fashions his accompanying lines not out of steady ride-cymbal patterns but out of a well-distributed stream of off-beats, after-beats, triplets, and short rolls. These accents were tongue-in-groove with Monk's own heavily accented work, and Dunlop's several long solos were sensible but often exciting. Monk's quartet (Rouse, Warren, Dunlop, and himself) offered two numbers, one of them a fine slow blues, "Mysterioso," and Monk played one unaccompanied solo, a witty spoofing of the old Uncle Tom tune "Darkness on the Delta." It was a lovely evening.

THE following night at Philharmonic Hall was given over to the groups of John Coltrane, Cecil Taylor, and Art Blakey, and it passed from the unendurable (Coltrane and Taylor) to the matter-of-fact (Blakey). The first two groups had a wildness and passion that came close to holocaust; in places their playing was supramusical, or perhaps amusical, for it took on distinct and disturbing human characteristics—defiance, anger, and bitterness. Coltrane's band, which played four long numbers, was the less inflammatory of the two. On hand with him were Eric Dolphy (alto saxophone, bass clarinet, flute), McCoy Tyner (piano), Jimmy Garrison (bass), and Elvin Jones (drums). Each number had partly atonal ensembles as well as lengthy solos by Coltrane (tenor and soprano saxophones) and/or Dolphy. Coltrane circulated in high-

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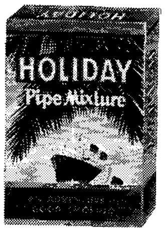

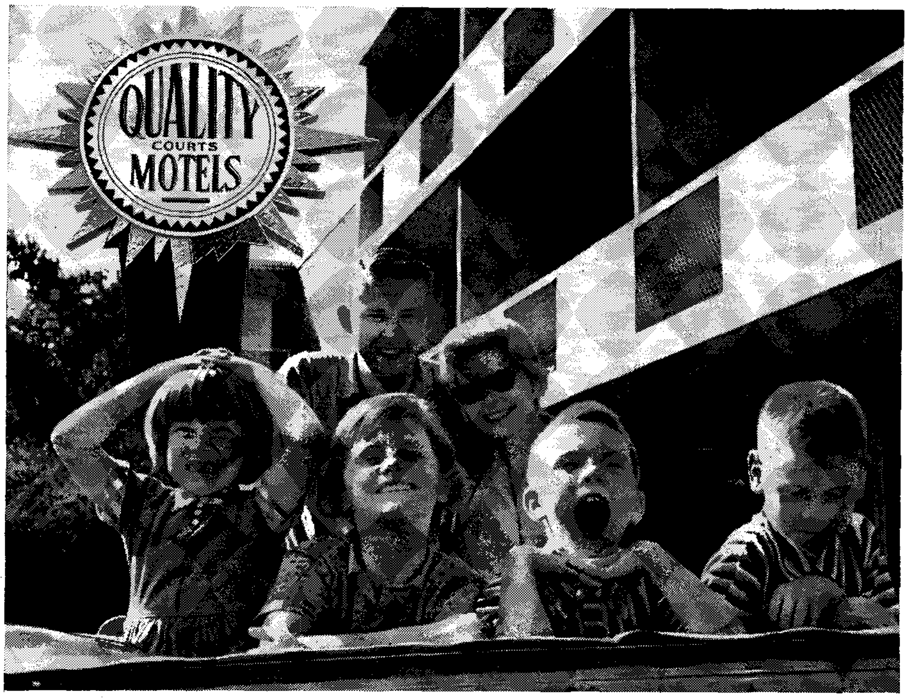

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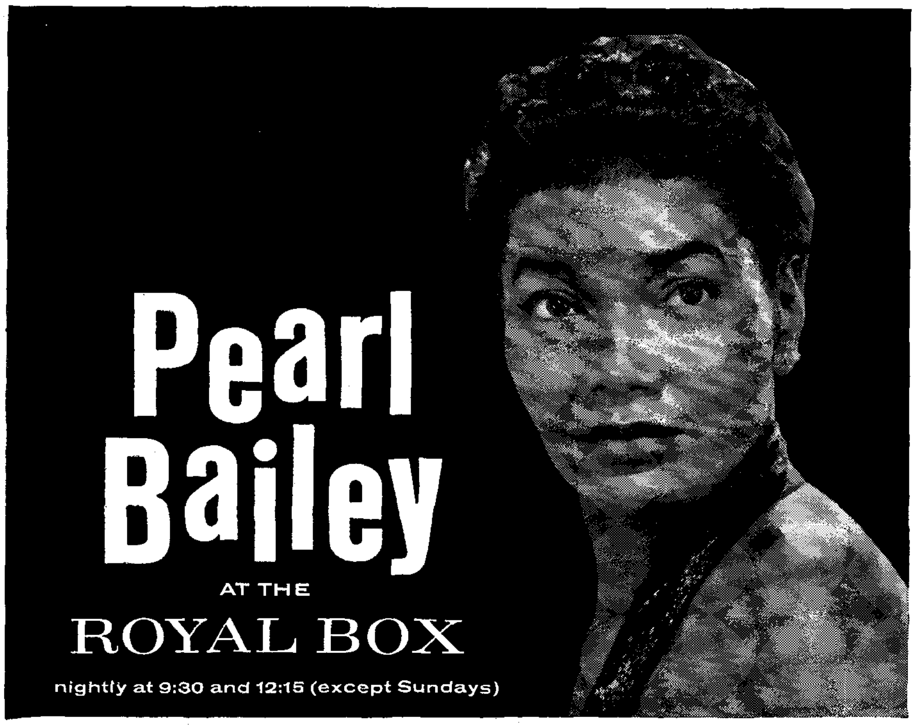

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blood-pressure fashion around the scale, leaped from shrieks to grunts, and (on the tenor) became so exercised that he almost sank to his knees, as if, as a last resort, he were about to pray. His work on the soprano was less apoplectic and had a bagpipe sound, in contrast to the clover-and-honey tones of Sidney Bechet. Dolphy, too, did a good deal of whinnying and big-interval jumping, but in a mannered, calculated way. The engine that almost shook the group to pieces, though, was Elvin Jones, whose ferocity and volume often obliterated every other sound. Jones is an untutored but phenomenal drummer who has already changed the course of his instrument. He somehow maintains two or three different rhythmic patterns at once, gradually developing a criss-crossing cloud of polyrhythms that encircle, infuse, and finally possess his colleagues. Only rarely does he seem able to construct these intricacies at anything below a roar, and so it will be up to his followers to round off his extraordinary rhythmic visions.

Taylor's group reached even bolder climaxes. He played—along with Albert Ailer (tenor saxophone), Jimmy Lyons (alto saxophone), and a bassist and drummer—just one number. It lasted close to an hour, and it was an abrasive experience. The tempo shifted continually (the word "tempo" is rapidly becoming meaningless in modern jazz; instead, there are now only varying degrees of rhythmic intensity, shadowed by suggestions of different speeds), sporadic ensembles came and went, Taylor soloed, his horns soloed, Taylor soloed again, the horns returned, Taylor returned, and so on. Taylor's excursions were demonic and breathtaking. His approach, which for a time seemed to be thinning out, has become even more prolix than when he first appeared, seven years ago, and last week he used mass upon mass of dissonant chords, usually executed in staccato passages so rapid that his hands—from where I sat—assumed the blurred vibrations of "Nude Descending a Staircase." The rest of him vibrated fearfully, too, and in time. Ailer proved a cautious but promising follower of Ornette Coleman, and Lyons thoughtfully tested the waters between Charlie Parker and Coleman.

Blakey's Jazz Messengers (trumpet, trombone, tenor saxophone, piano, bass, and drums) played in a mechanical, old-fashioned hard-bop style, and gave the impression of a delegation of musical-comedy diplomats come to observe a very real revolution.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

A REPORTER AT LARGE

PAYSAGE DE CRÉPUSCULE

FROM the window at which I write, I can look west between two walls of high buildings to the North River. A warehouse stands at the end of the street, and the Palisades, on the other shore, appear suspended above it; the interposed river is invisible. Beyond the Palisades, a taller range, which I take to be the Orange Mountains, forms a horizon. The skyscrapers that make up the two walls date from the twenties, the period of the hollow ziggurat. The signature skyscraper of our own age is the upended glass coffin. When I look at the set-back shoulders of the old ones, I visualize them at the date of the crash, with suiciding holders of mortgage bonds cascading from level to level, like spent fish coming down a salmon ladder. It was a brilliant epoch.

The highest peak on the uptown side of this brief canyon on Forty-third Street is the Paramount Theatre Building; the downtown side is dominated by the Hotel Dixie, a hundred yards to the west. Each blots out the lesser heights behind it. I tell time by the clock on the Paramount, but the Dixie is my moral beacon. Colonel John R. Stingo, my favorite writer, lives there, as snug as a Mexican jumping bug in a bean. I work best at night, when the Dixie is easy to identify by the red electric sign on the roof which reads "DIXIE HOTEL," and by the vertical one:

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Whenever I look over there, I think of how the Colonel is cheered by the sight of hundreds of lights in office buildings at night. "It reminds me of Ricecakes," he says. "Ricecakes" is his *petit nom* for George Graham Rice, a departed Wolf of Wall Street. " 'Just think,' Ricecakes would say. 'Behind each of those windows, a man is awake, scheming to take somebody else's money.' It gave him a group feeling, and I was never mean enough to advert him that they in most instances signalized the nocturnal labors of honest charwomen. He would have detested the thought."

I, in turn, am cheered when I think of the Colonel up in his room, which faces the Flea Circus, on the Forty-second Street side of the hotel. He is better company, even two blocks away, than a bust of Pallas sitting up above my chamber door, and of more solace than a good conscience, for he indicates that the future is long. When I first knew the Colonel, in 1946, I congratulated him on his *bonne mine*. He was then, by his own count, seventy-two. "I have three rules for keeping in condition," he said. "I will not let guileful women move in on me. I decline all responsibility. And, above all, I avoid all heckling work. Also, I shun exactious luxuries, lest I become their slave."

Along the approaches to the Dixie I can see foothills, one of them a narrow hotel called the Strand, just west of Seventh Avenue. There, once, in the early nineteen-thirties, when I was a reporter for the *World-Telegram*, I interviewed a man with an electric shirt front, a dickey filigreed with the name of a brand of cigars. He wore an electric bulb, worked by a battery that was fastened to his chest behind this display space, and he could turn the light off and on from a switch in his left pants pocket. With his right hand, he would move a cigar in and out of his face. He would stroll along Broadway of nights, an ambulatory rival of the spectaculars on costly rented space. He wore a high silk hat, a white vest, and tails. This self-propelled illumination was of a most impressive appearance—six feet plus, with a cherry-pop complexion and a gray mustache and goatee. He told me that his ambition was to manage a heavyweight champion of the world, and that the excess of his income over his needs during the depression permitted him to subsidize a succession of towering louts. All of them deserted at their first chance to obtain employment. They lacked what Colonel Stingo calls the Divine Inflatus. The electric man, for revenge, beat them up when he could catch them. He was an arrogant man, and bibulous. I remember that on the morning when I talked to him he had a hangover, and the high hat and the rest of the glad rags, strewn about his small room, made it look as if he had been out celebrating New Year's Eve in about 1898. The room was darkened by the shadow of an electric sign just outside. Years later, the wartime dimout extinguished his profession, since the Civilian Defense authorities deemed him an air-raid risk, and I do not know what then became of him.

On my own side of the canyon, the top third of the old Hotel Woodstock intervenes between me and the lower stories of the Paramount. I have no intimate memories of the Woodstock, which is perhaps evidence of its respectability, but I know a fellow who lives there when he is not at sea as a physiotherapist on the America, of the United States Lines. He is an astrologo-nutritionist, yogist, and poet, and is even more distinguished in my book by being the only prizefighter I've ever known who was ruined by orange juice. Jack Willis, to give him his public name, or William Hamby, as he signs ships' articles, changed his name when he was young, so that his father wouldn't find out what he was doing. He came out of Texas in 1924 carrying a bag that contained a spare shirt, a tube of vaseline for his hair, boxing trunks, a pair of ring shoes, and a roll of bicycle tape. Wrapping the tape around his hands before each fight, he left a wake of concussions from Baton Rouge, Louisiana, to Portland, Maine, having successively established himself in each place as a local boy with a job in the lumberyard. He reached his peak in California. But during the second half of the twenties, when he was a prominent middleweight, he began to notice that fellows like Mickey Walker were getting up off the floor after he knocked them down. As he usually broke a hand with the first knockdown, he lost several fights. "It wasn't until I began to study nutrition, years afterward, that I understood what had happened," Willis told me. "I used to drink orange juice by the bucket, under the impression it was good for me, and it leached all the calcium out of my fists, leaving them brittle. I might as well have been hitting those guys with a china cup. Unconsciously, I began to pull, and then they didn't even go down the first time. If I had stuck to whiskey in moderation, I would have been all right. Of course, it might have made some difference that the California Boxing Commission made me quit using the bicycle tape. But the orange juice is what did the business."

Willis became convinced of the power of yoga during a scheduled twenty-round bout with a light heavyweight his manager had erroneously selected for

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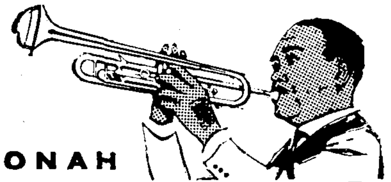

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him as a soft touch on July 4, 1930, in Reno, Nevada. He had a broken rib from the previous soft touch when he went into the ring—his manager was an optimist—and the Reno soft touch, twenty-five pounds heavier than Willis, was killing him when my friend suddenly achieved perfect concentration and flattened the bum with a punch. His hands were already going then, though. It was too late to start a new career on a Vedantic basis. Astrology, yoga, and poetry are the troika of humanities that most interest him now, and he has driven them in harness ever since the failure of an attempt to hitch astrology with horseplaying. The horseplaying fiasco is still a sore subject with Mrs. Willis-Hamby, who is an astrologist, too, but does not think that the science should be milked for safe long shots. The Willis-Hambys say that when they met, at a party in London while the America was turning around, they knew at once that they were predestined mates, and their true selves have never quarrelled since. Each has *two* selves, however, and the short-tempered *Doppelgänger* sometimes tangle over things like betting. Willis is a big, impressive man, a heavyweight now, who walks with his face tilted upward, as if he were looking for a star working three furlongs. (It is a shipboard habit, he says; nights at sea, he can stargaze full time without fear of being run over.)

Willis's verse, in which he shows a frequent preoccupation with the transmigration of souls, is published every now and then in the magazine *American Astrology*. A pretty fairly typical stanza from one poem goes:

> I was king, and a god in India,
> You were Sita, my heavenly queen.
> I was both Rama and Indra,
> Lord of the storms, supreme.

After a recent retrospective discussion of horseplaying, though, he sent me the original manuscript of a poem that he had just dedicated to his wife:

To You Who Spoil the Present by Always Talking About the Past

> When the past is gone forever,
> Lost in an avalanche of time,
> Why bring it back to the present
> By your concentration of mind?
>
> Why destroy the present moment
> By dragging back a painful past?
> Perhaps it could be forgotten,
> If this attempt could be your last.
>
> All the money in the world
> Can't buy your happiness today,
> So enjoy these precious moments,
> Don't you know they're slipping away?

I said that it showed he still had a

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smooth shift, and he said that Mrs. Willis had not referred to gambling since she read the lyric, which showed she got the message.

THE Paramount Theatre Building itself is haunted for me by the memory of a romance in which I didn't get out of the starting gate. It was there, to a dressing room above the backstage, that I went in about 1931 to garner, for my newspaper, the words of Pola Negri, a *femme fatale* I had first glimpsed in the German-made silent film "Passion," which was the "La Dolce Vita" of my adolescence. I had seen it at the Nugget Theatre in Hanover, New Hampshire, while I was a junior at Dartmouth, shortly to be expelled for overcutting chapel. That preliminary ogle had made me Negri's slave forever. I had acquired a carapace of savoir-faire in the intervening eight years, but it melted to the texture of cold jellied turtle soup in her sensed proximity, and when I knocked at her starred door I felt like a pitcher from a prison team starting for the first time in the Yankee Stadium.

Miss Negri was making a personal appearance at the Paramount which was designed to prove she had a voice for the new talkies. Previous to my call, I had caught her act from out front. She floated upon a swing and growled a refrain that went, "And when I *hold* your hand, mm-mm-mm-mm, mm-mm-mm-mm . . ." She was a kind of basso-contralto. When, at the door, I heard "*Komm*," with a couple of added "mm-mm"s that I read in, my legs started to fold under me, but I braced myself on the doorknob and managed to stay upright as I entered. Miss Negri, who used dead-white makeup and had jet-black hair, lay in a white peignoir along a white chaise longue—like a passion-crumpled gardenia petal, as I jotted down on my folded copy paper as soon as I could control my trembling fingers. *Her* fingers trailed limply from her arm, as if dabbling in a stream—"like Cleopatra in the simmering moonlight of a sheening night on the Nile" is how Colonel Stingo once described a lady in a similar pose. The Colonel is a much better writer than I am, and I call him from the bullpen when I cannot get the simile across the plate. By Miss Negri's water-lily-white digits stood a champagne cooler filled with ice. An unopened bottle nestled in its core.

I settled in a straight-backed chair, as if at Camille's bedside. A retainer who looked like the electric-shirt-front man

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entered and twirled the bottle, but he did not open it.

"*Merci*, Baron," Miss Negri murmured, and he withdrew.

Miss Negri smiled faintly. Her performance had evidently been a great strain upon her. The air was heavy with a scent of tuberoses.

"You have a lovely perfume," I began. "What is it?"

"It is not a pairfume," Miss Negri said, sounding wounded. "It is me. It is my naturahl o-door."

Cursing my clumsiness, I recoiled to think of another overture.

Upon her dressing table stood a photograph of Rudolph Valentino. It was in a silver frame about two feet by eighteen inches and weighing, I estimated, four or five pounds. She had, I remembered from the newspapers, flung herself upon his bier, in what must now seem to her, I imagined, a lifetime of agonies ago.

"Can you bear to speak of him?" I asked, tilting my head in the direction of this Comstock Lode.

"Why not?" Miss Negri asked bravely, like one long accustomed to having thorns stuck in her heart. "He was the only man I evair lawved. But I am fated always to be unhappy in lawv."

The retainer reëntered and twirled the bottle again. This time, I hoped, he would open it, and she would pour out her confidences with the wine. Then I might have the courage to console her. But the henchman left the bottle in the bucket.

"*Merci*, Baron," Miss Negri said, and he withdrew, enveloping her in a glance of unrequited passion.

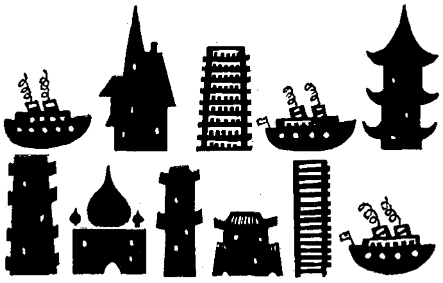
"He is so loyal, so faithful, the Baron," Miss Negri said. "But he is not for me. Always I am disappointed."

Shocked, I cried, "But surely you, you with all your beauty . . ." I was pleading for another chance for a sex that had failed in its mission.

"No!" she groaned. "No!" And then, apologetic but resigned, she said, "You see, I EXPECT SO MAWCH!"

I fled, and in the corridor I passed the reporter from the *Journal*, who had been waiting his turn. Behind his shoulder, the Baron awaited his cue to twirl the bottle.

I CITE these associations because I do not wish readers to think Manhattan has no soul. Every corner is fraught with memory. In the Dixie, the Colonel is poised midway between the raffish penny arcades of Forty-second Street



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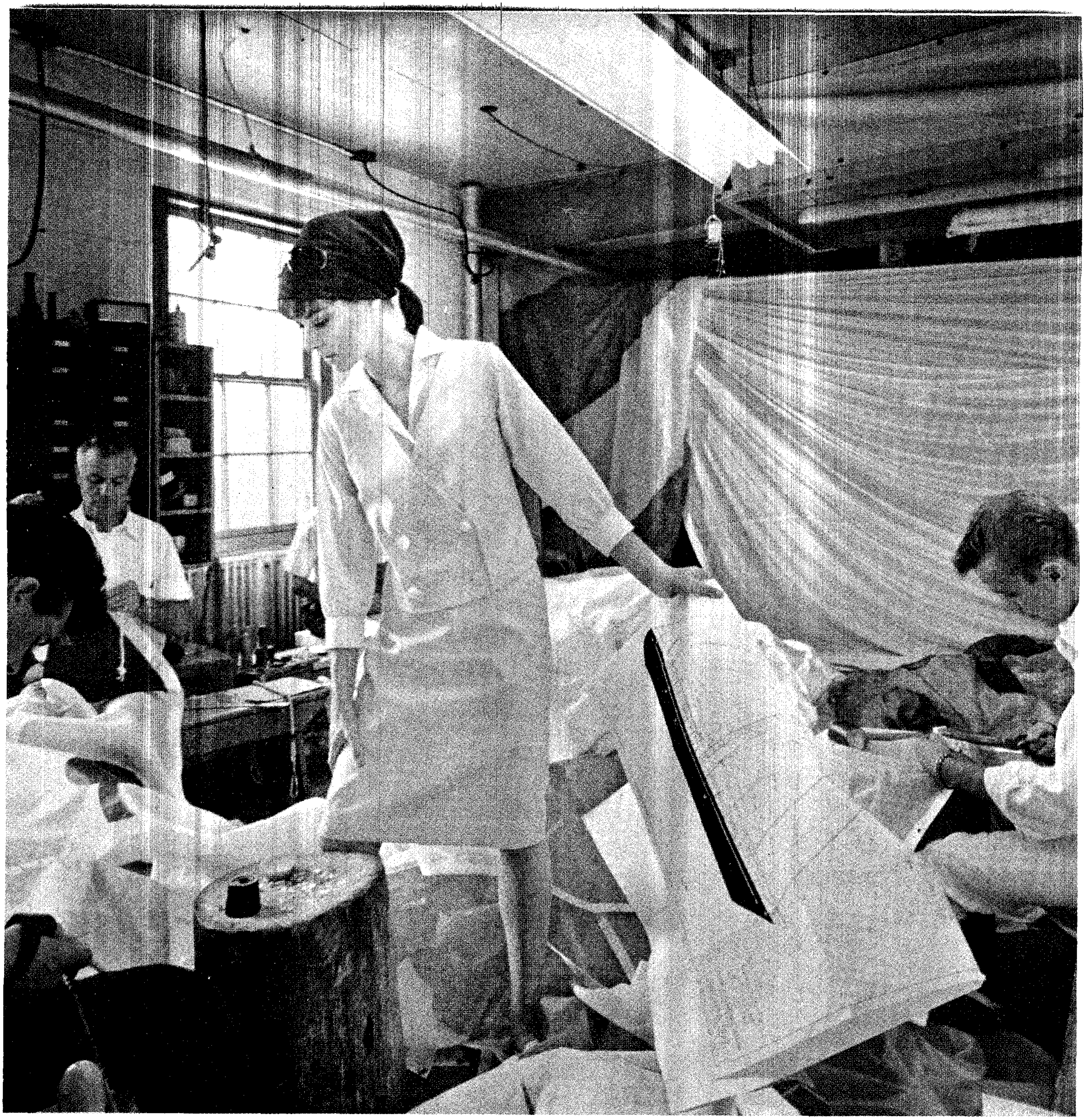

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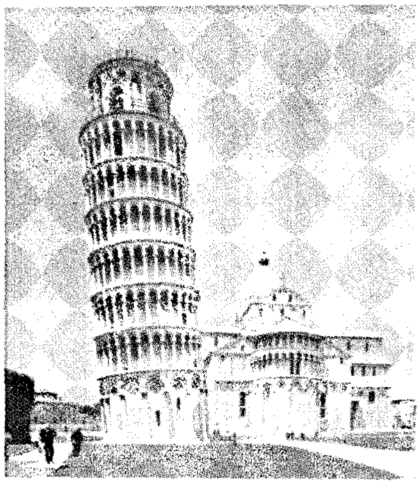

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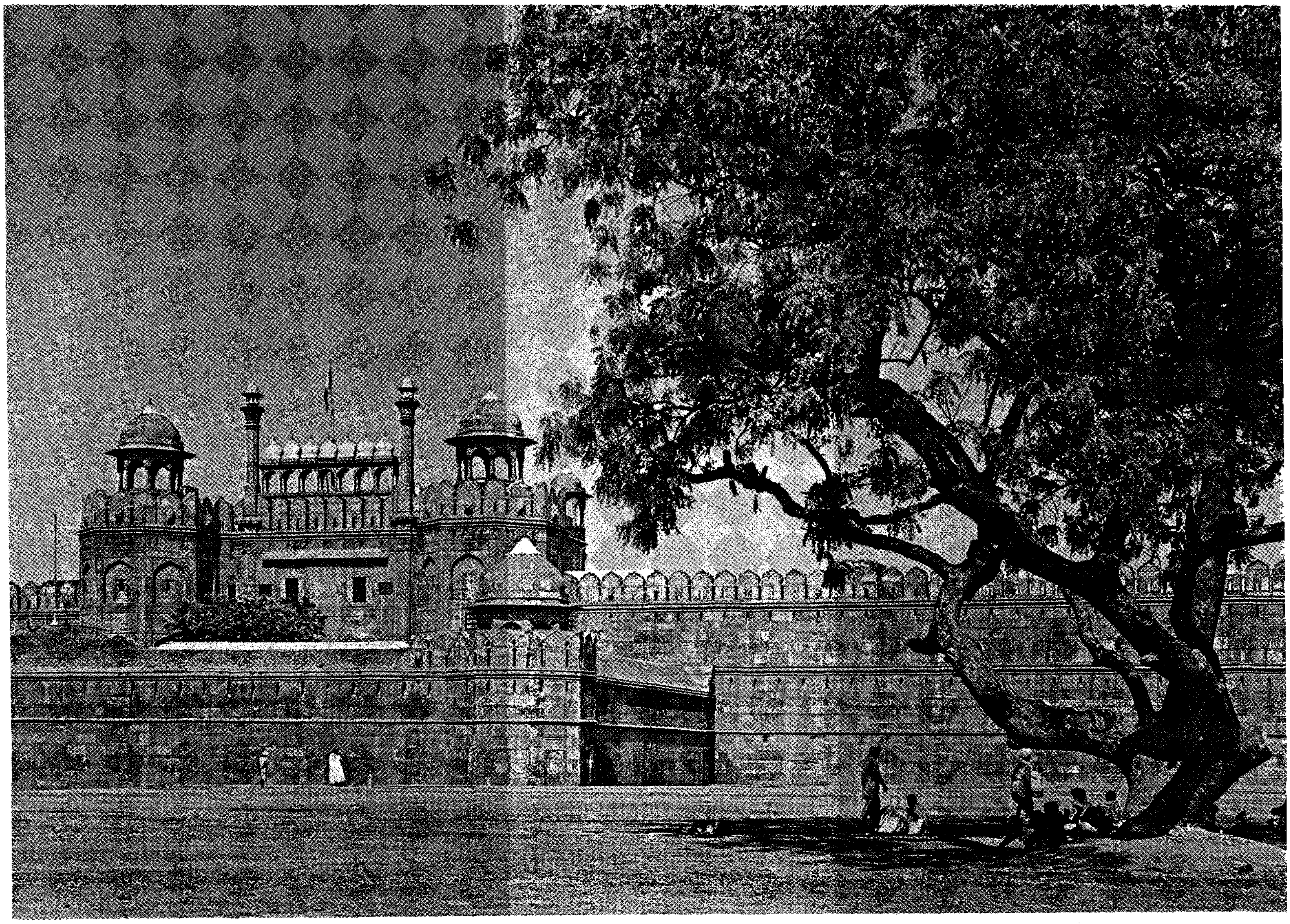

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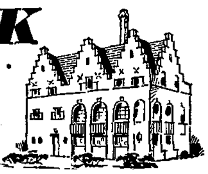

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and the ecclesiastical atmosphere with which the *Times* invests the block on Forty-third. "The *Times* is the modern Herodotus," the Colonel often observes. "It soothes as it informs. What a marvellous institution!"

The Colonel's geriatric rules have worked well, because today, at what I calculate to be eighty-nine, he is, in his own terms, running easy on the last turn. He has even, it seems to me, begun to step up the pace a little, because he avers himself ninety-one, and has thus run his last nineteen years in seventeen flat. He is levelling on the century, and, like a good jockey, taking the short way home. My encounters with the Colonel have become less frequent in these latter years, however, because he makes a practice of not answering the telephone. He says it is almost always somebody who wants to know how he is getting along, and this makes him nervous. The protocolary way to arrange a meeting is to call him up several days in advance and leave a message for him to call you, but this does not always work, for he sometimes lets messages accumulate in his box until he finds it quite hopeless to try to cope with them retroactively, and so throws all of them away.

The Colonel has been fated to turn out most of his own stylistic exercises for publications less sedate than the *Times*. He was the racing editor of the old *Evening Journal* in the early nineteen-hundreds, before the anti-betting law promulgated by Charles Evans Hughes as governor blighted New York State. He wrote then under his civilian name, J. S. A. Macdonald. (The "S.," which he has since dropped, stood for "Stuart," he says, adding as explanation, "The Young Pretender.") To his colleagues, in this period, he was known as Alphabet Macdonald. It was while he was running a small periodical called the *Wasp* in San Francisco during the horse hiatus, he says, that he became smitten with pseudonymity and commissioned himself a colonel. As Colonel John R. Stingo, for thirty years he wrote a column called "Yea Verily" for a Sundays-only paper called the New York *Enquirer* and its successor, the *National Enquirer*, which bills itself as "The World's Liveliest Newspaper," in order, no doubt, to avoid confusion with the Chicago *Tribune*, which is the World's *Greatest* Newspaper. He received no direct emolument for what he wrote, although he is in my opinion the best curve-ball writer since Anatomy Burton and Sir Thomas Browne, making the prose of his contemporaries look shabby and unfurnished. His sentences

A Great Teacher

Edmund Burke, England's great conservative, once declared: "You can never plan the future by the past." And of course it's perfectly true, since fate has many surprises in store for all of us.

Still, the past is one of the chief things we have to go on when we plan for the future. The housewife gets a whole meal on the table at the same time by knowing how much preparation each dish takes from having done it all before. The business man makes decisions for the future based on his experience under comparable circumstances in the past. We all plan ahead on the basis of what is behind us plus our view of the present, keeping in mind that "the best laid plans o' mice and men gang aft agley." And investing is no exception.

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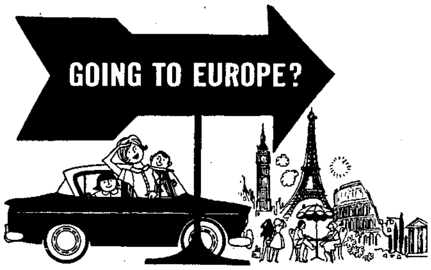

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soar like laminated boomerangs, luring the reader's eye until they swoop in and dart across the mind like bright-eyed hummingbirds, for a clean strike every time. A column was principally useful as leverage, the Colonel said. In his, he treated frequently of people who won large sums of money by following the advice of turf consultants, analysts, and figurators. The touts, by coincidence, advertised in the *Enquirer*, and the Colonel received a fixed percentage of the advertising revenue accruing to the newspaper. The column, however, was no mere congeries of puffs. It was the best reading in the paper—or, for that matter, any other paper—and the profitable allusions were no more conspicuous than birdshot in quail. His income was subject to no editorial whim but was like a permanent Guggenheim or Ford Foundation grant. It left him a free man.

A couple of years ago, I was walking up Sixth Avenue on a sunny October day when I saw a familiar figure, small, erect, and infused with a military jauntiness, well ahead of me. (The Colonel took over, with his rank, the other attributes of a retired officer of the Seaforth or the Coldstream.) I caught up with the Colonel, not without difficulty, and hailed him; then we dropped into a worthy saloon, which has since been displaced by a new claptrap hotel. I proposed a cup of coffee, but the Colonel remonstrated that his physician had enjoined a moderate amount of alcohol for the benefit of his ticker, and that he had not yet had his daily dosage. "May I be so bold as to suggest a Jack Daniel's Sourmash Perfecto?" he said. He had three before our conversation ended. The Colonel told me he had retired—or, as he phrased it, "assumed the emeritus"—owing directly to trouble with his left typewriter hand. He was not the kind of author who dictates, being convinced that style is a visual as well as an aural matter. "As a consequence, I am just learning the benefits of fresh air," he said. "I was on the way to Central Park, where it abounds." The Colonel appeared as cheerful as a cricket, or a wasp, and averred himself to be "holding"—an expression by which he denotes a state of solvency, with no threat of the Plug in the Door, the Damoclean sword that hangs over all habitual hotel guests, preventing their use of their key until they adjust their bill. Racing was experiencing a period of unparalleled prosperity, he explained, and with investors extant in redundancy the turf analysts were prosperous. They advertised, and the management of the

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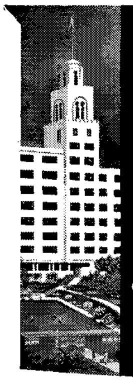

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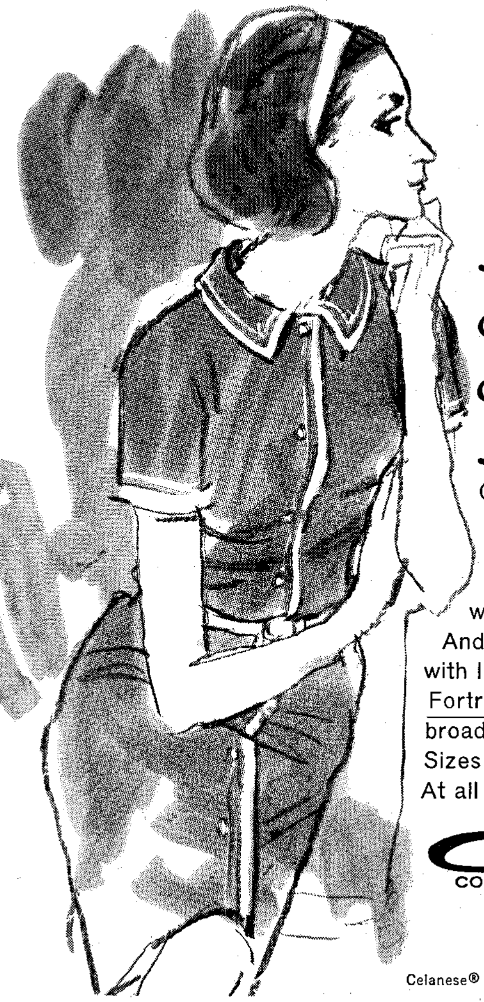
Enquirer held itself honor-bound to continue payment of the Colonel's commission. "It bears out what I have often told you, Joe," the Colonel said. "Shun commodity. Avoid it like the plague. The tangible is perishable, but a concept bears fruit perpetually. Had I invested in dill pickles or steel rails, I might not be able to sell them, but Si and Smudgie, the Kentucky Colonel, Flying Horse, the Masked Jockey, and my other benefactors will continue their pursuit of the turf investor's dollar, and I will sit snug."

This particular meeting with the Colonel took place during the season when Governor Rockefeller was calling for an air-raid shelter in every back yard and the public press was full of a debate as to whether the antlike *prévoyant* who built his family a proper shelter would, in the event of atomic war, be justified in shotgunning to death his grasshopper-directed neighbor who tried to get into it with him. The paroxysms of anxiety are, like the worst moments of toothaches, hard to remember. I forget why during the early autumn of 1961 the country was so shelter-minded, but it was. (It would seem equally rational or irrational to be so today, but the country isn't.) "Man," the Colonel abruptly began, as if addressing an audience, "can build no structure that will withstand the Blight of Atomic Might." This reminded me of the opening of the speech with which, he used to tell me, he was accustomed, as an associate, to introducing Hatfield the Rainmaker in the drought areas of California in 1912: "Rain—its abundance, its paucity—meant Life and Death to the Ancients, for from the lands and the flocks, the herds, the fish of the sea, the birds of the air, the deer and the mountain goat they found sustenance and energized being. All the elements depended upon the Fall of Rain, ample but not in ruinous overplus, for very existence. Through all human history, the plenitude of Rain or its lack constituted the difference between Life and Death." This time, the Colonel did not fill out his speech to the old orotundity but proceeded summarily—a mere sketch. "Only the Divinity has been able to fabricate the Perfect Answer to the Menace His shortsighted children were to produce," the Colonel intoned. "A Mountain!" And he looked up at me from under his heavy lids and smiled happily. As I did not at once catch his drift, he repeated, chiding me for being so slow, "A Mountain!," and went on, "Joe, if I were only seventy again, I would by now have every



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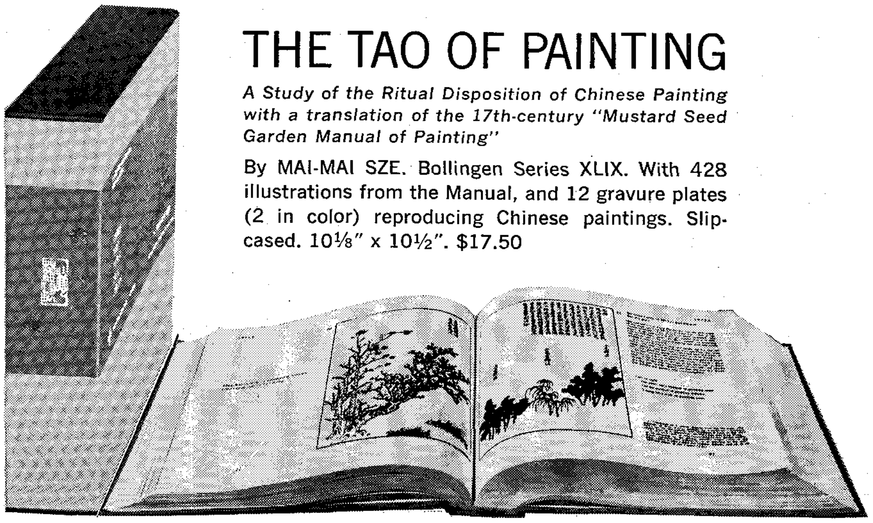

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mountain in New York State under a ninety-nine-year lease. All I would need to get the thing started is five thousand dollars. I would give that to a smart lawyer who knew all about leases, and then I would go to those boob legislators and lease every mountain in the state parks, without saying why, except to the occasional thief who could penetrate my purpose. Naturally, I would declare such, when inevitable, in. I would then deposit conspicuously several old bulldozers and steam shovels on the slopes of a couple of the mountains and let it be known that I was going to install vaults, living quarters, swimming pools, and air-conditioned handball courts in their recesses. I would put on an advertising campaign, by radio, television, and the good old press, addressing myself to the three hundred and ninety-eight people who enjoyed incomes of a million dollars or more last year, but promising to consider applications from those of lowlier, though amply holding, status. The Survival of the Fittest, I would imply subtly, was a Law of Nature, and who Fitter to Survive than a man with the price of a Mountain? My text would be based, roughly, on a story a racing friend of mine once told me about some trainers who went on a fishing expedition in Louisiana with a horse owner, an oilman of transcendent wealth. A great storm arose, and the trainers, though apprehensive, pretended to make little of it. But the owner, impatient, said, 'Boys, this may be all right for you, but *I've* got a hell of a lot of money.' All I lack now," the Colonel said, in regretful conclusion, "is the energy."

I took the Colonel home to the Dixie in a taxi. The lobby of that hotel is as far from New York as you can get. It is like a tropical-fish tank, insulated from the streets on either side, and windowless. It is accessible from the Forty-second Street side only by a long arcade—like the snout of a steamer clam buried beneath the surface—and from the Forty-third Street side by a staircase. Within the tank, the accents of all regions of the United States except New York are pervasively to be heard, and the transient occupants of the lobby chairs appear to be inhabitants of Little Rock, Arkansas, and Moline, Illinois, who have carried their environment with them in the form of a vast plastic bubble. In the Plantation Bar, which has a décor like that of the lobby of the Capitol Theatre in 1926, a virtuoso at a mammoth console organ plays afternoon and evening, on a podium with a tilted back mirror of glass that exposits his technique to the

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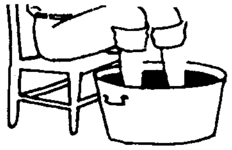

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audience, which crouches back among the luxuriant shadows; I sometimes wonder that the waiters do not carry flashlights, like movie ushers, in order to find their way. It seems a perfect environment for a confidence man, although, as I shall explain, it isn't. I myself, always on the lookout for a hideaway after my contemplated perfect crime, encountered the Dixie through my acquaintance with the Colonel, and adopted it as the address to which I would move with my booty rather than head for Brazil. I was sure that nobody I knew would ever turn up there, and I was sure that it was a haven for minor-league hoods, the womanless men I saw lurking in the corners of the barroom with the lids of their hats pulled down over their eyes. Nothing could be further from the truth, I learned after years of lulling myself with my illusion. It was fortunate that I had not yet committed my crime or taken refuge in that inviting trap. The men in the hats are for the most part G-men, Internal Revenue fellows, and narcotics inspectors, who frequent the Dixie because of the paucity of the government per-diem allowance for federal employees on missions in New York. Mr. Hyman B. Cantor, the proprietor of the Dixie, himself explained this to me one day, in discussing his business policies. "I know those guys haven't got money to throw away, so I let them stay five in a room, for three dollars apiece," he said. "That way, we get fifteen dollars for a key, and they are happy, too; they get a clean bed and a bathroom." If Mr. Cantor, who is a high type, noticed that I blenched, he could not have understood that it was because I recognized the gap that had been yawning at my feet. "It insures a nice class of customers, too," Mr. Cantor said. "Like having a cat in the house. The mice stay away."

In the middle of the lobby stands a glass case containing a scale model of a ninety-thousand-ton, two-hundred-and-sixty-thousand-horsepower ship, Mr. Cantor's pet project. It is one of two ships that, when his plans work out, will ply the Atlantic in four-day shuttles, carrying six thousand passengers at a minimum fare, applicable to one-fifth of the berths, of fifty dollars, not including food, which the passengers will buy, if they feel like it, in the ships' cafeterias. The seasick passenger will have the consolation of saving money. It is a sensible proposition, as Mr. Cantor, a vast, towheaded man in his early sixties, explains it, and it gives the Colonel a sensation he loves—that of living

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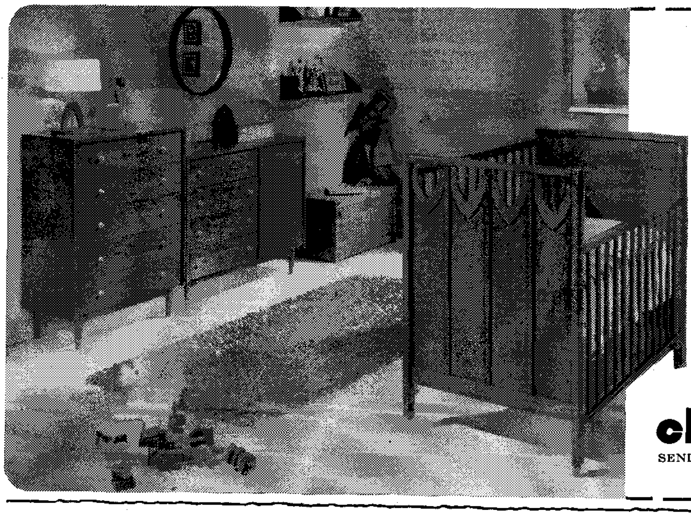

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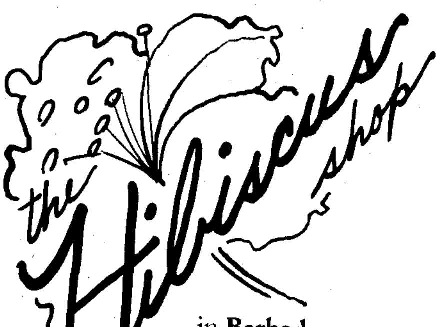

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in the midst of a giant promotion. Pictures of the ships, and brochures on the projects of what Mr. Cantor calls the Sea Coach Transatlantic Lines, are handed out regularly throughout the hotel, and you have the feeling while you are there that they actually exist. Compared to the Sea Coach Transatlantic Lines, a scooped-out mountain seems as simple as a baked potato.

High above the lobby and Mr. Cantor, the Colonel lives in a room-with-bath that effectually preserves him from the danger of enslavement by exactious luxuries. He moved into the hotel in 1940, when the Dixie was relatively new and, like other hotels in New York, was making a determined effort to keep full by offering special terms to residents over long periods. When war came, these people attained the rent-protected status of tenants in apartment houses, and the Colonel's economic position, consequently, has been privileged. For a decade or so, the management demanded an almost inhuman punctuality in the rendition of rent. This inspired his haunting fear of the Plug in the Door. Afterward, finding him immovable, the hotel management first acquiesced and then gloried in his tenancy, and he is now the Dixie's senior resident. Age, too, has helped stabilize his finances, by diminishing sudden demands upon them.

"Some Friday nights, I sit up there in my room at the Dixie, working away on my column," he once said to me, in those days that were only the afterglow of his middle age but now seem like the white heat of youth. "I finish, and it is perhaps one o'clock. If I were sagacious, I would put on my hat and go to bed. I always keep an old felt hat by my bedside, because I like to sleep with my windows wide open and bedclothes make no provision for the protection of the thinly veiled cranium. The brain, like Rhenish wine, should be chilled, not iced, to be at its best. Women, however, are best at room temperature. Up there in my retreat, I feel the city calling to me. It winks at me with its myriad eyes, and I go out and get stiff as a board. I seek out companionship, and if I do not find friends, I make them. A wonderful, grand old Babylon."

Times have changed. "Now," the Colonel said to me a while ago, by telephone, "when I hear the city calling, I just turn over on the other ear and go to sleep again. It's ten o'clock to bed every night."

But when I am in my office at night, looking over at the Dixie, it pleases me mightily to know that the Colonel is still there.

—A. J. Liebling

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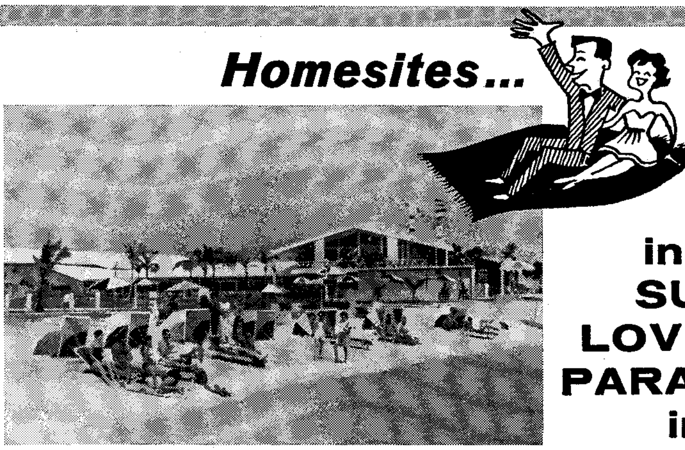

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A. J. LIEBLING

Abbott Joseph Liebling—Joe—died on Saturday, December 28th, and the preceding article is one of the last pieces of writing he did. That Saturday, in his office at *The New Yorker*, unsorted, unfiled, within reach, scattered and heaped on his desk, tables, chairs, shelves, and air-conditioner, and, in some cases, hanging at odd angles on his walls, were such items as the latest *Annual Report of The New-York Historical Society*, a 1927 biography of Boss Tweed, two lithographs of jockeys, a drawing of Bob Fitzsimmons just after he defeated Jack (Nonpareil) Dempsey for the middleweight championship in 1891, Robert Aron's "Histoire de la Libération de la France," the *American Racing Manual*, a volume on "The Theory and Practice of the Preparation of Malt and the Fabrication of Beer," Harold Nicolson's "The Congress of Vienna," a month of issues of the Las Vegas *Sun*, General Freiherr von Bernhardi's "Cavalry in War and Peace," three volumes of Pierce Egan's "Boxiana," the 1955 edition of the *Guide Bleu Algérie-Tunisie*, a Christmas card from "The Officers and Men of the First Infantry Division," the third volume of Stendhal's "Journal," the November 28th edition of the Miami *Labor Tribune*, and the collected works of Albert Camus. Those items came close to making up a summary of Liebling's passionate interests, among which were New York, Paris, North Africa, England, boxing, military theory, horse racing, newspapers, labor, food, medieval history, Broadway life, Stendhal, Camus, Colonel Stingo, Pierce Egan, Stephen Crane, and Ibn Khaldun. These were some of his subjects, and he knew them all thoroughly; he was the most protean of scholars. An immense variety of people and things gave Liebling delight, and he was impatient to pass along his delight to everybody else, in his writings. He wrote about only what he cared about deeply; there was no searching for material, no writing for writing's sake. Moreover, his memory was so abundant and his mind so supple that he was able to call upon whatever he knew in one field to clarify a situation in another; he drew on Pierce Egan to make a point about European history and he drew on Ibn Khaldun to make a point about horse racing.

Liebling joined the staff of *The New Yorker* as a reporter in 1935, and in the next twenty-eight years he wrote a prodigious number of articles—in the hundreds—for this magazine. As time went on, he wrote with greater and greater elegance, and the journalism he was ostensibly doing somehow turned into the kind of writing that endures. Liebling was physically a big, heavy man, but the writer was lithe and light on his feet; the words were dancing words. His special humor—the Liebling humor—quickened almost everything he ever set down on paper. He wrote with real joy. His comic flights, his sudden aphorisms kept surprising him, and even thrilling him; in the most innocent possible way, he chuckled at his own funny and brilliant and original sentences as they emerged from his typewriter. And he was right. The sentences were just as funny and brilliant and original as he thought they were.

Liebling was born in New York in 1904, and he wrote about it ardently until he died. His love for the city was not something abstract or general; he knew it and loved it in detail. He walked its streets constantly, and made discoveries about it every day. He liked the sound of Broadway speech, and of the city's sporting talk, and of what he called "the side-street New York language," and he preserved it faultlessly in his pieces. He was one of New York's best, most learned, funniest historians. If New York was Liebling's first love, Paris was his second. Each was his true home. Neither ever disappointed him, and he managed to be faithful to both. As a young man, he studied history at the Sorbonne, and through the years he returned to Paris again and again, to be restored and to celebrate the city in his reports for the magazine. While Paris was still occupied during the Second World War and our First Infantry Division was slowly making its way across Normandy, Liebling was with the troops as a correspondent; he was, as he put it, on "the road back to Paris." And on that bright day in August of 1944 when Paris was liberated, he was right there, having arrived with the troops. A week later, he was writing, "For the first time in my life and probably for the last, I have lived for a week in a great city where everybody is happy." Not long afterward, Liebling received the cross of the French Legion of Honor for his writings about France, and, in a shy way, he was very proud of it. Years after that, he returned through Normandy to Paris, and wrote a remarkable series of articles in which he moved about on three planes of time at once, mingling the present with a past that was a present to another past. In a final delirium, as he was dying, he spoke only French, and went back once more to Paris.

Liebling's account of D Day, his accounts of the campaigns in North Africa and France, his story of the wartime voyage of the Norwegian tanker Regnbue, his chronicles of the "foamy fields" of Tunisia, his articles on the Jollity Building and the I. & Y. Cigar Store, his marvellously digressive "Memoirs of a Feeder in France," his exuberant pieces on boxing, his valuable commentaries on the press—all these and many others will be read for years to come. He was an inspired reporter, and one of the writers who created *The New Yorker's* reporting tradition; his contribution to the magazine was beyond measure. His colleagues at *The New Yorker* will always cherish what he wrote, and will always remember his sweetness of spirit and his warmth and his gallantry. It would be appropriate to quote from his oldest and closest friend among those colleagues, Joseph Mitchell, who, at Liebling's funeral, said:

"Shortly after I heard that Joe was dead, I went over and looked at his books in a bookcase at home. There were fifteen of them. I looked through 'The Road Back to Paris' and reread 'Westbound Tanker,' which is one of my favorite stories of his, and when I finished it I suddenly recalled, with great pleasure, a conversation I had had some years ago with the proprietor of one of the biggest and oldest stores in the Fourth Avenue second-hand-book-store district. I had been going to this store for years, and occasionally talked to the proprietor, who is a very widely read man. One day, I mentioned that I worked for *The New Yorker*, and he asked me if I knew A. J. Liebling. I said that I did, and he said that every few days all through the year someone—sometimes a man, sometimes a woman, sometimes a young person, sometimes an old person—came in and asked if he had 'Back Where I Came From' or 'The Telephone Booth Indian' or some other book by A. J. Lieb-

Why James Wong says he'll do anything to help sell U.S. Savings Bonds

A few years ago, in a village in central China, the local communist bosses held kangaroo court and found James Wong's father guilty of being a landlord. The penalty was death and confiscation of all belongings.

Among those belongings were $850 worth of U.S. Savings Bonds that the senior Mr. Wong had purchased when he was a defense worker in this country during the second world war.

His son, James, of San Francisco, who was named beneficiary, explained the situation to the Treasury Department. After verifying the facts, they paid the full amount plus interest.

James Wong, like many other Americans, is sold on the safety of U.S. Savings Bonds. But far more important to him is the fact that Savings Bonds help protect us from the kind of tyranny that killed his father.

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ling. At that time, all of Joe's early books were out of print. 'The moment one of his books turns up,' the man said, 'it goes out immediately to someone on my waiting list.' The man went on to say that he and other veteran second-hand-book dealers felt that this was a sure and certain sign that a book would endure. 'Literary critics don't know which books will last,' he said, 'and literary historians don't know. *We* are the ones who know. We know which books can be read only once, if that, and we know the ones that can be read and reread and reread.' In other words, what I am getting at, Joe is dead, but he really isn't. He is dead, but he will live again. Every time anyone anywhere in all the years to come takes down one of his books and reads or rereads one of his wonderful stories, he will live again.

"Tim Costello once referred to Joe as 'that good, kind, brave, decent man.' In the last two days, I have recalled a multitude of examples of Joe's goodness. I will refer to only one, and to that only because, for some reason that I don't understand, it haunts me. We had been up to the Red Devil Restaurant for lunch. It was one of those times when he was in bad shape physically; his right hand was red and swollen from gout, and his feet were giving him trouble. Also, he was apprehensive about an income-tax matter, and he was having doubts about something he was writing. At lunch, he had been talking about Stephen Crane, and evidently this had put something in his mind. All of a sudden, as we were walking back to the office, he asked me to go with him over to a flower store on Madison Avenue. Joe had an amazing variety of friends, and one of them was an elderly woman who was living in a nursing home in the Bronx. Joe liked her for two reasons. As a young woman, she had been a friend of Stephen Crane. Also, although she was crippled and couldn't get around and had outlived all her old friends and was pretty much alone in the world, she still had a great appetite for life and could find pleasure and delight in things as commonplace as a cup of tea. We went into the flower store and Joe ordered a dozen red roses to be sent to her. We started out of the store. The woman had lived in France for many years long ago and loved France, and Joe must have thought of that. He went back and asked the man to put six blue irises in among the roses. Then we went on down to the office, and, walking beside him, I thought of a line in Yeats. I felt that he 'was blessèd and could bless.' "

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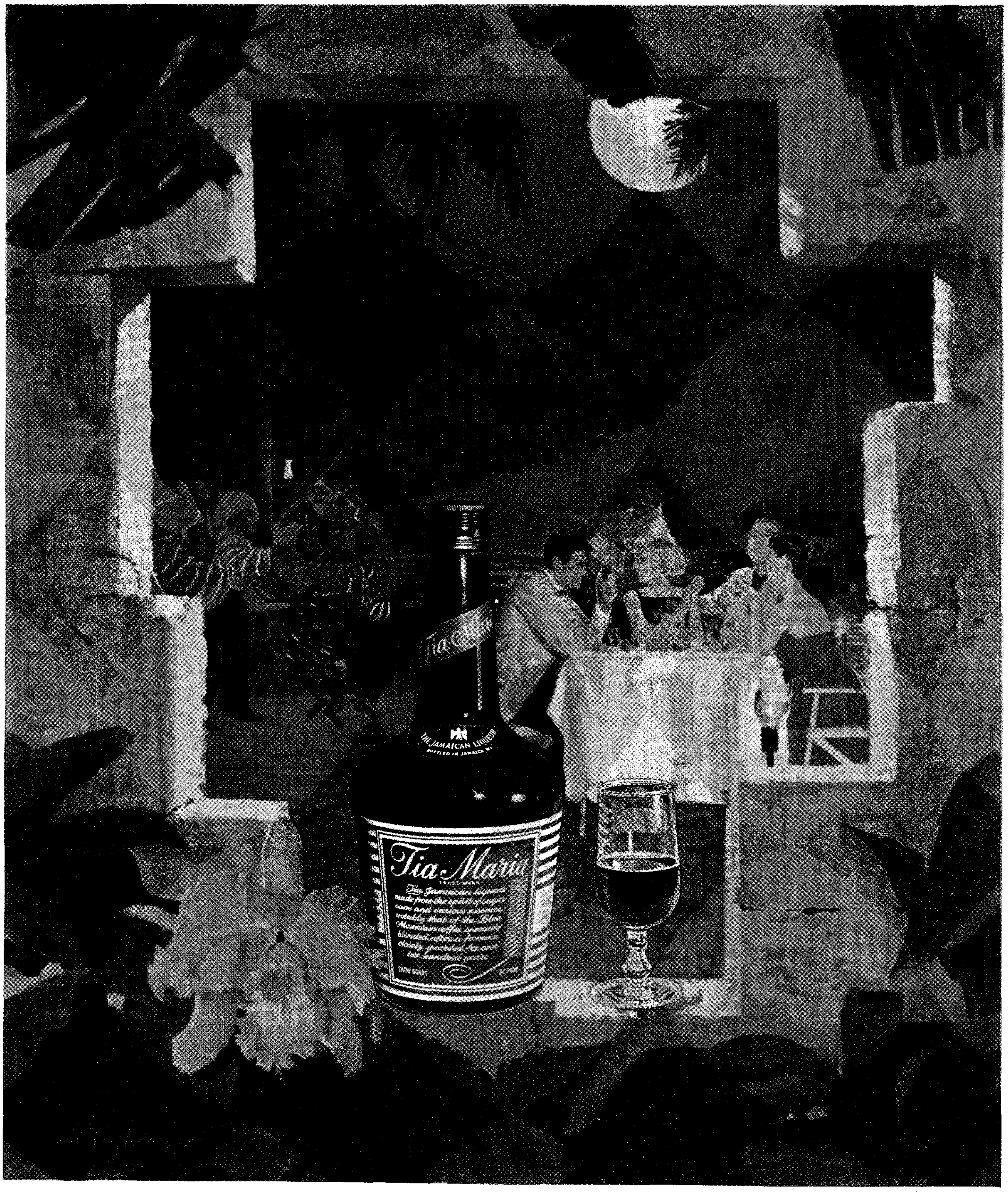
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